The World's Story

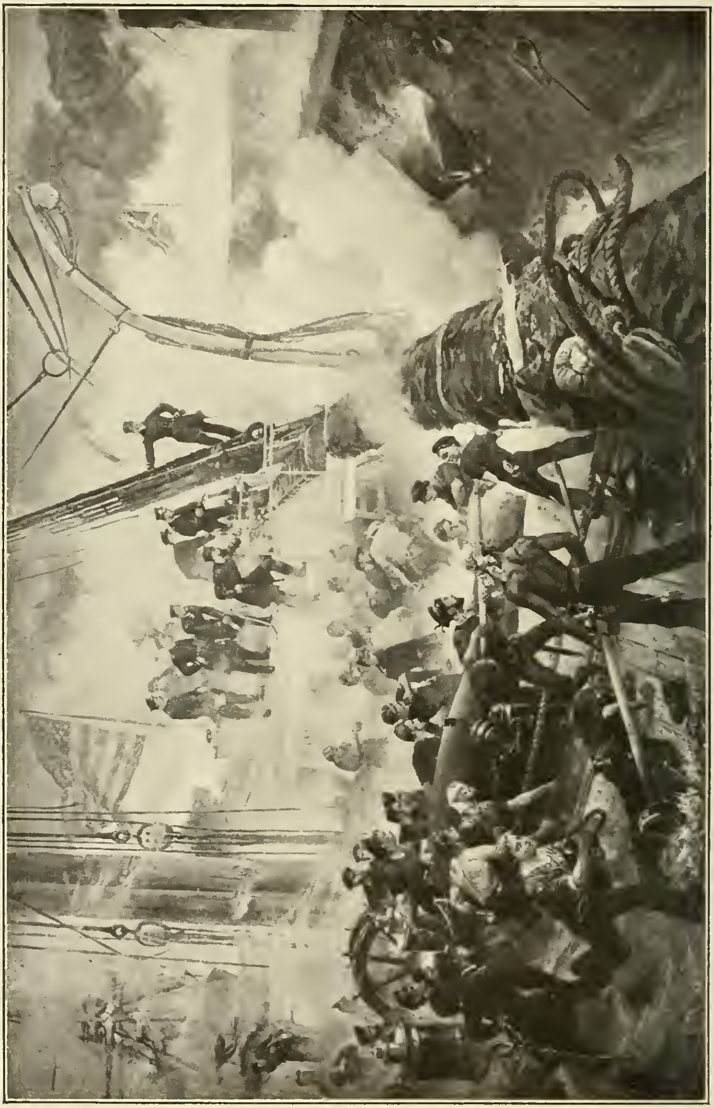
IN

FOURTEEN VOLUMES

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS

VOLUME XIII

First Edition



AN AUGUST MORNING WITH FARRAGUT

BY W. H. OVEREND

(*American painter*)

In 1864, Admiral Farragut decided to attack the city of Mobile and destroy the blockade runners that infested that port. Early on the morning of August 5 he sailed into the bay. Mobile was defended by Fort Morgan and Fort Gaines, several gunboats, and the ram Tennessee, and the entrance to the harbor was closed by torpedoes and piles. The Union fleet sailed over the torpedoes with the loss of but one ship, passed the forts, dispersed the Confederate vessels, and forced the Tennessee to surrender after a severe engagement. Soon after, the forts, invested by a land force, surrendered and the port was effectually closed.

The desperate character of the battle may be inferred from the spirited orders given by Admiral Farragut when preparing for the engagement. These were as follows: —

"Strip your vessels and prepare for the conflict. Send down all your superfluous spars and rigging, trice up or remove the whiskers,[1] put up the splinter nets on the starboard side, and barricade the wheel and steersmen with sails and hammocks. Lay chains or sand-bags on the deck over the machinery to resist a plunging fire. Hang the sheet chains over the side, or make any other arrangement for security that your ingenuity may suggest. . . .

"It will be the object of the Admiral to get as close to the fort as possible before opening fire; the ships, however, will open fire the moment the enemy opens upon us, with their chase and other guns, as fast as they can be brought to bear. Use short fuses for the shell and shrapnel, and as soon as within three or four hundred yards give them grape. . . . If one or more of the vessels be disabled, their partners must carry them through, if possible; but if they cannot, then the next astern must render the required assistance. . . . The howitzers must keep up a constant fire from the time they can reach with shrapnel until out of its range."

[1] Rods extending on either side of the bowsprit to spread the jib.

AN AUGUST MORNING WITH FARRAGUT

THE UNITED STATES

The World's Story

A HISTORY OF THE WORLD
IN STORY SONG AND ART

EDITED BY

EVA MARCH TAPPAN

VOLUME XIII

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CONTENTS

THE UNITED STATES

I. THE COLONIES WIN THEIR FREEDOM

Congress and Valley Forge . . . . *John Fiske* 3
From "The American Revolution."
The Message of Lydia Darrah . . . . *Elizabeth F. Ellet* 6
From "The Women of the American Revolution."
Mollie Pitcher . . . . *Kate Brownlee Sherwood* 12
The Capture of Major André . . . . . *Jared Sparks* 14
From "Benedict Arnold."
A Visit to General Marion . . . *Charles Carleton Coffin* 19
From "The Boys of '76."
When Cornwallis surrendered . . *Burton Egbert Stevenson* 23
From "The Heritage."
George III. acknowledges the Independence of the Colonies . . . . *Elkanah Watson* 28
From "Men and Times of the Revolution."
When Washington resigned his Commission *R. M. Devens* 32
From "Our First Century."

II. LIFE IN REVOLUTIONARY DAYS

The Meschianza at Philadelphia . . . *John F. Watson* 39
From "Annals of Philadelphia and Pennsylvania."
A New England Thanksgiving Dinner in 1779 *Juliana Smith* 45
From "Colonial Holidays," compiled by Walter Tittle
A Call on Lady Washington in 1780 . . *Charles D. Platt* 50
From "Ballads of New Jersey in the Revolution."
How People traveled in Revolutionary Times *John Bach McMaster* 52
From "A History of the People of the United States."
Abraham Davenport . . . . *John G. Whittier* 61

III. THE FIRST YEARS OF THE NATION

America . . . . *Samuel Francis Smith* 67
How Philadelphia celebrated the Ratification of the Constitution . . . . *John Bach McMaster* 69

CONTENTS

THE FIRST INAUGURATION DAY . . . . *John Bach McMaster* 73
From "A History of the People of the United States."
THE DEATH OF WASHINGTON 78
RED JACKET AND THE MISSIONARY . . *Charles H. L. Johnston* 83
From "Famous Indian Chiefs."
THE BURNING OF THE PHILADELPHIA . *Cyrus Townsend Brady* 88
From "American Fights and Fighters."
THE TRIALS OF THE BRITISH MINISTER IN JEFFERSON'S ADMINISTRATION . . . . *James Parton* 97
From "Life of Thomas Jefferson."
THE CLERMONT'S FIRST ADVERTISEMENT 104

IV. THE LOUISIANA TERRITORY

NAPOLEON PLANS TO SELL LOUISIANA
A. E. Winship and Robert W. Wallace 107
From "The Louisiana Purchase."
THE "BARGAIN" PURCHASE OF THE LOUISIANA TERRITORY
James Parton 110
From "Life of Thomas Jefferson."
EXPLORING THE LOUISIANA TERRITORY . . . *James Parton* 115
From "Captains of Industry."
LEWIS AND CLARKE AT THE SOURCE OF THE MISSOURI
From Their Journal 119
SA-CÁ-GA-WE-A . . . . *Edna Dean Proctor* 122

V. THE WAR OF 1812

WHAT CAUSED THE SECOND WAR WITH ENGLAND *Agnes C. Laut* 127
From "Canada, the Empire of the North."
HOW WINFIELD SCOTT RESCUED THE IRISHMEN. *James Barnes* 132
From "The Giant of Three Wars."
ON THE CAPTURE OF THE GUERRIÈRE . . . *Philip Freneau* 137
THE SHANNON AND THE CHESAPEAKE . *Thomas Tracy Bouvé* 139
HOW PERRY SAVED THE NORTHWEST . . . *Charles Morris* 143
From "Heroes of the Navy in America."
THE STAR-SPANGLED BANNER . . . . . *Francis Scott Key* 151
TECUMSEH, THE INDIAN BRIGADIER-GENERAL
Charles H. L. Johnston 153
From "Famous Indian Chiefs."
THE PRIVATEERS OF 1812 . . . . *Willis J. Abbot* 159
From "The Naval History of the United States."
THE "HORSE-MARINES" OF 1814 . . . *John Bach McMaster* 173
From "A History of the People of the United States."

CONTENTS

VI. A PERIOD OF GROWTH AND EXPANSION

THE OPENING OF THE ERIE CANAL . . *John Bach McMaster* 181
From "A History of the People of the United States."
THE GUEST OF THE NATION . . . . *Daniel Webster* 183
From "The First Bunker Hill Oration."
THE HIGHEST PEAK OF THE ROCKY MOUNTAINS
John Charles Frémont 185
THE FIRST TELEGRAM . . . . *R. M. Devens* 193
From "Our First Century."
A LITTLE SCOTCH PIONEER IN WISCONSIN . . . *John Muir* 200
From "The Story of My Boyhood and Youth."

VII. THE MEXICAN WAR

"REMEMBER THE ALAMO" . . . . *Cyrus Townsend Brady* 211
From "Border Fights and Fighters."
THE IMPORTANCE OF ONE VOTE . . . . *W. H. Vail* 222
From "The Outlook."
THE STORMING OF CHAPULTEPEC . . . . . . *James Barnes* 223
From "The Giant of Three Wars."

VIII. CALIFORNIA

WHEN THE ENGLISH DISCOVERED CALIFORNIA
Edward Everett Hale 231
From "Narrative and Critical History of America."
ON THE CALIFORNIA COAST IN THE THIRTIES
Richard Henry Dana, Jr. 237
From "Two Years Before the Mast."
HOW THE "FORTY-NINERS" REACHED CALIFORNIA
Henry Childs Merwin 247
EARLY BUSINESS DAYS IN SAN FRANCISCO
Henry Childs Merwin 254
From "The Life of Bret Harte."

IX. THE SHADOW OF THE CIVIL WAR

THE "BROADCLOTH MOB" OF BOSTON . . *Harriet Martineau* 261
From "Society in America."
ON THE UNDERGROUND RAILWAY . . . . *Francis Grierson* 268
THE GREAT LINCOLN-DOUGLAS DEBATE . . *Francis Grierson* 276
From "The Valley of Shadows."
JUST BEFORE THE WAR . . . . *Morris Schaff* 284
From "The Spirit of Old West Point."

CONTENTS

X. FROM FORT SUMTER TO CHANCELLORSVILLE

The Bombardment of Fort Sumter . . . *Orville J. Victor* 295
From "History of the Southern Rebellion."
Battle-Hymn of the Republic . . . *Julia Ward Howe* 301
The Gathering of the Great Army *Charles Carleton Coffin* 303
From "My Days and Nights on the Battlefield."
Jonathan to John . . . . *James Russell Lowell* 310
From "The Biglow Papers."
The Merrimac and the Monitor . . . . *John S. Wise* 315
From "The End of an Era."
Taken Prisoner at Shiloh . . . . . . *Henry M. Stanley* 332
From "The Autobiography of Henry M. Stanley."
Boston Hymn . . . . *Ralph Waldo Emerson* 347

XI. THE TURNING-POINT

"Stonewall" Jackson by the River . . *Mary Johnston* 353
From "The Long Roll."
A Three-Hours Truce at Vicksburg . . *W. H. Tunnard* 364
From "A Soldier's Story of the Siege of Vicksburg."
A Drummer-Boy at Gettysburg . . . . *Harry M. Kieffer* 367
From "Recollections of a Drummer Boy."
John Burns of Gettysburg . . . . *Bret Harte* 384
The Gettysburg Address . . . . . . *Abraham Lincoln* 388
Alabama Dressmaking in the Days of the Blockade
Parthenia Antoinette Hague 390
From "A Blockaded Family."

XII. THE END OF THE STRUGGLE

The Day of the Evacuation of Richmond . *Morris Schaff* 407
From "The Sunset of the Confederacy."
Carrying a Message to General Lee . . *John S. Wise* 410
From "The End of an Era."
Lee's Surrender . . . . *Morris Schaff* 424
From "The Sunset of the Confederacy."
America after the Civil War . . *William Ewart Gladstone* 432
From "The Might of Right."

XIII. STORIES OF THE WESTERN INDIANS

A Choctaw Holiday . . . . *George Catlin* 437
From "Letters and Notes on the Manners, Customs, and Condition of the North American Indians."

CONTENTS

What the Indians thought of the White Men
George Bird Grinnell 446
From "The Story of the Indian."
The Indian Story of the Custer Tragedy.
James McLaughlin 454
From "My Friend the Indian."
The Temecula Valley, an American Grand Pré
Helen Hunt Jackson 471
From "Glimpses of California and the Missions."

XIV. THE SPANISH WAR

Cuba to Columbia . . . . *Will Carleton* 481
The Sinking of the Maine . . . . *Willis J. Abbot* 483
From "The Naval History of the United States."
The Battle of Santiago
From the account of a Newspaper Correspondent. 488
The Flag goes by . . . . *Henry Holcomb Bennett* 493

XV. THE TWENTIETH CENTURY

The Romance of the Reindeer . . *Mary Gay Humphreys* 497
Learning Coal-Mining . . . . *Joseph Husband* 506
From "A Year in a Coal-Mine."
The Social Value of the Telephone in the United States
Herbert N. Casson 516
How the Panama Railroad was built . . *Hugh C. Weir* 528
The Steam Shovel at Panama . . . . . . *Hugh C. Weir* 535
From "The Conquest of the Isthmus."
The Triumph of the Wireless
Captain J. B. Ranson, R.N.R. 542
The National Red Cross at Work . *Constance D. Leupp* 552
"America for Me" . . . . *Henry van Dyke* 560

Index of Titles and Illustrations 565
Index of Authors and Artists 583
General Index 601

ILLUSTRATIONS

An August Morning with Farragut . . *W. H. Overend* Frontispiece

Baron Steuben drilling the Colonial Troops at Valley Forge . . . . *Edwin A. Abbey* 4

Taking Possession of Louisiana Territory *T. de Thulstrup* 114

The Battle of Lake Erie . . . . . *From an engraving* 148

The Last Moments of John Brown . *Thomas Hovenden* 290

The First Reading of the Emancipation Proclamation *F. B. Carpenter* 346

Union Gunboats on the Mississippi . *From an engraving* 366

General Order Number 11 . . . . *G. C. Brigham* 390

The Battle of the Crater, Petersburg . *J. D. Woodward* 406

The Charge at El Caney . . . . *Frank T. Merrill* 488

Totem Poles, Alaska . . . . *Photograph* 504

Gettysburg Fifty Years after . . . . *Photograph* 558

THE UNITED STATES

VOLUME II

I

THE COLONIES WIN THEIR FREEDOM

HISTORICAL NOTE

In the Middle States affairs were going badly for the Continentals. In September, 1777, the British won the battle of Brandywine and captured Philadelphia. After an unsuccessful attack on the British lines at Germantown, Washington went into winter quarters at Valley Forge, where the army suffered cruelly from cold and hunger. But meanwhile the capture of Burgoyne's army had shown Europe that the colonies were a worthy foe for the mother country, and in February, 1778, France struck a blow at her ancient enemy by recognizing the United States and sending a fleet and army to aid them in their struggle for independence.

After the evacuation of Philadelphia by the British, in the summer of 1778, the scene of warfare shifted to the Southern colonies. Here the British at first met with complete success. In 1779 and 1780, Georgia and South Carolina were overrun by their forces, and in June, 1780, the American army under Gates was so badly defeated at the battle of Camden that for some time after the only resistance in the South was by partisan bands under such leaders as General Marion. In the same year Benedict Arnold's plot to surrender West Point to the British was discovered. This period was perhaps the darkest of the whole war.

But with the destruction of a British force at King's Mountain by the backwoodsmen of Carolina, the tide of victory turned against the British. Gates was replaced by Greene, and after a brilliant campaign the new commander succeeded in driving the British from Carolina. When the summer of 1781 arrived, Cornwallis, commander of the British forces in Virginia, was at Yorktown, expecting the English ships. The only force opposing him was under Lafayette, whom Cornwallis called "the boy." Suddenly Washington made one of his unexpected moves and appeared before Yorktown with a large army. At the same time a strong French fleet cut off all hope of succor from the sea. On the 19th of October, 1781, Cornwallis surrendered and the colonies were free, although it was not until September 3, 1783, that the formal treaty of peace was signed.

CONGRESS AND VALLEY FORGE

[1777-1778]

BY JOHN FISKE

The army suffered under . . . drawbacks, which were immediately traceable to the incapacity of Congress; just as afterwards, in the War of Secession, the soldiers had often to pay the penalty for the sins of the politicians. A single specimen of the ill-timed meddling of Congress may serve as an example. At one of the most critical moments of the year 1777, Congress made a complete change in the commissariat, which had hitherto been efficiently managed by a single officer, Colonel Joseph Trumbull. Two commissary-generals were now appointed, one of whom was to superintend the purchase and the other the issue of supplies; and the subordinate officers of the department were to be accountable, not to their superiors, but directly to Congress; this was done in spite of the earnest opposition of Washington, and the immediate result was just what he expected. Colonel Trumbull, who had been retained as commissary-general for purchases, being unable to do his work properly without controlling his subordinate officers, soon resigned his place. The department was filled up with men selected without reference to fitness, and straightway fell into hopeless confusion, whereby the movements of the armies were grievously crippled for the rest of the season. On the 22d of December, Washington was actually prevented from executing a most

promising movement against General Howe, because two brigades had become mutinous for want of food. For three days they had gone without bread, and for two days without meat. The quartermaster's department was in no better condition. The dreadful sufferings of Washington's army at Valley Forge have called forth the pity and the admiration of historians; but the point of the story is lost unless we realize that this misery resulted from gross mismanagement rather than from the poverty of the country. As the poor soldiers marched on the 17th of December to their winter-quarters, their route could be traced on the snow by the blood that oozed from bare, frost-bitten feet; yet at the same moment, says Gordon, "hogsheads of shoes, stockings, and clothing were lying at different places on the roads and in the woods, perishing for want of teams, or of money to pay the teamsters." On the 23d, Washington informed Congress that he had in camp 2898 men "unfit for duty, because they are barefoot, and otherwise naked." For want of blankets, many were fain "to sit up all night by fires, instead of taking comfortable rest in a natural and common way." Cold and hunger daily added many to the sick-list; and in the crowded hospitals, which were for the most part mere log huts or frail wigwams woven of twisted boughs, men sometimes died for want of straw to put between themselves and the frozen ground on which they lay. In the deficiency of oxen and draft-horses, gallant men volunteered to serve as beasts of burden, and, yoking themselves to wagons, dragged into camp such meager supplies as they could obtain for their sick and exhausted comrades. So great was the distress that there were times when, in

BARON STEUBEN DRILLING THE COLONIAL TROOPS AT VALLEY FORGE

BARON STEUBEN DRILLING THE COLONIAL TROOPS AT VALLEY FORGE

BY EDWIN A. ABBEY

(*American artist*, 1852)

"In 1777, the French Government was seriously contemplating giving aid to the American colonies in their struggle for independence. It was clear that, brave as were the colonial troops, they had little organization or training, and the French sent over Baron von Steuben, one of the most experienced soldiers of Germany, to remedy this lack. Washington's little army was in winter quarters at Valley Forge, cold, hungry, and in need of everything. Drilling troops was the work of a sergeant, the English had always thought, but this honored officer took a musket in his own hands and taught them."

"Generals, colonels, and captains were fired by the contagion of his example, and his tremendous enthusiasm," says John Fiske, "and for several months the camp was converted into a training-school, in which masters and pupils worked with incessant and furious energy. Steuben was struck with the quickness with which the common soldiers learned their lessons. He had a harmlessly choleric temper, which was part of his overflowing vigor, and sometimes, when drilling an awkward squad, he would exhaust his stock of French and German oaths, and shout for his aide to come and curse the blockheads in English. 'Viens, mon ami Walker,' he would cry, — 'viens, mon bon ami. Sacre-bleu! Gott vertamn de gaucherie of dese badauts. Je ne puis plus; I can curse dem no more!' Yet in an incredibly short time, as he afterward wrote, these awkward fellows had acquired a military air, had learned how to carry their arms, and knew how to form into columns, deploy, and execute maneuvers with precision."

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case of an attack by the enemy, scarcely two thousand men could have been got under arms. When one thinks of these sad consequences wrought by a negligent quartermaster and a deranged commissariat, one is strongly reminded of the remark once made by the eccentric Charles Lee, when with caustic alliteration he described Congress as "a stable of stupid cattle that stumbled at every step."

THE MESSAGE OF LYDIA DARRAH

[1777]

BY ELIZABETH F. ELLET

On the 2d day of December, 1777, late in the afternoon, an officer in the British uniform ascended the steps of a house in Second Street, Philadelphia, immediately opposite the quarters occupied by General Howe, who at that time had full possession of the city. The house was plain and neat in its exterior, and well known to be tenanted by William and Lydia Darrah, members of the Society of Friends. It was the place chosen by the superior officers of the army for private conference, whenever it was necessary to hold consultations on subjects of importance; and selected, perhaps, on account of the unobtrusive character of its inmates, whose religion inculcated meekness and forbearance, and forbade them to practice the arts of war.

The officer, who seemed familiar with the mansion, knocked at the door. It was opened; and in the neatly furnished parlor he met the mistress, who spoke to him, calling him by name. It was the adjutant general; and he appeared in haste to give an order. This was to desire that the back room abovestairs might be prepared for the reception that evening of himself and his friends, who were to meet there and remain late. "And be sure, Lydia," he concluded, "that your family are all in bed at an early hour. I shall expect you to attend to this request. When our guests are ready to leave the

house, I will myself give you notice, that you may let us out and extinguish the fire and candles."

Having delivered this order with an emphatic manner which showed that he relied much on the prudence and discretion of the person he addressed, the adjutant-general departed. Lydia betook herself to getting all things in readiness. But the words she had heard, especially the injunction to retire early, rang in her ears; and she could not divest herself of the indefinable feeling that something of importance was in agitation. While her hands were busy in the duties that devolved upon her, her mind was no less actively at work. The evening closed in, and the officers came to the place of meeting. Lydia had ordered all her family to bed, and herself admitted the guests, after which she retired to her own apartment, and threw herself, without undressing, upon the bed.

But sleep refused to visit her eyelids. Her vague apprehensions gradually assumed more definite shape. She became more and more uneasy, till her nervous restlessness amounted to absolute terror. Unable longer to resist the impulse — not of curiosity, but surely of a far higher feeling — she slid from her bed, and taking off her shoes, passed noiselessly from her chamber and along the entry. Approaching cautiously the apartment in which the officers were assembled, she applied her ear to the keyhole. For a few moments she could distinguish but a word or two, amid the murmur of voices; yet what she did hear but stimulated her eager desire to learn the important secret of the conclave.

At length there was profound silence, and a voice was heard reading a paper aloud. It was an order for the

troops to quit the city on the night of the 4th, and march out to a secret attack upon the American army, then encamped at White Marsh.

Lydia had heard enough. She retreated softly to her own room, and laid herself quietly on the bed. In the deep stillness that reigned through the house, she could hear the beating of her own heart — the heart now throbbing with emotions to which no speech could give utterance. It seemed to her that but a few moments had elapsed when there was a knocking at her door. She knew well what the signal meant, but took no heed. It was repeated, and more loudly; still she gave no answer. Again, and yet more loudly, the knocks were repeated; and then she rose quickly, and opened the door.

It was the adjutant-general, who came to inform her they were ready to depart. Lydia let them out, fastened the house, and extinguished the lights and fire. Again she returned to her chamber, and to bed; but repose was a stranger for the rest of the night. Her mind was more disquieted than ever. She thought of the danger that threatened the lives of thousands of her countrymen, and of the ruin that impended over the whole land. Something must be done, and that immediately, to avert this widespread destruction. Should she awaken her husband and inform him? That would be to place him in special jeopardy, by rendering him a partaker of her secret; and he might, too, be less wary and prudent than herself. No; come what might, she would encounter the risk alone. After a petition for heavenly guidance, her resolution was formed; and she waited with composure, though sleep was impossible, till the dawn of day. Then she waked her husband, and informed

him flour was wanted for the use of the household, and that it was necessary she should go to Frankford to procure it. This was no uncommon occurrence; and her declining the attendance of the maidservant excited little surprise. Taking the bag with her, she walked through the snow; having stopped first at headquarters, obtained access to General Howe, and secured his written permission to pass the British lines.

The feelings of a wife and mother — one whose religion was that of love, and whose life was but a quiet round of domestic duties — bound on an enterprise so hazardous, and uncertain whether her life might not be the forfeit, may be better imagined than described. Lydia reached Frankford, distant four or five miles, and deposited her bag at the mill. Now commenced the dangers of her undertaking; for she pressed forward with all haste towards the outposts of the American army. Her determination was to apprise General Washington of the danger.

She was met on her way by an American officer, who had been selected by General Washington to gain information respecting the movements of the enemy. According to some authorities, this was Lieutenant-Colonel Craig, of the light horse. He immediately recognized her, and inquired whither she was going. In reply, she prayed him to alight and walk with her; which he did, ordering his men to keep in sight. To him she disclosed the secret, after having obtained from him a solemn promise not to betray her individuality, since the British might take vengeance on her and her family.

The officer thanked her for her timely warning, and

directed her to go to a house near at hand, where she might get something to eat. But Lydia preferred returning at once; and did so, while the officer made all haste to the commander-in-chief. Preparations were immediately made to give the enemy a fitting reception.

With a heart lightened and filled with thankfulness, the intrepid woman pursued her way homeward, carrying the bag of flour which had served as the ostensible object of her journey. None suspected the grave, demure Quakeress of having snatched from the English their anticipated victory. Her demeanor was as usual, quiet, orderly, and subdued, and she attended to the duties of her family with her wonted composure. But her heart beat, as late on the appointed night, she watched from her window the departure of the army — on what secret expedition bound, she knew too well! She listened breathlessly to the sound of their footsteps and the trampling of horses, till it died away in the distance, and silence reigned through the city.

Time never appeared to pass so slowly as during the interval which elapsed between the marching out and the return of the British troops. When at last the distant roll of the drum proclaimed their approach, when the sounds came nearer and nearer, and Lydia, who was watching at the window, saw the troops pass in martial order, the agony of anxiety she felt was too much for her strength, and she retreated from her post, not daring to ask a question, or manifest the least curiosity as to the event.

A sudden and loud knocking at her door was not calculated to lessen her apprehensions. She felt that the safety of her family depended on her self-possession

at this critical moment. The visitor was the adjutant-general, who summoned her to his apartment. With a pale cheek, but composed, for she placed her trust in a higher power, Lydia obeyed the summons.

The officer's face was clouded, and his expression stern. He locked the door with an air of mystery when Lydia entered, and motioned her to a seat. After a moment of silence, he said —

"Were any of your family up, Lydia, on the night when I received company in this house?"

"No," was the unhesitating reply. "They all retired at eight o'clock."

"It is very strange" — said the officer, and mused a few minutes. "You, I know, Lydia, were asleep; for I knocked at your door three times before you heard me — yet it is certain that we were betrayed. I am altogether at a loss to conceive who could have given the information of our intended attack to General Washington! On arriving near his encampment we found his cannon mounted, his troops under arms, and so prepared at every point to receive us, that we have been compelled to march back without injuring our enemy, like a parcel of fools."

It is not known whether the officer ever discovered to whom he was indebted for the disappointment.

But the pious Quakeress blessed God for her preservation, and rejoiced that it was not necessary for her to utter an untruth in her own defense. And all who admire examples of courage and patriotism, especially those who enjoy the fruit of them, must honor the name of Lydia Darrah.

MOLLIE PITCHER

[1787]

BY KATE BROWNLEE SHERWOOD

'T WAS hurry and scurry at Monmouth Town,
  For Lee was beating a wild retreat;
The British were riding the Yankees down,
  And panic was pressing on flying feet.

Galloping down like a hurricane
  Washington rode with his sword swung high,
Mighty as he of the Trojan plain,
  Fired by a courage from the sky.

"Halt, and stand by the guns!" he cried,
  And a bombardier made swift reply.
Wheeling his comrades into the tide;
  He fell 'neath the shot of a foeman nigh.

Mollie Pitcher sprang to his side,
  Fired as she saw her husband do.
Telling the king in his stubborn pride
  Women like men to their homes are true.

Washington rode from the bloody fray
  Up to the gun that a woman manned.
"Mollie Pitcher, you save the day,"
  He said, as he gave her a hero's hand.

He named her sergeant with manly praise,
While her war-brown face was wet with tears —
(A woman has ever a woman's ways,)
And the army was wild with cheers.

THE CAPTURE OF MAJOR ANDRÉ

[1780]

BY JARED SPARKS

[Benedict Arnold, a trusted officer in the Continental army, offered, for a large sum of money, and a commission in the British army, to betray to the British West Point, the strongest fort on the Hudson River. Major André, a young British officer, was sent by the English to meet an agent of Arnold and make the final arrangements. The following extract tells the story of his capture. He was hanged as a spy; but every one wished that the traitor Arnold could have been in his place.

The Editor.]

When he [André] and Smith [his guide, a Loyalist] separated, it seems to have been understood that André would pursue the route through White Plains, and thence to New York; but after crossing Pine's Bridge he changed his mind, and took what was called the Tarrytown Road. He was probably induced to this step by the remarks he had heard the evening before from Captain Boyd, who said the Lower Party had been far up the Tarrytown Road, and it was dangerous to proceed that way. As the Lower Party belonged to the British, and André would of course be safe in their hands, it was natural for him to infer that he should be among friends sooner in that direction than in the other.

A law of the State of New York authorized any person to seize and convert to his own use all cattle or beef that should be driven or removed from the country in

the direction of the city beyond a certain line in Westchester County. By military custom, also, the personal effects of prisoners taken by small parties were assigned to the captors as a prize.

It happened that, the same morning on which André crossed Pine's Bridge, seven persons, who resided near Hudson River, on the neutral ground, agreed voluntarily to go out in company armed, watch the road, and intercept any suspicious stragglers, or droves of cattle, that might be seen passing toward New York. Four of this party were stationed on a hill, where they had a view of the road for a considerable distance. The three others, named John Paulding, David Williams, and Isaac Van Wart, were concealed in the bushes at another place and very near the road.

About half a mile north of the village of Tarrytown, and a few hundred yards from the bank of Hudson River, the road crosses a small brook, from each side of which the ground rises into a hill, and it was at that time covered over with trees and underbrush. Eight or ten rods south of this brook, and on the west side of the road, these men were hidden; and at that point André was stopped, after having traveled from Pine's Bridge without interruption.

The particulars of this event I shall here introduce, as they are narrated in the testimony given by Paulding and Williams at Smith's trial, written down at the time by the judge-advocate, and preserved in manuscript among other papers. This testimony having been taken only eleven days after the capture of André, when every circumstance must have been fresh in the recollection of his captors, it may be regarded as exhibiting a greater

exactness in its details than any account hitherto published. In answer to the question of the court, Paulding said: —

"Myself, Isaac Van Wart, and David Williams were lying by the side of the road about half a mile above Tarrytown, and about fifteen miles above Kingsbridge, on Saturday morning, between nine and ten o'clock, the 23d of September. We had lain there about an hour and a half, as near as I can recollect, and saw several persons we were acquainted with, whom we let pass. Presently one of the young men, who were with me, said, 'There comes a gentlemanlike-looking man, who appears to be well dressed, and has boots on, and whom you had better step out and stop, if you don't know him.' On that I got up, and presented my firelock at the breast of the person, and told him to stand; and then I asked him which way he was going. 'Gentlemen,' said he, 'I hope you belong to our party.' I asked him what party. He said, 'The Lower Party.' Upon that I told him I did. Then he said, 'I am a British officer out of the country on particular business, and I hope you will not detain me a minute'; and to show that he was a British officer he pulled out his watch. Upon which I told him to dismount. He then said, 'My God, I must do anything to get along,' and seemed to make a kind of laugh of it, and pulled out General Arnold's pass, which was to John Anderson, to pass all guards to White Plains and below. Upon that he dismounted. Said he, 'Gentlemen, you had best let me go, or you will bring yourselves into trouble, for your stopping me will detain the general's business'; and said he was going to Dobb's Ferry to meet a person there and get intelligence for

General Arnold. Upon that I told him I hoped he would not be offended, that we did not mean to take anything from him; and I told him there were many bad people, who were going along the road, and I did not know but perhaps he might be one."

When further questioned, Paulding replied that he asked the person his name, who told him it was John Anderson; and that, when Anderson produced General Arnold's pass, he should have let him go, if he had not before called himself a British officer. Paulding also said that when the person pulled out his watch, he understood it as a signal that he was a British officer, and that he meant to offer it to him as a present.

All these particulars were substantially confirmed by David Williams, whose testimony in regard to the searching of André, being more unique than Paulding's, is here inserted.

"We took him into the bushes," said Williams, "and ordered him to pull off his clothes, which he did; but on searching him narrowly, we could not find any sort of writings. We told him to pull off his boots, which he seemed to be indifferent about; but we got one boot off, and searched in that boot, and could find nothing. But we found there were some papers in the bottom of the stocking next to his foot; on which we made him pull his stocking off, and found three papers wrapped up. Mr. Paulding looked at the contents, and said he was a spy. We then made him pull off his other boot, and there we found three more papers at the bottom of his foot within his stocking.

"Upon this we made him dress himself, and I asked him what he would give us to let him go. He said he

would give us any sum of money. I asked him whether he would give us his horse, saddle, bridle, watch, and one hundred guineas. He said 'Yes,' and told us he would direct them to any place, even if it was that very spot, so that we could get them. I asked him whether he would not give us more. He said he would give us any quantity of dry goods, or any sum of money, and bring it to any place that we might pitch upon, so that we might get it. Mr. Paulding answered, 'No, if you would give us one thousand guineas, you should not stir one step.' I then asked the person, who had called himself John Anderson, if he would not get away if it lay in his power. He answered, 'Yes, I would.' I told him I did not intend he should. While taking him along we asked him a few questions, and we stopped under a shade. He begged us not to ask him questions, and said when he came to any commander he would reveal all.

"He was dressed in a blue overcoat, and a tight body-coat, that was of a kind of claret color, though a rather deeper red than claret. The buttonholes were laced with gold tinsel, and the buttons drawn over with the same kind of lace. He had on a round hat, and nankeen waistcoat and breeches, with a flannel waistcoat and drawers, boots, and thread stockings."

The nearest military post was at North Castle, where Lieutenant-Colonel Jameson was stationed with a part of Sheldon's regiment of dragoons. To that place it was resolved to take the prisoner; and within a few hours he was delivered up to Jameson, with all the papers that had been taken from his boots.

A VISIT TO GENERAL MARION

[1781]

BY CHARLES CARLETON COFFIN

General Marion was north of Charleston, not far from the Santee River, when a British officer came with a flag of truce to see him about exchanging prisoners, and was taken into the camp blindfolded. The officer had heard much about Marion; and instead of finding, as he had expected, a man of noble presence in an elegant uniform, he saw a small, thin man, in homespun clothes. Around were Marion's soldiers, some of them almost naked, some in British uniforms, which they had captured — a motley set, with all kinds of weapons, large muskets, rifles, shotguns, swords made by country blacksmiths from mill-saws. The business upon which the officer had come was soon settled.

"Shall I have the honor of your company to dinner?" said Marion.

The officer saw no preparation for dinner. A fire was burning, but there were no camp-kettles, no Dutch ovens, no cooking utensils.

"Give us our dinner, Tom!" said Marion to one of his men.

Tom was the cook. He dug open the fire with a stick, and poked out a fine mess of sweet potatoes. He pricked the large ones to see if they were done, blew the ashes from them, wiped them on his shirt-sleeve, placed the best ones on a piece of bark, and laid them on the log between Marion and the officer.

"I fear our dinner will not prove so palatable to you as I could wish, but it is the best we have," said Marion.

The British officer was a gentleman, and ate of the potatoes, but soon began to laugh. "I was thinking," he said, "what some of my brother officers would say if our Government were to give such a bill of fare as this. I suppose this is only an accidental dinner."

"Not so, for often we don't get even this."

"Though stinted in provisions, you, of course, draw double pay?"

"Not a cent, sir. We don't have any pay. We are fighting for our liberty."

The officer was astonished. They had a long and friendly talk, and the officer, bidding Marion good-bye, went back to Georgetown.

Colonel Watson was in command of the British there. "What makes you look so serious?" Colonel Watson asked.

"I have cause to look serious," the officer replied.

"Has Marion refused to treat?"

"No, sir; but I have seen an American general and his officers, without pay, almost without clothes, living on roots and drinking water, and all for liberty! What chance have we against such men?"

The officer was so impressed by what he had seen that he could fight no more, but disposed of his commission and returned to England.

General Greene sent Marion and Lee south to get between the British and Charleston, and cut off their supplies. They marched to Fort Watson, a strong fortification on the east bank of the Santee River, about fifty miles north of Charleston. It was built of logs,

stood on a hill, and was garrisoned by one hundred and twenty men, commanded by Lieutenant M'Kay. They sent him a message to surrender; but he was a brave officer, and informed them that he intended to defend the fort. He knew that Lord Rawdon would soon be there to aid him with several hundred men. Marion and Lee knew that Lord Rawdon was on the march, and they resolved to capture the fort before he arrived.

They saw that there was no well in the fort, and that the garrison had to come out and creep down to the river to obtain water. The riflemen soon stopped that. Then M'Kay set his men at work digging a well, and carried it down to the level of the lake, and had a good supply of water.

Lee and Marion knew that there was a large amount of supplies in the fort, for, besides what was inside, there were boxes and barrels outside. Some of the militia tried to creep up and get a barrel; but the garrison killed one and wounded another. A brave negro, named Billy, with Marion, looked at the supplies, saw that one of the hogsheads was only a few feet from the edge of the bluff, and resolved to try what he could do. He crept very near without being seen, then, before the British could fire upon him, he was crouched behind the hogshead. The ground was a declivity, and soon the British soldiers saw that the hogshead was in motion. They fired at it, but they could only see some black fingers clasping the chimbs, and in a few minutes the hogshead disappeared down the hill.

Billy obtained an axe, broke open the hogshead, and found that he had captured one hundred and fifty shirts, one hundred knapsacks, fifty blankets, and six cloaks.

He distributed them to the soldiers, many of whom had no shirts. Marion named the negro "Captain Billy," and every one treated the brave fellow with great respect.

Rawdon was close at hand. Marion and Lee could see the light of his camp fires on the hills in the west. Whatever was done must be done quickly. But what could they do? They had no cannon; and even if they had, they could not batter down the fort; but a bright thought came to Colonel Mahan — to build a tower which would overlook the fortification. As soon as night came, all the axes in the camp were in use. The British could hear the choppers, and wondered what was going on; but they were astonished in the morning when they saw a tower higher than the fort, and a swarm of men on the top firing through loopholes, and picking off with their rifles every man who showed his head above the parapet. Lord Rawdon had not come, and Lieutenant M'Kay saw that he would soon lose all his men, and that he must surrender. Before noon the Americans were in possession of the fort and all its supplies.

WHEN CORNWALLIS SURRENDERED

[1781]

BY BURTON EGBERT STEVENSON

SPRING and summer sped by quietly enough, with much visiting back and forth; but one crisp morning in early October our neighbor of Berkeley rode up to our door and plunged at once into the heart of the business which had brought him.

"You know, I suppose, Mrs. Randolph," he began, "that that old fox, Cornwallis, is caught at last at Yorktown, and must soon surrender?"

"Yes, thank God," said my mother.

"'T will be such a sight as may never again be witnessed in America. I am going to take my boy to see it, and I should be glad to have yours, too, if you'll let him go."

"Oh, mother!" I cried.

She looked at us a moment with frightened eyes.

"Take my boy into the midst of the fighting!" she protested.

"Oh, not so bad as that, madam," laughed Mr. Harrison. "We will view it all from a perfectly safe distance — I will answer for that. May he go?" I think his good humor and courtesy, as much as the passionate pleading in my eyes, won her over.

"Would you like to go, Stewart?" she asked, and I knew from her look that she consented.

"Right, madam!" cried our visitor heartily, as I

threw my arms about her. "You are right not to deny the boy."

My cup of happiness was full to overflowing, and as we rolled away that afternoon in the great Harrison coach, I fear it was only my mother who wept at parting. That was an enchanted journey down the peninsula, and I was almost sorry that it had come to an end when, toward evening of the second day, we rumbled up to Oldham, Mr. Samuel Harrison's place, some few miles above Yorktown on the river.

Such a sight as awaited us the next morning when we were led forth to view the contending armies. From the top of a little hill near the bank of the York, which the French had evacuated the day before in their advance, we could see a great part of their position quite clearly. On the right were our troops, with the artillery in the center, near the commander's quarters. There the French lines began, artillery first, and then the infantry, stretching to the very bank of the river below us. Away in the distance we could dimly see the British works closely girdling the little town, and still beyond this a half dozen British men-of-war lay anchored in the stream. Far out on the bay we could just discern the white sails of the blockading squadron of French ships.

Mr. Harrison pointed out to us how our troops were ever creeping nearer and nearer to the British works; but he had more important things to do, so he left us presently, confiding us to the care of old Shad, and warning us not to leave the hillock where we were stationed. We had small wish to do so, and we sat for hours looking at the scene, until suddenly, away on the right, the artillery began to thunder. The fire ran along the

line until every battery, American and French alike, was pouring shot and shell into the British works, as fast as the sweating men could serve the guns. The enemy replied but feebly, and after a time fell silent altogether. A dense cloud of smoke settled over the ramparts, and was carried slowly out to sea, where it lay banked against the horizon like a great thundercloud.

We ate the lunch that Shad had brought for us, and spent the afternoon watching the cannonading. Mr. Harrison came back to us as evening fell, but we tarried where we were with no thought of dinner, for the French battery near the river had opened upon the British ships with red-hot ball, and presently we saw one of them wrapped in a torrent of flame. The fire spread with amazing speed, running along the rigging and to the very tops of the masts, while all around was thunder and lightning from the cannon. Even as we gazed there came a blinding flash of flame that rent the ship asunder, and ten seconds later a mighty roar, which told us the fire had reached the magazine. The blazing fragments fell back one by one into the river and disappeared.

"Come, boys, we must be going," said Mr. Harrison at last, and we followed him, awed and silent.

Another British ship was set in flames next day, and in the three days that followed we could see our soldiers working like beavers in the trenches, which advanced every hour nearer the enemy. Meanwhile, all Virginia had come to see the spectacle, and on the morning of the seventeenth was gathered in a great throng exultantly watching the work of our batteries, when of a sudden the firing ceased.

A murmur of anxiety ran through the crowd.

"What is it? What has happened?" asked every one, looking fearfully into his neighbor's face. Could it be that, after all, the prize was to escape? Some thought that the munitions had run out; some that the French ships had been driven away and a great force under Clinton landed; but presently came word that Cornwallis had had enough, and asked a parley. What joy there was that night at every board within reach of the good news, and in what mighty bumpers did loyal Virginia drink the health of the First of Virginians and his men!

How shall I describe the stirring spectacle which took place next afternoon? To the right of the Hampton road the Patriot army was drawn up, veterans of six years' service, with torn and faded regimentals; while to the left, facing them, were the French, brilliant as toy soldiers. Down the road for more than a mile stretched this living avenue. Presently there broke forth a great storm of cheering, and I saw the tears rolling unchecked down Mr. Harrison's face as he gazed at a man sitting a white charger, riding slowly along the line.

"'T is the general," he whispered. "This is his hour of triumph and reward — God knows how he has earned it!"

Near him, on a great bay horse, rode General Rochambeau, gorgeous in white and gold. He was no doubt a gallant soldier, and great general, but there was something in the quiet dignity of the other which caught and held the eye, which fired the imagination, which needed no ornament to set it forth. Men and women sobbed aloud as they saw him there that day, and

cheered between their sobs like mad things, and thanked the God that had given him to America.

Then a great silence fell upon the crowd, there came the beat of a drum from the British line, and the conquered troops marched slowly out of their intrenchments, — seven thousand of them and more, — their colors cased, their arms reversed. Colors and arms alike were surrendered to the victors, while the regimental bands played a quaint old air, forgot these many years, "The World Turned Upside Down."

GEORGE III ACKNOWLEDGES THE INDEPENDENCE OF THE COLONIES

[1782]

BY ELKANAH WATSON

SOON after my arrival in England, having won at the insurance office one hundred guineas, on the event of Lord Howe's relieving Gibraltar, and dining the same day with Copley, the distinguished painter, who was a Bostonian by birth, I determined to devote the sum to a splendid portrait of myself. The painting was finished in most admirable style, except the background, which Copley and I designed to represent a ship, bearing to America the intelligence of the acknowledgment of Independence, with a sun just rising upon the Stripes of the Union, streaming from her gaff. All was complete save the flag, which Copley did not deem prudent to hoist under present circumstances, as his gallery is a constant resort of the royal family and the nobility. I dined with the artist, on the glorious 5th of December, 1782, after listening with him to the speech of the king, formally recognizing the United States of America as in the rank of nations. Previous to dining, and immediately after our return from the House of Lords, he invited me into his studio, and there with a bold hand, a master's touch, and I believe an American heart, attached to the ship the Stars and Stripes. This was, I imagine, the first American flag hoisted in Old England.

At an early hour on the 5th of December, 1782, in

conformity with previous arrangements, I was conducted by the Earl of Ferrers to the very entrance of the House of Lords. At the door he whispered, "Get as near the throne as you can; fear nothing." I did so, and found myself exactly in front of it, elbow to elbow with the celebrated Admiral Lord Howe. The Lords were promiscuously standing, as I entered. It was a dark and foggy day; and the windows being elevated, and constructed in the antiquated style, with leaden bars to contain the diamond-cut panes of glass, increased the gloom. The walls were hung with dark tapestry, representing the defeat of the Spanish Armada. I had the pleasure of recognizing, in the crowd of spectators, Copley, and West the painter, with some American ladies. I saw also some dejected American royalists in the group.

After waiting nearly two hours, the approach of the king was announced by a tremendous roar of artillery. He entered by a small door on the left of the throne, and immediately seated himself upon the Chair of State, in a graceful attitude, with his right foot resting upon a stool. He was clothed in royal robes. Apparently agitated, he drew from his pocket the scroll containing his speech. The Commons were summoned; and, after the bustle of their entrance had subsided, he proceeded to read his speech. I was near the king, and watched, with intense interest, every tone of his voice and expression of his countenance. After some general and usual remarks, he continued: —

"I lost no time in giving the necessary orders to prohibit the further prosecution of offensive war upon the continent of North America. Adopting, as my inclination will always lead me to do, with decision and effect,

whatever I collect to be the sense of my Parliament and my people, I have pointed all my views and measures, in Europe, as in North America, to an entire and cordial reconciliation with the colonies. Finding it indispensable to the attainment of this object, I did not hesitate to go to the full length of the powers vested in me, and offer to declare them" — here he paused and was in evident agitation; either embarrassed in reading his speech, by the darkness of the room, or affected by a very natural emotion. In a moment he resumed: — "and offer to declare them free and independent States. In thus admitting their separation from the crown of these kingdoms, I have sacrificed every consideration of my own to the wishes and opinions of my people. I make it my humble and ardent prayer to Almighty God, that Great Britain may not feel the evils which might result from so great a dismemberment of the Empire, and that America may be free from the calamities which have formerly proved, in the mother country, how essential monarchy is to the enjoyment of constitutional liberty. Religion, language, interests, and affection may, and I hope will, yet prove a bond of permanent union between the two countries."

It is remarked that George III is celebrated for reading his speeches in a distinct, free, and impressive manner. On this occasion, he was evidently embarrassed; he hesitated, choked, and executed the painful duties of the occasion with an ill grace that does not belong to him. I cannot adequately portray my sensations in the progress of this address; every artery beat high, and swelled with my proud American blood. It was impossible not to revert to the opposite shores of the Atlantic, and to review, in my mind's eye, the misery and woe I had myself

witnessed, in several stages of the contest, and the widespread desolation, resulting from the stubbornness of this very king, now so prostrate, but who had turned a deaf ear to our humble and importunate petitions for relief. Yet, I believe that George III acted under what he felt to be the high and solemn claims of constitutional duty.

The great drama was now closed. The battle of Lexington exhibited its first scene. The Declaration of Independence was a lofty and glorious event in its progress; and the ratification of our Independence by the king, consummated the spectacle in triumph and exultation. This successful issue of the American Revolution will, in all probability, influence eventually the destinies of the whole human race.

WHEN WASHINGTON RESIGNED HIS COMMISSION

[1783]

BY R. M. DEVENS

For the last time, he assembled them [his soldiers] at Newburgh, when he rode out on the field, and gave them one of those paternal addresses which so eminently characterized his relationship with his army. To the tune of "Roslin Castle," — the soldier's dirge, — his brave comrades passed slowly by their great leader, and filed away to their respective homes. It was a thrilling scene. There were gray-headed soldiers, who had grown old by hardships and exposures, and too old to begin life anew; tears coursed freely the furrowed cheeks of these veterans. Among the thousands passing in review before him were those, also, who had done valorous service when the destiny of the country hung tremblingly in the balance. As Washington looked upon them for the last time, he said, "I am growing old in my country's service and losing my sight; but I never doubted its justice or gratitude." Even on the rudest and roughest of the soldiery, the effect of his parting language was irresistible.

On the 4th of December, 1783, by Washington's request, his officers, in full uniform, assembled in Fraunces's tavern, New York, to take a final leave of their commander-in-chief. On entering the room, and finding himself surrounded by his old companions-in-

arms, who had shared with him so many scenes of hardship, difficulty, and danger, his agitated feelings overcame his usual self-command. Every man arose with eyes turned towards him. Filling a glass of wine, and lifting it to his lips, he rested his benignant but saddened countenance upon them, and said: —

"With a heart full of love and gratitude, I now take leave of you. I most devoutly wish that your latter days may be as prosperous as your former ones have been honorable and glorious." Having drunk, he added, "I cannot come to each of you to take my leave, but shall be obliged to you, if each of you will come and take me by the hand."

A profound silence followed, as each officer gazed on the countenance of their leader, while the eyes of all were wet with tears. He then expressed again his desire that each of them should come and take him by the hand. The first, being nearest to him, was General Knox, who grasped his hand in silence, and both embraced each other without uttering a word. One after another followed, receiving and returning the affectionate adieu of their commander, after which he left the room in silence, followed by his officers in procession, to embark in the barge that was to convey him to Paulus Hook, now Jersey City. As he was passing through the light infantry drawn up on either side to receive him, an old soldier, who was by his side on the terrible night of his march to Trenton, stepped out from the ranks, and reaching out his arms, exclaimed, "Farewell, my dear General, farewell!" Washington seized his hand most heartily, when the soldiers forgot all discipline, rushed toward their chief, and bathed him with their tears.

The scene was like that of a good patriarch taking leave of his children, and going on a long journey, from whence he might return no more.

Having entered the barge, he turned to the weeping company upon the wharf, and waving his hat, bade them a silent adieu. They stood with heads uncovered, until the barge was hidden from their view, when, in silent and solemn procession, they returned to the place where they had assembled. Congress was at this time in session at Annapolis, Maryland, to which place Washington now proceeded, greeted along his whole route with enthusiastic homage, for the purpose of formally resigning his commission. He arrived on the 19th of December, 1783, and the next day he informed Congress of the purpose for which he had come, and requested to know whether it would be their pleasure that he should offer his resignation in writing, or at an audience. A committee was appointed by Congress, and it was decided that on Tuesday, December 23, the ceremonial should take place.

When the hour arrived, the president, General Mifflin, informed him that that body was prepared to receive his communications. With a native dignity, heightened by the solemnity of the occasion, the general rose. In a brief and appropriate speech he offered his congratulations on the termination of the war, and having alluded to his object in appearing thus in that presence, — that he might resign into the hands of Congress the trust committed to him, and claim the indulgence of retiring from the public service, — he concluded with those affecting words, which drew tears from the eyes of all in that vast assembly: —

"I consider it an indispensable duty to close this last

act of my official life by commending the interests of our dearest country to the protection of Almighty God, and those who have the superintendence of them, to his holy keeping. Having now finished the work assigned me, I retire from the theater of action, and, bidding an affectionate farewell to this august body, under whose orders I have so long acted, I here offer my commission, and take my leave of all the employments of public life."

After advancing to the chair, and delivering his commission to the president, he returned to his place, and remained standing, while General Mifflin replied, reviewing the great career thus brought to a close, and saying in conclusion: —

"The glory of your virtues will not terminate with your military command; it will continue to animate the remotest ages. We join with you in commending the interest of our country to Almighty God, beseeching Him to dispose the hearts and minds of its citizens to improve the opportunity afforded them of becoming a happy and respectful nation. And for you, we address to Him our warmest prayers, that a life so beloved may be fostered with all His care, that your days may be as happy as they have been illustrious, and that He will finally give you that reward which this world cannot bestow."

II
LIFE IN REVOLUTIONARY DAYS

HISTORICAL NOTE

"At the commencement of the Revolution the colonists of America were husbandmen, merchants, mechanics, and fishermen, who were occupied in the ordinary duties of their respective callings, and were sober, honest, and industrious. But when the struggle for independence began, new fields for exertion were opened, and a great change was suddenly wrought in the American people. Many who were before only known in the humble sphere of peaceful occupations, soon shone forth in the cabinet or in the field. The war, too, did much to wear away local peculiarities and prejudices. But the Revolution introduced, at the same time, greater looseness of manners and morals. An army always carries deep vices in its train, and communicates its corruption to society around it. Besides this, the failure of public credit so far put it out of the power of individuals to perform private engagements, that the breach of them became common, and at length was scarcely disgraceful. Education suffered, in common with other kindred interests. In several colleges the course of instruction was suspended; the hall was exchanged for the camp, and the gown for the sword and epaulet. After the war, interest in education revived, and before the end of the period several colleges and other institutions of learning were established in different sections of the country.

"During the war, the commerce of the United States was suppressed, but it revived on the return of peace. Arts and manufactures made considerable progress in the United States during this period. Cut off by the war from foreign sources of supply, the people of the United States had been obliged to look to their own industry and ingenuity to furnish articles needed in the struggle and for the usual occupations of life. On the return of peace, many branches of manufacture had become so firmly established that they held their ground, even against the excessive importations that immediately followed. Agriculture was greatly interrupted, during the war, by the withdrawing of laborers to the camp, and by the distractions which disturbed all the occupations of society. But within a few years after peace was established the exports of products raised in the United States were again considerable." — *Charles A. Goodrich.*

THE MESCHIANZA AT PHILADELPHIA

[1778]

BY JOHN F. WATSON

[The British spent the winter of 1777–78 in Philadelphia. To pass the time, they gave balls and other entertainments. The most noted of these was the "Meschianza."

The Editor.]

This is the appellation of the most splendid pageant ever exhibited in our country,[1] if we except the great "Federal Procession" of all trades and professions, through the streets of Philadelphia in 1788. The Meschianza was chiefly a tilt and tournament with other entertainments, as the term implies, and was given on Monday the 18th of May, 1778, at Wharton's country-seat in Southwark, by the officers of General Sir William Howe's army, to that officer, on his quitting the command to return to England. A considerable number of our city belles were present; which gave considerable offense afterwards to the whigs; and did not fail to mark the fair as the "Tory ladies." The ill-nature and the reproach have long since been forgotten.

The company began to assemble at three to four o'clock, at Knight's Wharf, at the water edge of Green Street in the Northern Liberties, and by half-past four o'clock in the afternoon the whole were embarked, in the pleasant month of May, in a "grand regatta" of three divisions. In the front of the whole were three flatboats,

[1] This was written in 1843.

with a band of music in each of them, "rowed regular to harmony." As this assemblage of vessels progressed, barges rowed on the flanks, "light skimming, stretch'd their oary wings," to keep off the multitude of boats that crowded from the city as beholders; and the houses, balconies, and wharves were filled with spectators all along the riversides.

When arrived at the fort below the Swedes' church, they formed a line through an avenue of grenadiers, and light horse in the rear. The company were thus conducted to a square lawn of one hundred and fifty yards on each side, and which was also lined with troops. This area formed the ground for a tilt or tournament. On the front seat of each pavilion were placed seven of the principal young ladies of the country, dressed in Turkish habits, and wearing in their turbans the articles which they intended to bestow on their several gallant knights. Soon the trumpets at a distance announced the approach of the seven white knights, habited in white and red silk, and mounted on gray chargers, richly caparisoned in similar colors. These were followed by their several esquires on foot; besides these there was a herald in his robe. These all made the circuit of the square, saluting the ladies as they passed, and then they ranged in line with their ladies; then their herald, Mr. Beaumont, after a flourish of trumpets, proclaimed their challenge, in the name of "the knights of the blended rose," declaring that the ladies of their order excelled in wit, beauty, and accomplishments those of the whole world, and they are ready to enter the lists against any knights who will deny the same, according to the laws of ancient chivalry; at the third repetition of the challenge, a sound

of trumpets announced the entrance of another herald, with four trumpeters dressed in black and orange. The two heralds held a parley, when the black knight proceeded to proclaim his defiance in the name of "the knights of the burning mountain." Then retiring, there soon after entered "the black knights," with their esquires, preceded by the herald, on whose tunic was represented a mountain sending forth flames, and the motto, "I burn forever."

These seven knights, like the former ones, rode round the lists, and made their obeisance to the ladies, and then drew up fronting the white knights, and the chief of these having thrown down his gauntlet, the chief of the black knights directed his esquire to take it up. Then the knights received their lances from their esquires, fixed their shields on their left arms, and making a general salute to each other by a movement of their lances, turned round to take their career, and encountering in full gallop, shivered their spears! In the second and third encounter they discharged their pistols. In the fourth they fought with their swords.

From the garden they ascended a flight of steps, covered with carpets, which led into a spacious hall, the panels of which were painted in imitation of Siena marble, inclosing festoons of white marble. In this hall and the adjoining apartments, were prepared tea, lemonade, etc., to which the company seated themselves. At this time the knights came in, and on their knee received their favors from their respective ladies. From these apartments they went up to a ballroom, decorated in a light, elegant style of painting, and showing many festoons of flowers. The brilliancy of the whole was

heightened by eighty-five mirrors, decked with ribbons and flowers, and in the intermediate spaces were thirty-four branches. On the same floor were four drawing-rooms, with sideboards of refreshments, decorated and lighted in the style of the ballroom. The ball was opened by the knights and their ladies; and the dances continued till ten o'clock, when the windows were thrown open, and a magnificent bouquet of rockets began the fireworks. These were planned by Captain Montresor, the chief engineer, and consisted of twenty different displays in great variety and beauty, and changing General Howe's arch into a variety of shapes and devices. At twelve o'clock (midnight) supper was announced, and large folding doors, before concealed, sprung open, and discovered a magnificent saloon of two hundred and ten feet by forty feet, and twenty-two feet in height, with three alcoves on each side, which served for sideboards. The sides were painted with vine leaves and festoon flowers, and fifty-six large pier-glasses ornamented with green silk artificial flowers and ribbons. There were also one hundred branches trimmed, and eighteen lusters of twenty-four lights hung from the ceiling. There were three hundred wax tapers on the supper tables, four hundred and thirty covers, and twelve hundred dishes. There were twenty-four black slaves in oriental dresses, with silver collars and bracelets.

Towards the close of the banquet, the herald with his trumpeters entered and announced the king and royal family's health, with other toasts. Each toast was followed by a flourish of music. After the supper, the company returned to the ballroom, and continued to dance until four o'clock in the morning.

I omit to describe the two arches, but they were greatly embellished. They had two fronts, in the Tuscan order. The pediment of one was adorned with naval trophies, and the other with military ones.

Major André, who wrote a description of it (although his name is concealed), calls it "the most splendid entertainment ever given by an army to its general." The whole expense was borne by twenty-two field officers. The managers were Sir John Wrotlesby, Colonel O'Hara, Majors Gardiner and Montressor. This splendid pageant blazed out in one short night! Next day the enchantment was dissolved; and in exactly one month, all these knights and the whole army chose to make their march from the city of Philadelphia!

When I think of the few survivors of that gay scene who now exist (of some whose sprightliness and beauty are gone), I cannot but feel a gloom succeed the recital of the fête. I think, for instance, of one who was then "the queen of the Meschianza," since Mrs. L., now blind, and fast waning from the "things that be." To her I am indebted for many facts of illustration. She tells me that the unfortunate Major André was the charm of the company. Lieutenant André, his esquire, was his brother, a youth of about nineteen, possessing the promise of an accomplished gentleman. Major André and Captain Oliver Delancey, painted, themselves, the chief of the decorations. The Siena marble, for instance, on the apparent side walls, was on canvas, in the style of stage-scene painting. André also painted the scenes used at the theater, at which the British officers performed. The proceeds were given to the widows and orphans of their soldiers. The waterfall scene,

drawn by him, was still in the building when it lately burnt. She assures me that, of all that was borrowed for the entertainment, nothing was injured or lost. They desired to pay double if accidents occurred. The general deportment of the officers was praiseworthy therein. There were no ladies of British officers, save Miss Auchmuty, the new bride of Captain Montressor. The American young ladies present were not numerous — not exceeding fifty. The others were married ladies. Most of our ladies had gone from the city, and what remained were of course in great demand. The American gentlemen present were aged non-combatants. Our young men were Whigs generally, and were absent.

No offense was offered to the ladies afterwards for their acceptance of this instance of an enemy's hospitality. When the Americans returned, they got up a great ball, to be given to the officers of the French army, and to the American officers of Washington's command. When the managers came to invite their guests, it was made a question whether the "Meschianza ladies" should be invited. It was found they could not make up their company without them; they were therefore included. When they came, they looked differently habited from those who had gone to the country, "they having assumed the high headdress, etc.," of the British fashion, and so the characters, unintentionally, were immediately perceived at a glance through the hall. But lots being cast for partners, they were soon fully intermixed, and conversation ensued as if nothing of jealousy had ever existed, and all umbrage was forgotten.

A NEW ENGLAND THANKSGIVING DINNER IN 1779

BY JULIANA SMITH

Dear Cousin Betsey: —

When Thanksgiving Day was approaching our dear Grandmother Smith (née Jerusha Mather, great-granddaughter of the Rev. Richard Mather of Dorchester, Mass.,) who is sometimes a little desponding of Spirit as you well know, did her best to persuade us that it would be better to make it a Day of Fasting and Prayer in view of the Wickedness of our Friends &c. the Vileness of our Enemies. I am sure you can hear Grandmother say that and see her shake her cap border. But indeed there was some occasion for her remarks, for our resistance to an unjust authority has cost our beautiful Coast Towns very dear the last year & all of us have had much to suffer. But my dear Father brought her to a more proper frame of Mind, so that by the time the Day came she was ready to enjoy it almost as well as Grandmother Worthington did, & she, you will remember, always sees the bright side. In the mean while we had all of us been working hard to get all things in readiness to do honor to the Day.

This year it was Uncle Simeon's turn to have the dinner at his house, but of course we all helped them as they help us when it is our turn, & there is always enough for us all to do. All the baking of pies & cakes was done at our house & we had the big oven heated & filled twice

each day for three days before it was all done, & everything was Good, though we did have to do without somethings that ought to be used. Neither Love nor Money could buy Raisins, but our good red cherries dried without the pits, did almost as well & happily Uncle Simeon still had some spices in store. The tables were set in the Dining Hall and even that big room had no space to spare when we were all seated. The Servants had enough ado to get around the Table & serve us all without over-setting things. There were our two Grandmothers side by side. They are always handsome old Ladies, but now, many thought, they were handsomer than ever, & happy they were to look around upon so many of their descendants. Uncle & Aunt Simeon preside at one Table, & Father & Mother at the other. Besides us five boys & girls there were two of the Gales & three Elmers, besides James Browne & Ephriam Cowles. We had them at our table because they could be best supervised there. Most of the students had gone to their own homes for the weeks, but Mr. Skiff and Mr. — were too far away from their homes. They sat at Uncle Simeon's table & so did Uncle Paul and his family, five of them in all, & Cousins Phin & Poll. Then there were six of the Livingston family next door. They had never seen a Thanksgiving Dinner before, having been used to keep Christmas Day instead, as is the wont in New York & Province. Then there were four Old Ladies who have no longer Homes or Children of their own & so came to us. They were invited by my Mother, but Uncle and Aunt Simeon wished it so.

Of course we could have no Roast Beef. None of us have tasted Beef this three years back as it all must go

to the Army, & too little they get, poor fellows. But, Mayquittymaw's Hunters were able to get us a fine red Deer, so that we had a good haunch of Venisson on each Table. These were balanced by huge Chines of Roast Pork at the other ends of the Tables. Then there was on one a big Roast Turkey & on the other a Goose, & two big Pigeon Pasties. Then there was an abundance of good Vegetables of all the old Sorts & one which I do not believe you have yet seen. Uncle Simeon had imported the Seede from England just before the War began & only this Year was there enough for Table use. It is called Sellery & you eat it without cooking. It is very good served with meats. Next year Uncle Simeon says he will be able to raise enough to give us all some. It has to be taken up, roots & all & buried in earth in the cellar through the winter & only pulling up some when you want it to use.

Our Mince Pies were good although we had to use dried Cherries as I told you, & the meat was shoulder of Venisson, instead of Beef. The Pumpkin Pies, Apple Tarts & big Indian Puddings lacked for nothing save Appetite by the time we had got around to them.

Of course we had no Wine. Uncle Simeon has still a cask or two, but it must all be saved for the sick, & indeed, for those who are well, good Cider is a sufficient Substitute. There was no Plumb Pudding, but a boiled Suet Pudding, stirred thick with dried Plumbs & Cherries, was called by the old name & answered the purpose. All the other spice had been used in the Mince Pies, so for this Pudding we used a jar of West India preserved Ginger which chanced to be left of the last shipment which Uncle Simeon had from there, we chopped the

Ginger small and stirred it through with the Plumbs and Cherries. It was extroardinary goods. The Day was bitter cold & when we got home from Meeting, which Father did not keep over long by reason of the cold, we were glad eno' of the fire in Uncle's Dining Hall, but by the time the dinner was one-half over those of us who were on the fire side of one Table was forced to get up & carry our plates with us around to the far side of the other Table, while those who had sat there were glad to bring their plates around to the fire side to get warm. All but the Old Ladies who had a screen put behind their chairs.

Uncle Simoen was in his best mood, and you know how good that is! He kept both Tables in a roar of laughter with his droll stories of the days when he was studying medicine in Edinborough, & afterwards he & Father & Uncle Paul joined in singing Hymns & Ballads. You know how fine their voices go together. Then we all sang a Hymn and afterwards my dear Father led us in prayer, remembering all Absent Friends before the Throne of Grace, & much I wished that my dear Betsey was here as one of us, as she has been of yore.

We did not rise from the Table until it was quite dark, & when the dishes had been cleared away we all got around the fire as close as we could, & cracked nuts, & sang songs, & told stories. At least some told, & others listened. You know nobody can exceed the two Grandmothers at telling tales of all the things they have seen themselves, & repeating those of the early years in New England, & even some in the Old England, which they had heard in their youth from their Elders. My Father says it is a goodly custom to hand down all worthy

deeds & traditions from Father to Son, as the Israelites were commanded to do about the Passover & as the Indians here have always done, because the Word that is spoken is remembered longer than the one what is written. * * Brother Jack, who did not reach here until late on Wednesday though he left the College very early on Monday Morning & rode with all due diligence considering the snow, brought an orange to each of the Grandmothers, but Alas! they were frozen in his saddle bags. We soaked the frost out in cold water, but I guess they was n't as good as they should have been. . . .

A CALL ON LADY WASHINGTON IN 1780

BY CHARLES D. PLATT

"O Lady Martha Washington
  Has come to Morristown,
And we must go and quickly so,
  Each in her finest gown,
And call at Colonel Ford's to see
  That dame of high renown."

So spake the dames of Hanover
  And put on their array
Of silks to wit, and all that's fit
  To grace a gala day,
And called on Lady Washington
  In raiment bright and gay.

Those were the days of scarcity
  In all our stricken land,
When hardships tried the country-side,
  Want was on every hand;
When they called on Lady Washington
  In fine attire so grand.

"And don't you think! we found her with
  A speckled homespun apron on;
With knitting in hand — that lady so grand —
  That stately Lady Washington!
When we came to Morristown that day
  With all our finest fixin's on!

She welcomed us right graciously
  And then, quite at her ease,
She makes the glancing needles fly
  As nimbly as you please;
And so we found this courtly dame
  As busy as two bees."

"For while our gallant soldiers bear
  The brunt of war," quoth she,
"It is not right that we delight
  In costly finery."
So spake good Martha Washington,
  Still smiling graciously.

"But let us do our part," quoth she,
  "And speedily begin
To clothe our armies on the field
And independence win" —
"Good-bye! Good-bye!" we all did cry —
  "We're going home to spin!"

HOW PEOPLE TRAVELED IN REVOLUTIONARY TIMES

[1775-1781]

BY JOHN BACH McMASTER

A JOURNEY of any length was beset with innumerable difficulties and delays. Towns and cities between which we pass in an hour were a day's journey apart. For all purposes of trade and commerce two hundred and fifty miles was a greater distance then than twenty-five hundred miles now. A voyage across the ocean to London or Liverpool, a trip across the prairies to the Pacific Coast, is at present performed with more ease and comfort, and with quite as much expedition, as, a hundred years since, a journey from Boston to New York was made. It was commonly by stages that both travelers and goods passed from city to city. Insufferably slow as such a mode of conveyance would seem to an American of this generation, it had, in 1784, but lately come in, and was hailed as a mark of wonderful progress. The first coach and four in New England began its trips in 1744. The first stage between New York and Philadelphia, then the two most populous cities in the colonies, was not set until 1756, and made the run in three days. The same year that the stamp act was passed a second stage was started. This was advertised as a luxurious conveyance, "being a covered Jersey wagon," and was promised to make the trip in three days, the charge being twopence the mile. The success which attended

this venture moved others, and in the year following it was announced that a conveyance, described as the "Flying Machine," "being a good wagon, with seats on springs," would perform the whole journey in the surprisingly short time of two days. This increase of speed was, however, accompanied by an increase of fare, the charge being twenty shillings for the through trip and three pence per mile for way passengers.

When the Revolution came, most of these vehicles ceased to ply between the distant cities; horseback traveling was resumed, and a journey of any length became a matter of grave consideration. On the day of departure the friends of the traveler gathered at the inn, took a solemn leave of him, drank his health in bumpers of punch, and wished him God-speed on his way. The Quaker preacher, Hicks, setting out in 1779 for yearly meeting, remarks: "We took a solemn leave of our families, they feeling much anxiety at parting with us on account of the many dangers we were exposed to, having to pass, not only through the lines of the armies, but the deserted and almost uninhabited country that lay between them."

With the return of peace the stages again took the road; but many years elasped before traffic over the highways became at all considerable. While Washington was serving his first term, two stages and twelve horses sufficed to carry all the travelers and goods passing between New York and Boston, then the two great commercial centers of the country. The conveyances were old and shackling; the harness made mostly of rope; the beasts were ill-fed and worn to skeletons. The ordinary's day journey was forty miles in summer; but

in winter, when the roads were bad and the darkness came on early in the afternoon, rarely more than twenty-five. In the hot months the traveler was oppressed by the heat and half choked by the dust. When cold weather came, he could scarce keep from freezing. One pair of horses usually dragged the stage some eighteen miles, when fresh ones were put on, and, if no accident occurred, the traveler was put down at the inn about ten at night. Cramped and weary he ate a frugal supper and betook himself to bed, with a notice from the landlord that he would be called at three the next morning. Then, whether it rained or snowed, he was forced to rise and make ready, by the light of a horn-lantern or a farthing candle, for another ride of eighteen hours. After a series of mishaps and accidents such as would suffice for an emigrant train crossing the plains, the stage rolled into New York at the end of the sixth day. The discomforts and trials of such a trip, combined with the accidents by no means uncommon, the great distance from help in the solitary places through which the road ran, and the terrors of ferry-boats on the rivers, made a journey of any distance an event to be remembered to the end of one's days.

Such was the crude state of the science of engineering that no bridge of any considerable length had been undertaken in the States. No large rivers had yet been spanned. While going from Boston to Philadelphia, in 1789, Breck crossed the Connecticut at Springfield, the Housatonic at Stratford, the Hudson at New York, the Hackensack and Passaic between Paulus Hook (now Jersey City) and Newark, the Raritan at New Brunswick, the Delaware at Trenton, and the Neshamung at

Bristol on what were then known as ferry-boats. The crossing of any of these streams was attended by much discomfort and danger; but the wide stretch of water which flowed between Paulus Hook and the city of New York was especially the dread of travelers. There, from December till late in March, great blocks of ice filled the river from either bank far out to the channel. On windy days the waves were high, and when the tide ran counter with the wind, covered with white-caps. Horse-boats had not yet come in; the hardy traveler was, therefore, rowed across in boats such as would now be thought scarcely better than scows. In one of her most touching letters to her husband, Mrs. Burr describes to him the alarm occasioned by his making the dangerous crossing. How she had anxiously waited for his return, hoping that the dangers of the passage would deter him; how, when she heard that he was really embarked, she gave herself up to an agony of fear as she thought of him exposed in the little boat to the rough waters and the boisterous winds, and what thankfulness she felt when her son brought word of his safe arrival at Paulus Hook.

Even a trip from Brooklyn to New York, across a river scarce half as wide as that separating the city from New Jersey, was attended with risks and delays that would now be thought intolerable. Then, and indeed till the day thirty years later, when the rude steamboats of Fulton made their appearance on the ferry, the only means of transportation for man and beast were clumsy row-boats, flat-bottomed square-ended scows with sprit-sails, and two-masted boats called periaguas. In one of these, if the day were fine, if the tide were slack, if the

watermen were sober, and if the boat did not put back several times to take in belated passengers who were seen running down the hill, the crossing might be made with some degree of speed and comfort, and a landing effected at the foot of the steps at the pier which, much enlarged, still forms part of the Brooklyn slip of the Fulton Ferry. But when the wind blew with the tide, when a strong flood or an angry ebb was on, the boatmen made little headway, and counted themselves happy if, at the end of an hour's hard pulling, the passengers were put ashore opposite Governor's Island, or on the marshes around Wallabout bay.

In summer these delays, which happened almost daily, were merely annoying and did no more harm than to bring down some hearty curses on the boatmen and the tide. But when winter came, and the river began to fill with huge blocks of ice, crossing the ferry was hazardous enough to deter the most daring. Sometimes a rowboat would get in an ice-jam and be held there in the wind and cold for many hours. At others a periagua would go to pieces in the crush, and the passengers, forced to clamber on the ice, would drift up and down the harbor at the mercy of the tide. It is not improbable that the solicitude of Mrs. Burr for the safety of her husband was heightened by the recollection of such an occurrence which took place but a few months before.

Nor were the scows, in the best of weather, less liable to accidents than the row-boats. It was on these that horses, wagons, and cattle were brought over from city to city, for the butchers of the Fly market drew their supplies of beef and mutton from the farms that lay on the hills toward Flatbush and what is now Williams-

burg. Every week small herds of steers and flocks of sheep were driven to the ferry, shut up in pens, and brought over the river, a few at a time, on the scows. The calmest days, the smoothest water, and a slack tide, were, if possible, chosen for such trips. Yet even then whoever went upon a cattle-boat took his life in his hands.

If a sudden gust of wind struck the sails, or if one of the half dozen bullocks became restless, the scow was sure to upset. No one, therefore, who was so fortunate as to own a handsome carriage would trust it on the boats if the wind and sea were high, or much ice in the river, but would wait two or three days for a gentle breeze and smooth water.

But it was not solely by coaches and ferry-boats that our ancestors traveled from place to place. Packet sloops plied between important points along the coast and such of the inland cities as stood upon the banks of navigable rivers. The trip from New York to Philadelphia was thus often made by packet to South Amboy, thence by coach to Burlington, in New Jersey, where a packet was once more taken to the Quaker City. A similar line of vessels ran between New York and Providence, where coaches were in waiting to convey travelers to Boston. This mode of conveyance was thought to be far more comfortable than by stage-wagon, but it was, at the same time, far more uncertain. Nobody knew precisely when the sloops would set sail, nor, when once started, how soon they would reach their haven. The wind being favorable and the waters of the sound quite smooth, the run to Providence was often made in three days. But it was not seldom that nine days or

two weeks were spent in the trip. On the Hudson were many such sloops, bringing down again timber, and skins from Albany, to be exchanged for broadcloth, half-thicks, and tammies, at New York. They ceased to run, however, when the ice began to form in the river, trade was suspended, and the few travelers who went from one city to the other made the journey on horseback or in the coach. In summer, when the winds were light, two weeks were sometimes spent in sailing the one hundred and fifty miles. The difficulties, indeed, which beset the English traveler, John Maude, on his way to Albany, would now be rarely met with in a canoe on the rivers of the Northwest. Burr, on his way from Albany to attend court, changed from sloop to wagon ere his journey was ended. Travelers by these packets often took boat as the vessel floated slowly down the river, rowed ashore and purchased eggs and milk at the farm-houses near the bank, and overtook their vessel with ease.

The present century had long passed its first decade before any material improvement in locomotion became known. Our ancestors were not wholly unacquainted with the great motive-power which has within the lifetime of a generation revolutionized every branch of human industry, and enabled great ships of iron to advance in the face of wind and waves, and long trains of cars to traverse the earth at a speed exceeding the pace of the fleetest horse. Before the close of 1787, Fitch at Philadelphia, and Rumsey at Shepherdstown, Virginia, had both moved vessels by steam. Before 1790, a steamboat company had been organized at Philadelphia, and a little craft built by Fitch had steamed up

and down the Delaware to Burlington, to Bristol, to Bordentown, and Trenton. Before 1800, Samuel Morey had gone up the Connecticut River in a steamer of his own construction and design, and Elijah Ormsbee, a Rhode Island mechanic, had astonished the farmers along the banks of the Seekonk River with the sight of a boat driven by paddles. Early in this century, Stevens placed upon the waters of the Hudson a boat moved by a Watt engine. The same year Oliver Evans ran a paddle-wheel vessel on the waters of the Delaware and the Schuylkill. Fulton, in 1807, made his trip to Albany in the famous Clermont, and used it as a passenger-boat till the end of the year. But he met with the same opposition which in our time we have seen expended on the telegraph and the sewing-machine, and which, some time far in the future, will be encountered by inventions and discoveries of which we have not now the smallest conception. No man in his senses, it was asserted, would risk his life in such a fire-boat as the Clermont when the river was full of good packets. Before the year 1820 came, the first boat had steamed down the Mississippi to New Orleans; the first steamboat had appeared upon the Lakes, and the Atlantic had been crossed by the steamship Savannah. But such amazing innovations as these found little favor with men accustomed from boyhood to the stage-coach and the sail-boat. In 1810, nine days were spent in going from Boston to Philadelphia. At the outbreak of the second war with England, a light coach and three horses went from Baltimore to Washington in a day and a half. The mail-wagon, then thought to make the journey with surprising speed, left Pennsylvania Avenue at five in the morning and

drew up at the post-office in Baltimore at eleven at night. Ocean travel was scarcely known. Nothing short of the most pressing business, or an intense longing to see the wonders of the Old World, could induce a gentleman of 1784 to leave his comfortable home and his pleasant fields, shut himself up in a packet, and breathe the foul air of the close and dingy cabin for the month or seven weeks spent in crossing the Atlantic. A passage in such a space of time would, moreover, have been thought a short one, for it was no very uncommon occurrence when a vessel was nine, ten, eleven weeks, or even three months, on a voyage from Havre or Madrid to New York. So formidable was this tedious sail, and the bad food and loathsome water it entailed, that fewer men went over each summer to London than now go every month to South America. In fact, an emigrant steamer brings out each passage from Queenstown more human beings than a hundred years ago, crossed the ocean in both directions in the space of a twelvemonth. So late as 1795, a gentleman who had been abroad was pointed out in the streets even of the large cities with the remark, "There goes a man who has been to Europe."

ABRAHAM DAVENPORT

[1780]

BY JOHN G. WHITTIER

In the old days (a custom laid aside
With breeches and cocked hats) the people sent
Their wisest men to make the public laws.
And so, from a brown homestead, where the Sound
Drinks the small tribute of the Mianas,
Waved over by the woods of Rippowams,
And hallowed by pure lives and tranquil deaths,
Stamford sent up to the councils of the State
Wisdom and grace in Abraham Davenport.

'T was on a May-day of the far old year
Seventeen hundred eighty, that there fell
Over the bloom and sweet life of the Spring,
Over the fresh earth and the heaven of noon,
A horror of great darkness, like the night
In day of which the Norland sagas tell, —
The Twilight of the Gods. The low-hung sky
Was black with ominous clouds, save where its rim
Was fringed with a dull glow, like that which climbs
The crater's sides from the red hell below.
Birds ceased to sing, and all the barn-yard fowls
Roosted; the cattle at the pasture bars
Lowed, and looked homeward; bats on leathern wings
Flitted abroad; the sounds of labor died;
Men prayed, and women wept; all ears grew sharp

To hear the doom-blast of the trumpet shatter
The black sky, that the dreadful face of Christ
Might look from the rent clouds, not as he looked
A loving guest at Bethany, but stern
As Justice and inexorable Law.

Meanwhile in the old State House, dim as ghosts,
Sat the lawgivers of Connecticut,
Trembling beneath their legislative robes.
"It is the Lord's Great Day! Let us adjourn,"
Some said; and then, as if with one accord,
All eyes were turned to Abraham Davenport.
He rose, slow cleaving with his steady voice
The intolerable hush. "This well may be
The Day of Judgment which the world awaits;
But be it so or not, I only know
My present duty, and my Lord's command
To occupy till He come. So at the post
Where He hath set me in his providence,
I choose, for one, to meet Him face to face, —
No faithless servant frightened from my task,
But ready when the Lord of the harvest calls;
And therefore, with all reverence, I would say,
Let God do his work, we will see to ours.
Bring in the candles." And they brought them in.

Then by the flaring lights the Speaker read,
Albeit with husky voice and shaking hands,
An act to amend an act to regulate
The shad and alewive fisheries. Whereupon
Wisely and well spake Abraham Davenport,
Straight to the question, with no figures of speech

Save the ten Arab signs, yet not without
The shrewd dry humor natural to the man:
His awe-struck colleagues listening all the while,
Between the pauses of his argument,
To hear the thunder of the wrath of God
Break from the hollow trumpet of the cloud.

And there he stands in memory to this day,
Erect, self-poised, a rugged face, half seen
Against the background of unnatural dark,
A witness to the ages as they pass,
That simple duty hath no place for fear.

III

THE FIRST YEARS OF THE NATION

HISTORICAL NOTE

During the Revolution the colonies had stood together, but when the war came to an end, each one began to think what would be best for itself. In 1787 a convention was decided upon to "form a more perfect union," and then it was that the Constitution of the United States was written.

Very important questions came up for settlement. How much power should be given to the central Government and how much to each State? How long should the President's term of office be? How should the States be represented? There was a vast amount of debate and discussion, but finally the Constitution was submitted to the States. The Federalists were eager for its ratification; the Anti-Federalists opposed, chiefly on the ground of its giving so much power to the central Government. The consent of nine States was necessary for adoption. Between December 7, 1787, and February 6, 1788, Delaware, Pennsylvania, New Jersey, Georgia, Connecticut, and Massachusetts had signified their acceptance. Maryland came into line in April; South Carolina in May; then there was a month's delay. At last the Federalists carried the day in New Hampshire and a few days later, in Virginia, and the Constitution was adopted.

After the adoption of the Constitution, each State chose electors to vote for a President. Every vote was cast for Washington, and in 1789 he became President of the United States.

The first difficulty for the new nation to meet was the lack of money. The United States had a poor financial rating, because what the Continental Congress had borrowed had never been repaid. Alexander Hamilton, Secretary of the Treasury, made two propositions to Congress. The first was to tax foreign goods brought into the country. The second was somewhat startling, for he wished the whole Government to assume the debt of each State. This was finally done; and now every creditor of each State became anxious to have a strong central Government, in order that he might get his money.

AMERICA

BY SAMUEL FRANCIS SMITH

My country, 't is of thee,
Sweet land of liberty,
  Of thee I sing;
Land where my fathers died,
Land of the pilgrims' pride,
From every mountain-side
  Let freedom ring.

My native country, thee,
Land of the noble free,
  Thy name I love;
I love thy rocks and rills,
Thy woods and templed hills;
My heart with rapture thrills
  Like that above.

Let music swell the breeze,
And ring from all the trees
  Sweet freedom's song;
Let mortal tongues awake,
Let all that breathe partake,
Let rocks their silence break, —
  The sound prolong.

Our fathers' God, to Thee,
Author of liberty,

To Thee we sing;
Long may our land be bright
With freedom's holy light;
Protect us by thy might,
Great God, our King.

HOW PHILADELPHIA CELEBRATED THE RATIFICATION OF THE CONSTITUTION

[1788]

BY JOHN BACH McMASTER

PHILADELPHIA was the first large city to receive the news [of the adoption of the Constitution], and there the popular rejoicings put on a more impressive form. It was known so early as the 26th of June that New Hampshire had assented; but every one felt that the Constitution could never be firmly set up while so great and populous a State as Virginia held out. When, therefore, the post that came in on the evening of the 2d of July brought letters telling that Virginia was Federal, the doubts and fears that had tormented men for seven months were put at rest. It was instantly determined that the coming 4th of July should be made the occasion for a great display of Federal spirit; that there should be speeches and toasts and a procession, and that the procession, it was said, should be such a one as the continent had never seen.

Not a moment was wasted, and by the night of the 3d all was ready. The pavements had been swept, the trees had been lopped. Ten ships had been procured, dressed in bunting and anchored in the Delaware, one at the foot of every street from the North Liberties to South Street. They were typical of the ten ratifying States. As the first rays of the morning sun came over the eastern bank of the Delaware, the ship Rising Sun,

which lay at the foot of Market Street, fired a national salute, the bells of Christ Church rang out, and each of the ten vessels on the river ran up to her masthead a broad white flag which, spread by a stiff breeze from the south, displayed the name of the Commonwealth for which she stood. Meanwhile, the procession was fast forming in the city, but the sun had been four hours up before it began to move. Every trade, every business, every occupation of life was represented. There were saddlers, and gunsmiths, stone-cutters, tanners, brewers, merchants, doctors, shipwrights, and stocking-makers. The cordwainers sent a miniature shop. The rope-makers marched each with a bunch of hemp and a piece of rope in his hand. The Manufacturers' Society delighted the crowd with the spectacle of a huge wagon drawn by ten horses and neatly covered with cotton cloth of their own make. On the wagon were a lace loom, a printing-mill, a carding- and a spinning-jenny of eighty spindles. Compared with the cunningly and exquisitely wrought machines now to be found in the mills and factories of New England, they would seem rude and ill-formed. But they were among the newest inventions of the age, and were looked on by our ancestors as marvels of mechanical ingenuity. There, too, were represented in succession Independence, the French Alliance, the Definitive Treaty, the Convention of the States, and the Federal Roof, a huge dome supported by thirteen Corinthian columns. But the cheering was never so loud as when the Federal ship Union came in sight. She had, it was whispered among the crowd, been built in four days. Her bottom was the barge of the ship Alliance, and was the same that had once belonged to

the Serapis and had been taken in the memorable fight by Paul Jones. She mounted twenty guns, and had upon her deck four small boys, who performed all the duties of a crew, set sail, took a pilot on board, trimmed the sheets to suit the breeze, threw out the lead, cast anchor at Union Green, and sent off dispatches to the President of the United States. When the end of the procession had passed Union Green, Wilson gave the address. Hopkinson wrote the ode which, printed in English and in German, was scattered among the people and sent off on the wings of carrier pigeons to the ten ratifying States. That night the streets of the city were bright with bonfires and noisy with the shouts of revelers who had taken too many bumpers to the French King, to the American Fabius, and the builders of the Federal Roof. But the rejoicings did not end with the day. For months afterward the newspapers gave unmistakable evidence of the pleasure with which the great mass of the people contemplated the new plan. The word Federal became more popular than ever. It was given by town committees and selectmen as names to streets in numberless towns . . . and was used as a catchword by tradesmen and shopkeepers. One advertisement informed the public where the Federal minuet was to be obtained. In another a dancing-master announced that he would give instruction in the Federal minuet. A third invited gentlemen who visited the city to put up their horses at the Federal stables. A number of designs were suggested for a lady's Federal hat. Federal punch became the drink of the day. In the shipping news, in the list of packets that had arrived and brigs that had sailed, appeared notices that the sloop Anarchy, when last

heard from, was ashore on Union Rocks; that the scow Old Confederation, Imbecility master, had gone to sea; and that on the same day the stanch ship Federal Constitution, with Public Credit, Commercial Prosperity, and National Energy on board, had reached her haven in safety.

THE FIRST INAUGURATION DAY

[1789]

BY JOHN BACH McMASTER

In every great city, from Boston to Baltimore, societies for the encouragement of manufactures had sprung up since the war, and were flourishing. That at Boston put forth an address urging the manufacturers of the great seaports to join with it in checking importation. The members of the society in Delaware took a solemn pledge to appear on the 1st day of January in each year clothed in goods of American make, to foster the growth of flax and wool, and to discourage the purchase of cloth abroad. The society at Philadelphia had, at great cost and labor, secured the models of a cotton-carder and a cotton-spinner, built a factory, and begun the manufacture of cotton goods.

The result was a speedy return to old habits of simplicity and frugality. Young women wore plainer clothes, and made haste to surpass their mothers in skill at the spinning-wheel. Young men drank American porter and beer, and were not ashamed to be seen in homespun stockings and homemade jeans. Politicians found the surest way to win the hearts of their constituents was to appear dressed in American broadcloth. The town of Hartford could think of no gift so appropriate for John Adams, on his way to be inaugurated Vice-President, as a roll of cloth from its own looms. All true patriots heard with joy that on the auspicious day when

the American Fabius stood forth to take the oath of office he was clad from head to foot in garments whose material was the product of American soil.

His inauguration fell on the last day of April. Washington quitted Mount Vernon on the 16th of the month, in company with Colonel Humphreys and Mr. Thomson, and came by the most direct road through Baltimore and Philadelphia to New York. The journey, even at that time of year, might easily have been made in five days, but he was much delayed by the hearty receptions given him along the entire route. From every village and hamlet through which the road lay the people poured forth to welcome him, and to testify, by shouts and blessings, their love and gratitude for the great things he had done. He was feasted at Alexandria. He was entertained at Georgetown. He was warmly received at Philadelphia. The people of that city had selected Gray's Ferry, on the lower Schuylkill, as the place to meet him, and had taxed their ingenuity to the utmost to devise decorations worthy of the occasion. The bridge, a mean and rude structure, was hidden under cedars and laurel, flags and liberty-caps. Two triumphal arches were put up, and signals arranged to give warning of his coming.

At last, about noon on the 20th, the flag in the ferry-garden was dropped, and soon after the President was seen riding slowly down the hill and under the first arch, where a laurel crown was let fall upon his head. From the bridge he went on in company with Governor Mifflin and the troops to Philadelphia, where he lay that night. The moment he entered the city limits the bells of all the churches were rung, and, in the language

of that time, a *feu de joie* was fired. The President was much affected, and, says an eye-witness, as he moved down Market Street to the city tavern every face seemed to say, "Long, long, long live George Washington." Early the next morning the Philadelphia Horse rode with him to Trenton, where a yet more pleasing reception awaited him. On the Assumpink Bridge, over which, twelve years before, he led his little army on the night before the battle of Princeton, the women of Trenton had put up a triumphal arch. Thirteen columns supported it, and were surmounted by a great dome adorned with a sunflower, and the inscription, "To thee alone." Beyond the bridge was gathered a bevy of women and girls, who, as the President passed under the dome, came forward to greet him, singing and strewing the way with flowers. Washington was greatly touched, and thanked them in a few neatly turned sentences.

From Trenton the Huntington Horse accompanied him to Rocky Hill, where the Somerset Horse met him and escorted him to Brunswick. Thence the Middlesex Horse took him to Woodbridge, and the Essex Horse to the barge at Elizabethtown Point. Once on board, the little craft was rowed by thirteen pilots through the Kill von Kull and out into the broad bosom of the most beautiful of harbors. Around him on every side crowded an innumerable navy of trackscouts and shallops, barges and row-boats, gay with flags and black with shouting men. Before him, just visible in the distance, lay the low hills and the white houses of the great city, and as the barge sped swiftly toward them, the Spanish warship Galveston saluted with thirteen guns. The ship North Carolina replied. A third salute was fired by the artil-

lery as Washington climbed the stairs at Murray's Wharf and was welcomed by Clinton, the senators and representatives, and escorted through dense lines of cheering citizens to the house made ready for his use. At night the sky was red with bonfires, and the streets and coffee-houses full of revelers.

It was the 23d of the month. But as a few finishing touches were yet to be given to Federal Hall, the ceremonies of inauguration were put off till the 30th. On the morning of that day the people went in crowds to the churches to offer up prayers for the welfare of the new Government and the safety of the President. Precisely at noon the procession, which had been forming almost since sunrise, moved from Washington's house on Cherry Street, through Queen Street, Great Dock, and Broad Streets, to Federal Hall. As the head of the line reached the building the troops divided, and Washington was led through the midst of them to the Senate Chamber, where both houses were formally introduced to him. When the members were again seated and the noise had subsided, Adams, who had already been inaugurated, informed the President that the time had come for the administration of the oath of office. Washington rose, and followed by the members of the two houses, went out on the balcony of Federal Hall, from which he could be seen far up and down Wall Street, and by the multitude that filled Broad Street. The Chancellor of New York tendered the oath, and when the ceremony was over, turning toward the people, cried out, "Long live George Washington, President of the United States!" The crowd took up the cry, and amid the joyous shouts of the citizens and the roar of the

cannon on the Battery, Washington went back to the Senate Chamber and delivered his inaugural. That night there were bonfires in all the streets, and moving transparencies in the windows of the Spanish minister's house.

THE DEATH OF WASHINGTON

[1799]

[The following account is that given by Mr. Lear, Washington's private secretary, combined with some facts given by Mr. Custis.

The Editor.]

Between two and three o'clock, on Saturday morning, December 14, he[1] awoke Mrs. Washington, and told her that he was very unwell, and had had an ague. She observed that he could scarcely speak, and breathed with difficulty, and would have got up to call a servant. But he would not permit her, lest she should take a cold. As soon as the day appeared, the woman (Caroline) went into the room to make a fire, and Mrs. Washington sent her immediately to call me. I got up, put on my clothes as quickly as possible, and went to his chamber. Mrs. Washington was then up, and related to me his being ill as before stated. I found the general breathing with difficulty, and hardly able to utter a word intelligibly. He desired Mr. Rawlins (one of the overseers) might be sent for, to bleed him before the doctor could arrive. I dispatched a servant instantly for Rawlins, and another for Dr. Craik, and returned again to the general's chamber, where I found him in the same situation as I had left him.

A mixture of molasses, vinegar, and butter, was prepared, to try its effects in the throat; but he could not

[1] Washington.

swallow a drop. Whenever he attempted it, he appeared to be distressed, convulsed, and almost suffocated. Rawlins came in soon after sunrise, and prepared to bleed him. When the arm was ready, the general, observing that Rawlins appeared to be agitated, said, as well as he could speak, "Don't be afraid." And when the incision was made, he observed, "The orifice is not large enough." However, the blood ran pretty freely. Mrs. Washington, not knowing whether bleeding was proper or not in the general's situation, begged that much might not be taken from him, lest it should be injurious, and desired me to stop it; but, when I was about to untie the string, the general put up his hand to prevent it, and, as soon as he could speak, he said, "More, more." Mrs. Washington being still very uneasy, lest too much blood should be taken, it was stopped after taking about half a pint. Finding that no relief was obtained from bleeding, and that nothing would go down the throat, I proposed bathing it externally with *sal volatile*, which was done, and in the operation, which was with the hand, and in the gentlest manner, he observed, "It is very sore." A piece of flannel dipped in *sal volatile* was put around his neck, and his feet bathed in warm water, but without affording any relief.

In the mean time, before Dr. Craik arrived, Mrs. Washington desired me to send for Dr. Brown, of Port Tobacco, whom Dr. Craik had recommended to be called, if any case should ever occur that was seriously alarming.

Dr. Dick came about three o'clock, and Dr. Brown arrived soon after. Upon Dr. Dick's seeing the general,

and consulting a few minutes with Dr. Craik, he was bled again. The blood came very slow, was thick, and did not produce any symptoms of fainting. Dr. Brown came into the chamber soon after, and upon feeling the general's pulse, the physicians went out together. Dr. Craik returned soon after. The general could now swallow a little. Calomel and tartar emetic were administered, but without any effect.

The weather became severely cold, while the group gathered nearer to the couch of the sufferer. He spoke but little. To the respectful and affectionate inquiries of an old family servant, as she smoothed down his pillow, how he felt himself, he answered, "I am very ill." To Mrs. Washington he said, "Go to my desk, and in the private drawer you will find two papers — bring them to me." They were brought. Upon looking at them he observed, "These are my wills — preserve this one and burn the other," which was accordingly done.

In the course of the afternoon he appeared to be in great pain and distress, from the difficulty of breathing, and frequently changed his posture in the bed. On these occasions I lay upon the bed and endeavored to raise him, and turn him with as much ease as possible. He appeared penetrated with gratitude for my attentions, and often said, "I am afraid I shall fatigue you too much," and upon my assuring him that I could feel nothing but a wish to give him ease, he replied, "Well, it is a debt we must pay to each other, and I hope, when you want aid of this kind, you will find it."

He asked when Mr. Lewis and Washington Custis would return. (They were then in New Kent.) I told

him about the 20th of the month. The general's servant, Christopher, was in the room during the day; and in the afternoon the general directed him to sit down, as he had been standing almost the whole day. He did so. About eight o'clock in the morning, he had expressed a desire to get up. His clothes were put on, and he was led to a chair by the fire; he found no relief from that position, and lay down again about ten o'clock. About five o'clock, Dr. Craik came into the room, and, upon going to the bedside, the general said to him, "Doctor, I die hard, but I am not afraid to go. I believed, from my first attack, that I should not survive it. My breath cannot last long."

The doctor pressed his hand, but could not utter a word. He retired from the bedside, and sat by the fire absorbed in grief. Between five and six o'clock, Dr. Dick and Dr. Brown came into the room, and with Dr. Craik went to the bed, when Dr. Craik asked him if he could sit up in the bed. He held out his hand, and I raised him up. He then said to the physicians, "I feel myself going; I thank you for your attentions; but I pray you to take no more trouble about me. Let me go off quietly. I cannot last long."

About ten o'clock he made several attempts to speak to me before he could effect it. At length he said, "I am just going. Have me decently buried; and do not let my body be put into the vault in less than three days after I am dead."

I bowed assent, for I could not speak.

He then looked at me again and said, "Do you understand me?"

"Yes," I replied.

"'T IS WELL," said he; the last words which he ever uttered on earth.

With surprising self-possession he prepared to die — composing his form at full length, and folding his arms on his bosom.

About ten minutes before he expired (which was between ten and eleven o'clock Saturday evening), his breathing became easier. He lay quietly; he withdrew his hand from mine, and felt his own pulse. I saw his countenance change. I spoke to Dr. Craik, who sat by the fire. He came to the bedside. The general's hand fell from his wrist. I took it in mine, and pressed it to my bosom. Dr. Craik put his hands over his eyes, and he expired without a struggle or a sigh, December 14, 1799, in the sixty-eighth year of his age, after an illness of twenty-four hours.

RED JACKET AND THE MISSIONARY

[End of the eighteenth century]

BY CHARLES H. L. JOHNSTON

NUMEROUS white missionaries now came to the country of the Indians, endeavoring as well as they could to establish Christianity among the savages. One of these — a missionary named Cram — made a long speech to the Senecas, telling them that there was but one religion, and unless they adopted it they could not prosper; that they had lived all their lives in darkness; and that his object in talking to them was not to get away their lands or money, but to turn them towards the true Gospel. Finally, he asked them to state their objections, if they had any, to the adoption of his religion.

He closed his address with a strong appeal to their reasoning powers, and, after he had finished speaking, the Seneca chiefs retired for a conference. After several hours of talking, Red Jacket came from the tent in which they had been seated, and striding forward, delivered the following speech, which stands as one of the greatest examples of Indian eloquence that is known to history.

"Friend and brother!" he began. "It was the will of the Great Spirit that we should meet together this day. He orders all things, and he has given us a fine day for our council. He has taken his garment from before the sun and has caused the bright orb to shine with brightness upon us. Our eyes are opened so that we see clearly.

Our ears are unstopped so that we have been able to distinctly hear the words which you have spoken. For all these favors we thank the Great Spirit and him only.

"Brother! This council fire was kindled by you. It was at your request that we came together at this time. We have listened with attention to what you have said. You have requested us to speak our minds freely. This gives us great joy, for we now consider that we stand upright before you, and can speak what we think. All have heard your voice and all speak to you as one man. Our minds are agreed.

"Brother! You say that you want an answer to your talk before you leave this place. It is right that you should have one, as you are a great distance from home, and we do not wish to detain you. But we will first look back a little, and tell you what our fathers have told us, and what we have heard from the white people.

"Brother! Listen to what we say. There was a time when our forefathers owned this great island [meaning the continent of North America — a common belief among the Indians]. Their seats extended from the rising to the setting of the sun. The Great Spirit had made it for the use of Indians. He had created the buffalo, the deer, and other animals for food. He made the bear and the deer, and their skins served us for clothing. He had scattered them over the country, and had taught us how to take them. He had caused the earth to produce corn for bread. All this he had done for his red children because he loved them. If we had any disputes about hunting grounds, they were generally settled without the shedding of much blood. But an evil day came upon us. Your forefathers crossed the

great waters and landed on this island. Their numbers were small. They found friends and not enemies. They told us they had fled from their own country for fear of wicked men, and had come here to enjoy their religion. They asked for a small seat. We took pity on them, granted their request and they sat down amongst us. We gave them corn and meat. They gave us poison [spirituous liquor] in return. The white people had now found our country. Tidings were carried back and more came amongst us. Yet we did not fear them. We took them to be friends. They called us brothers. We believed them and gave them a large seat. At length their numbers had greatly increased. They wanted more land. They wanted our country. Our eyes were opened, and our minds became uneasy. Wars took place. Indians were hired to fight against Indians, and many of our people were destroyed. They also brought strong liquors among us. It was strong and powerful and has slain thousands.

"Brother! Our seats were once large, and yours were very small. You have now become a great people, and we have scarcely a place left to spread our blankets. You have got our country, but you are not satisfied. You want to force your religion upon us.

"Brother! Continue to listen. You say that you are sent to instruct us how to worship the Great Spirit agreeably to his mind; and if we do not take hold of the religion which you white people teach we shall be unhappy hereafter. You say that you are right, and we are lost. How do we know this to be true? We understand that your religion is written in a book. If it was intended for us as well as for you, why has not the Great

Spirit given it to us; and not only to us, but why did he not give to our forefathers the knowledge of that book, with the means of understanding it rightly? We only know what you tell us about it. How shall we know when to believe, being so often deceived by the white people?

"Brother! You say there is but one way to worship and serve the Great Spirit. If there is but one religion, why do you white people differ so much about it? Why not all agree, as you can all read the book?

"Brother! we do not understand these things. We are told that your religion was given to your forefathers and has been handed down, father to son. We also have a religion which was given to our forefathers, and has been handed down to us, their children. We worship that way. It teaches us to be thankful for all the favors we receive, to love each other, and to be united. We never quarrel about religion.

"Brother! The Great Spirit has made us all. But he has made a great difference between his white and red children. He has given us a different complexion and different customs. To you he has given the arts; to these he has not opened our eyes. We know these things to be true. Since he has made so great a difference between us in other things, why may not we conclude that he has given us a different religion, according to our understanding? The Great Spirit does right. He knows what is best for his children. We are satisfied.

"Brother! We do not wish to destroy your religion, or to take it from you. We only want to enjoy our own.

"Brother! You say you have not come to get our land or our money, but to enlighten our minds. I will

now tell you that I have been at your meetings and saw you collecting money from the meeting. I cannot tell what this money was intended for, but suppose it was for your minister; and if we should conform to your way of thinking, perhaps you may want some from us.

"Brother! We are told that you have been preaching to white people in this place. These people are our neighbors. We are acquainted with them. We will wait a little while, and see what effect your preaching has upon them. If we find it does them good and makes them honest and less disposed to cheat Indians, we will then consider again what you have said.

"Brother! You have now heard our answer to your talk, and this is all we have to say at present. As we are going to part, we will come and take you by the hand, and hope the Great Spirit will protect you on your journey, and return you safe to your friends."

THE BURNING OF THE PHILADELPHIA

[1804]

BY CYRUS TOWNSEND BRADY

[The piratical people of the Barbary States seized the vessels of all nations that did not pay them tribute, and held officers and crews as slaves in a horrible servitude. In 1803, the American frigate Philadelphia, when blockading the harbor of Tripoli, was captured by the pirates and refitted. Decatur, with the permission of Commodore Preble, set off in a little ketch, the Intrepid, to destroy her.

The Editor.]

It had been arranged that the attack of the ketch should be supported by the Siren's boats, but delay occurring, Decatur decided not to wait for them, remarking to his officers, "The fewer the numbers the greater the honor!" It was still early evening, and with beating hearts the men on the brig watched the little ketch speed into the harbor toward the Philadelphia.

The frigate lay swinging to the wind under the guns of the bashaw's castle, and protected on every side by the powerful land batteries and forts, mounting over one hundred and fifteen heavy guns, beside numberless smaller pieces, and manned by twenty-five thousand men. On either side, reaching toward the entrance of the harbor, like the horns of a wide crescent, were arranged three smart cruisers, two large galleys and nineteen gunboats. The group of vessels resembled an open mouth, at the back of which was the Philadelphia. Into these jaws of death Decatur boldly sent the

Intrepid. The breeze being still fresh, though dying, drags composed of buckets, spare spars, and canvas were cast astern to diminish the speed of the vessel coming on too rapidly, as any attempt to take in sail would have been suspicious. As the hours of the evening wore away, the wind fell and she crept slowly up the harbor.

The evening was balmy and pleasant, the moon in that tropic land had flooded the heavens with mystic light, bathing the minarets and towers of the sleeping town upon the shores with silver splendor; lights twinkled here and there in the white-walled city, and the Philadelphia herself was brilliantly illuminated by long rows of battle-lanterns which sent beams of yellow luster to mingle with the soft moonlight upon the sparkling water. The frigate's foremast had been cut away in the effort to get her off the reef, her topmasts were housed, and the lower yards lay athwart ship on the gunwales; the lower rigging was set up and, as it was afterward learned, all her guns were shotted. A heavy crew, probably three hundred and fifty men, was on board.

What must have been the sensations of the men in that little ketch as they glided along? To what were they going? Destruction, victory, what would be the end of it? By Decatur's orders, the men had concealed themselves by lying flat upon the decks, behind the bulwarks, rails, masts, bitts, etc., and only a few of the seamen, dressed like Sicilian sailors, with Decatur and the pilot aft to con the ship, and an old battle-scarred veteran at the wheel, were visible. Eighty-three men in a little ramshackle boat, a cockle-shell, were going into a harbor

defended by scientifically constructed and well-armed batteries, to attempt to take a thirty-eight-gun frigate full manned and armed and surrounded by a fleet of small boats carrying fifty to sixty more guns, all bearing upon the Philadelphia herself, in expectation of just such an attack; the attack itself to be delivered in the bright moonlight and in the early evening, about half after ten o'clock!

The very audacity of the conception strikes one with amazement, and to its boldness is largely due the immunity the attackers enjoyed; that anybody should attempt such a thing was absolutely incredible! The thoughts of the young men doubtless went back to home and friends, sweethearts and wives, but, with the determination of heroes, they schooled their beating hearts, nerved their resolution, and stifled any sensations of trepidation which might naturally possess them.

As they approached the Philadelphia, Decatur ordered the seaman at the wheel to head the ketch for the bows of the latter ship, determining to lay his vessel athwart the hawse of the frigate and board from thence. As they drew near, the Tripolitan hailed. By Decatur's direction the pilot answered that they were traders from Malta, who had lost their anchors in the recent storm and desired the privilege of riding by the Philadelphia for the night, i.e., attaching their boat to the frigate's cables until morning.

This not unusual request was granted as a matter of course, and after assuring the watchful Tripolitan that the brig in the offing, about which he had made inquiry, was an English schooner, the Transfer, the Siren's boat, which was swinging astern, was manned by the sailors

upon the deck and a line carried forward to the port-sheet cable. At this moment a sudden shift of wind took the ketch aback and she hung motionless, directly in line with the frigate's battery, and not forty yards away. The position was one fraught with the greatest danger. If they were discovered now they were lost. The pilot, however, by Decatur's orders, amused the enemy with descriptions of the cargo and sea gossip in his *lingua Franca*, the common language of the Mediterranean, until the boat got away, and the ketch feeling the breeze, moved forward again. The coolness and resource of their young commander had saved them. The Tripolitans with ready kindness — soon to be ill-requited — had sent a boat of their own with a cable leading from the port quarter off which they desired the ketch to lie. With great presence of mind the Americans intercepted the boat and took the cable back to the ketch themselves. The two lines were fastened together and then passed in board, where the men, lying down on the deck, grasped it in their hands without rising and lustily hauled away, breasting the Intrepid steadily in toward the frigate.

As the ketch gathered way, she shot into the moonlight between the shadows cast by the masts of the Philadelphia, when the Tripolitan commander at once discovered her anchors hanging over her bows in plain sight. Indignant at the deception which had been practiced, but still unsuspicious of the true character of the stranger, he ordered the fasts immediately to be cut; at the same moment some of his crew discovered the men upon the decks of the ketch. The alarm was instantly given. The cry, "Americanos, Americanos!" rang out over the water. The Americans sprang to their

feet, and though the ketch at this time lay directly under the broadside of the Philadelphia, and could have been blown out of the water by her heavy guns, disregarding their peril in their wild desire for action after their long restraint, they gave such a pull upon the line that before it could be cut the ketch had sufficient way to strike the side of the Philadelphia, where eager hands at once made her fast. Not an order had been given nor a sound made.

Decatur now shouted the command, "Boarders away!" and sprang at the main chains. Midshipmen Morris and Laws, who were beside him, leaped forward at the same instant. Laws dashed in through a port, but the pistols in his boarding-belt caught between the gun and the port-sill, the foot of Decatur slipped, and Charles Morris was the first man to stand upon the deck of the Philadelphia. A second after, the other two men were with him, and the rest of the crew poured in over the rail, and with cutlasses or boarding-pikes, charged down upon the astonished Tripolitans. The weapons were cold steel, the watchword, "Philadelphia." No firearms were used, for Preble's strict orders had been to "carry all with the sword."

Without cheers and with desperate energy the little band dashed at the masses of astonished and terrified men before them, and the whistle of the cutlasses, the ring of steel against steel, the thud of the pike as it buried itself in some beating heart, alone gave evidence of the fell purpose of the stern boarders.

Their attack was pressed home with such vigor that the Americans could not be denied; forming a line from bulwark to bulwark they cleared the deck. After a short

but fierce resistance, in which upward of twenty Tripolitans were killed, those remaining on the upper deck jumped overboard, where many of them were killed by Anderson and his boat crew, or were drowned; others concealing themselves below to meet a worse fate later. A similar scene was enacted on the gun-deck by Lawrence, Bainbridge, Macdonough, and others, during and following the action above. Only the watchword in the darkness and excitement had prevented several of the Americans from attacking each other. In ten minutes the ship was captured. Not an American had been wounded, so far.

Decatur would have given half his life to have brought her out, and many naval officers have believed that he could have done so. It would have been a matter of extreme difficulty in face of the dangers, especially as there was not a yard crossed nor a sail bent; and as he had received positive orders not to attempt it, he had to obey. The ketch had been filled with combustibles, and they were immediately passed on board. The crew had been divided into several different parties, and each body of men, under the direction of an officer, had been carefully instructed just what was to be done. With remarkable speed and order each group proceeded to its appointed station, and, speedily arranging the inflammable matter, applied the torch.

So rapidly was this done that those charged with the duty of starting the fires below were almost cut off from escape by the flames and smoke from the conflagration above. In less than thirty minutes the ship was on fire in every direction, and the Americans had regained the ketch! Decatur was the last man to leave the Philadel-

phia. The bow-fast and the grapnels on the Intrepid were hastily cut, the sweeps manned, and instant endeavor was made to get clear. For some unaccountable reason, however, the ketch clung to the frigate. Broad sheets of flame came rushing out from the latter's ports and played over the deck of the Intrepid. The situation was serious. It was the most critical moment of the enterprise. All the powder on the Intrepid, in default of a magazine, was stored upon the deck, covered only by a tarpaulin, over which the flames were roaring. In another moment they would be blown up. They retained their presence of mind, however, and soon discovered that the stern-fast had not been cast off. Decatur and others sprang upon the taffrail in the midst of the flames, and as no axes were at hand, hacked the line asunder with their swords. The Intrepid was clear. After a few lusty strokes, which carried them a little distance away, the men stopped rowing and gave three hearty American cheers. They waited until success was achieved and then, in the midst of further danger, gave tongue to their emotions — a signficant action!

At the same moment the startled Tripolitans awoke to life. The minutes of stupor with which they had witnessed the attack, which they hardly comprehended, gave place to energy. The rolling of the drums upon the shore mingled with the wild shouts and cries of the excited soldiery. Lights appeared upon the parapets and immediately the roar of a heavy gun, which sent a shell over the ketch, broke the silence. As if this had been a signal, every battery and every vessel in the harbor awoke to action and commenced a furious cannonade.

Solid shot, shells, canister, and grape shrieked and screamed in the air about the devoted Intrepid, casting up beautiful *jets-d'eau* upon the surface of the bay, which the flames from the burning Philadelphia rendered as light as day. The Americans, having cheered to their hearts' content, bent to their oars, and with such energy as they probably never had used before, they speedily fled from the harbor.

The spectacle they were leaving was one of awe-inspiring magnificence. The frigate, from her long cruise in the tropic latitude, was as dry as paper, and burned like tinder. The flames ran up the lofty spars in lambent columns and clustered about the broad tops in rosy capitals of wavering and mysterious beauty. As the fire spread, the guns of her battery became heated, and in sullen succession they poured forth their messengers of death upon the harbor and the affrighted town toward which the starboard broadside bore. It was a death-song and a last salute, for, as the eager watchers gazed in melancholy triumph upon the results of their own destructive handiwork, she drifted ashore, and with a frightful explosion, which seemed to rend the heavens and surface the sky with fire, she blew up! A moment of silence supervened, which was broken by the roar of the batteries resuming the cannonade.

Strange to say, the Intrepid passed through the fusillade unharmed, one man being slightly wounded, and a grapeshot passing through a sail. The moon had set, and the eager watchers on the Siren finally lost track of the vessel in the darkness. Their burning anxiety as to her fate was not relieved until a boat dashed alongside and a manly figure, clad in a sailor's rough jacket, and grimed

with smoke, sprang on board, triumphantly announcing their safe arrival. It was Decatur!

[In 1815, Decatur succeeded in compelling the Dey to abandon his attacks on American vessels, to surrender his prisoners, and pay for all property destroyed.]

THE TRIALS OF THE BRITISH MINISTER IN JEFFERSON'S ADMINISTRATION

[1803–1809]

BY JAMES PARTON

THE system of precedence was abolished.

This was settled at a Cabinet meeting early in the first term, when the whole barbarous code of precedence was swept away. These rules were substituted: 1. Residents to pay the first visit to strangers; and among strangers, whether native or foreign, first comers call first upon later comers. To this rule there was allowed one exception: "Foreign ministers, from the necessity of making themselves known, pay the first visit to the Secretary of State, which is returned." 2. "When brought together in society, all are perfectly equal, whether foreign or domestic, titled or untitled, in or out of office." The President amplified these rules thus: "The families of foreign ministers, arriving at the seat of government, receive the first visit from those of the national ministers, as from all other residents. Members of the legislature and of the judiciary, independent of their offices, have a right as strangers to receive the first visit. No title being admitted here, those of foreigners give no precedence. Difference of grade among the diplomatic members gives no precedence. At public ceremonies to which the Government invites the presence of foreign ministers and their families, a convenient seat or station will be provided for them, with any other

strangers invited, and the families of the national ministers, each taking place as they arrive, and without any precedence. To maintain the principle of equality, or of *pêle-mêle*, and prevent the growth of precedence out of courtesy, the members of the Executive will practice at their own houses, and recommend an adherence to, the ancient usages of the country, of gentlemen in mass giving precedence to the ladies in mass, in passing from one apartment where they are assembled into another."

All this, with the friendly, humane usages that grew out of it, or were akin to it, agreeable as it was to most persons, shocked some ladies, and offended all men who owed their importance solely to rank or office. Mr. Jackson, English minister in 1809, being a gentleman of sense and good humor, was amused and pleased, during his first conference with President Madison (which proved to be very long), when a "negro servant brought in some glasses of punch and a seed-cake," just as might have been done in a farmhouse of the day; but his wife lamented that her husband, after having been accustomed "to treat with the civilized governments of Europe," should have to negotiate with the "savage democrats" of America. It so chanced that the British minister from 1803 to 1809, with whom Jefferson had most to do, Merry by name but not by nature, was a fanatic of etiquette; and it appears, that, previous to his presentation to the President, he had not heard of the businesslike manner in which the affairs of the White House were conducted. He was stunned at the manner of his reception. It made an impression upon his mind which neither explanation nor the lapse of years could even soften, much less obliterate. And, really, when we

consider that he had passed his life at courts where the nod, the smile, the frown, the glance, the tone, the silence, the presence, the absence, of the head of the Government, were matters of importance, to be noted, recorded, transmitted, and weighed, we ought not to laugh at this Mr. Merry as we do. Besides, as Mr. Jefferson remarks, "Poor Merry had learned nothing of diplomacy but its suspicions, without head enough to distinguish when they were misplaced." Nevertheless, he comes down to us borne on a pillow of laughter, and he remains to this day one of the stock-jests of Washington. Thus he recounted his woes, three years after the event, to Mr. Josiah Quincy, of Massachusetts, the ablest Federalist in Congress and one of the worthiest:—

"I called on Mr. Madison, who accompanied me officially to introduce me to the President. We went together to the mansion-house, I being in full official costume, as the etiquette of my place required on such a formal introduction of a minister from Great Britain to the President of the United States. On arriving at the hall of audience, we found it empty; at which Mr. Madison seemed surprised, and proceeded to an entry leading to the President's study. I followed him, supposing the introduction was to take place in the adjoining room. At this moment Mr. Jefferson entered the entry at the other end, and all three of us were packed in this narrow space, from which, to make room, I was obliged to back out. In this awkward position my introduction to the President was made by Mr. Madison. Mr. Jefferson's appearance soon explained to me that the general circumstances of my reception had not been accidental, but studied. I, in my official costume, found

myself, at the hour of reception he had himself appointed, introduced to a man as President of the United States, not merely in an undress, but ACTUALLY STANDING IN SLIPPERS DOWN AT THE HEELS, and both pantaloons, coat, and under-clothes indicative of utter slovenliness and indifference to appearances, and in a state of negligence actually studied. I could not doubt that the whole scene was prepared and intended as an insult, not to me personally, but to the sovereign I represented."

It is just possible that Mr. Jefferson thought, that morning, of the time when Gouverneur Morris kicked his heels four months in London waiting for the promised answer of the British Government to as reasonable and urgent a communication from President Washington as one government ever made to another, and then had to leave England without getting it. Possibly, also, it *did* happen to occur to his memory that Mr, Adams had been kept vainly waiting three years in England for a reply to the same proposals. Perhaps, too, he remembered the period when he was himself presented to the King of England by Mr. Adams, and the king froze to them both; an example which was followed by the "king's friends," and society generally, so that it required courage for a courtier to show them anything more than cold civility at an evening party. And this, while they were only asking the king to stay the bloody ravages of the Indians by giving up the seven posts within the boundaries of their country. He *may*, too, have thought of the time when he, as Secretary of State, would send an important communication to the British minister at Philadelphia, and wait many months for an,

answer; but if *he* failed to answer a letter within three or four days, he would be "goaded" by a second. Perhaps he thought the time had come to show the Federalists that he did not accept Great Britain at her own valuation, and did not believe she was fighting the battle of man and liberty against Bonaparte. It may be, too, that he, knowing the childish politics of Europe, and what ridiculous importance was attached there to trifles, may have paused before ringing for a pair of shoes not down at the heels, and wondered if his old slippers, duly reported to Bonaparte, might not drive another nail into the bargain for Louisiana, just concluded by Mr. Livingston and Mr. Monroe, to the great joy of President and people. All these thoughts *may* have flitted through the President's mind, and held back his hand from the bell-rope; but, in all probability, he had no thoughts of the kind, and only wore the clothes he usually did while at work. . . .

But poor Merry's troubles were not yet at an end. He and his wife dined one day at the White House; and, when dinner was announced, the President offered his arm to the lady nearest him at the moment, Mrs. Madison — not to Mrs. Merry, who was on the other side of the room! Insult upon insult! "Poor Merry" made such an outcry at this in Washington that Mr. Madison deemed it best to explain the circumstances to Monroe, the American minister in London, that he might be prepared to meet Merry's version. Mr. Merry did relate his grievances to the English Minister for Foreign Affairs; who, however, forbore to mention it to Monroe. If he had, Monroe was ready for him; for, besides being fully alive to the humor of the affair, he had seen, a few

weeks before, in an official London drawing-room, the wife of an under-Secretary of State accorded precedence over his own. Mrs. Merry went no more to the White House, and her husband went only when official duty compelled. But nothing could tire the placable good nature of Jefferson. Sometime after, desirous to restore social intercourse, he caused Mr. Merry to be informally asked whether he and his wife would accept an invitation to a family dinner at the President's house; and receiving, as he understood, an affirmative intimation, Mr. Jefferson sent the invitation, written with his own hand. Merry rose to his opportunity. He wrote to the Secretary of State, asking whether the President of the United States had invited hfm as a private gentleman or as British plenipotentiary; for, if as a private gentleman, he must obtain the king's permission before he could accept; if in his official character, he must have an assurance that he would be treated with the respect due to it. Madison, with short civility, waived the solution of this problem, and the matter dropped. But it was not till 1809 that British interests in America were confided to abler hands.

Some other points of public etiquette were now settled on rational principles once and forever. The fussy incompetents recently in power had been concerned to know the relation which the President sustained to the Governors of States,— precisely how much more exalted a President was than a Governor, the exact degree of deference a Governor would show a President, and the forms in which deference should be expressed. In July, 1801, the Governor of Virginia asked the President to indicate the etiquette which he thought should

regulate the communications between the State Governments and the general Government. His reply in substance was: Let there be *no* special etiquette. Between President and Governor, each being the supreme head of an independent government, no difference of rank can be admitted. They are equals. Let us continue, then, as in General Washington's time, to write freely, just as public business requires, and with no more ceremony than obvious propriety and convenience dictate. "If it be possible," he said, "to be certainly conscious of anything, I am conscious of feeling no difference between writing to the highest and lowest being on earth."

THE CLERMONT'S FIRST ADVERTISEMENT

[Long before the end of the eighteenth century, there were attempts to navigate by steam power, but for the lack of a practical steam engine they failed. In 1782, James Watt produced his engine, and then experimenters were numerous in both England and America. A boat made by John Fitch in America reached the speed of seven knots an hour. In 1797, Robert Fulton, a Pennsylvania boy of Irish parents, succeeded in building the Clermont, whose trial trip took place on the Hudson River, August 7, 1807. In less than a month, as is seen by the following advertisement, she was making regular trips between New York and Albany. Fulton can hardly be said to have invented steam navigation; but he was certainly the first to make it a practical and financial success.

The Editor.]

THE PUBLIC IS INFORMED HOW TO TAKE PASSAGE ON THE CLERMONT

Sept. 2nd, 1807.

The North River Steamboat will leave Paulus Hook ferry on Friday, 4th of September, at 6 in the morning, and arrive at Albany on Saturday in the afternoon. Provisions, good berths, and accommodations are provided.

The charge to each passenger as follows:—

To Newburg	3 Dolls	—	Time,	14 hours.	
" Poughkeepsie	4 "	—	"	17	"
" Esopus	4½ "	—	"	20	"
" Hudson	5 "	—	"	30	"
" Albany	7 "	—	"	36	"

For places apply to Wm. Vandervoort, No. 48 Courtland Street, on the corner of Greenwich Street.

IV

THE LOUISIANA TERRITORY

HISTORICAL NOTE

By treaties made at the close of the French and Indian and the Revolutionary Wars, Florida, and the Louisiana Territory, that is, the country west of the Mississippi and also both shores at its mouth, were given to Spain. In 1800 a secret treaty was made between Spain and France by which all this area except Florida was "retroceded" to France. America was deeply interested, for no one knew to what length French ambition might go. Moreover, American commerce might easily be prohibited from passing out through the mouth of the Mississippi. President Jefferson sent Robert R. Livingston and James Monroe to France with authority from Congress to offer Napoleon $2,000,000 in cash for the island of New Orleans. Napoleon surprised them by offering to sell the whole Louisiana Territory, and in behalf of the American people they purchased it for the sum of $15,000,000.

"By making this purchase, Jefferson more than doubled the area of the United States. Before 1803, that area was 827,844 square miles; Jefferson's purchase added over 900,000 square miles, out of which have since been formed the States of Louisiana, Arkansas, Missouri, Iowa, Kansas, Nebraska, Wyoming, Montana, and the two Dakotas, with a great part of the States of Minnesota and Colorado, and also the Indian Territory, including Oklahoma.

"West of the Louisiana Territory and north of the Spanish possessions was a magnificent and fertile country where white men had never set foot. To what nation Oregon belonged was doubtful. Its great river had been discovered, in 1792, by Captain Robert Gray, of Boston, in the good ship Columbia, whose name he gave to the river. The illustrious British sailors, Cook, Meares, and Vancouver, had explored parts of the coast. In 1804, President Jefferson sent an overland expedition under Captains Meriwether Lewis and William Clark. These explorers ascended the Missouri River to its sources, then found the valley of the Columbia, and explored it down to the Pacific Ocean, thus strengthening our claim to the possession of Oregon." — *John Fiske.*

NAPOLEON PLANS TO SELL LOUISIANA

[1803]

BY A. E. WINSHIP AND ROBERT W. WALLACE

"KNOW merely, Lucien, that I have decided to sell Louisiana to the Americans."

This was the startling announcement made by the First Consul of France to his younger brother, while disporting himself in his bath scented with Cologne water.

The graphic story is narrated by Lucien Bonaparte in his *Mémoires*, published in Paris in 1882.

The evening before the incident of the bath, Joseph Bonaparte visited his brother Lucien with a piece of news that kept them from the theater for a night.

"The General wishes to alienate Louisiana," said Joseph.

"Bah!" said Lucien. "Who will buy it from him?"

"The Americans."

"The idea! If he could wish it, the Chambers would not consent to it."

"And therefore," responded Joseph, "he expects to do without their consent. That is what he replied to me."

"What? He really said that to you? That is a little too much! But no, it is impossible. It is a bit of brag at your expense."

"No, no," insisted Joseph; "he spoke very seriously; and, what is more, he added to me that this sale would furnish him the first funds for war."

The brothers parted for the night with the under-

standing that they would visit Napoleon early the next morning, when they hoped to dissuade him from alienating the colony.

The morning found them both at the Tuileries, just as Napoleon had entered his bath. He invited them in. The conversation reverted at once to Louisiana, the brothers endeavoring to dissuade him — Lucien quietly, Joseph more warmly — from alienating the territory, and both urging the point that "the Chambers will not give their consent to it."

"Gentlemen," said Napoleon from his perfumed bath, "think what you please about it, but give up this affair as lost, both of you; you, Lucien, on account of the sale in itself; you, Joseph, because I shall get along without the consent of any one whomsoever; do you understand?"

At this, Joseph lost his temper, and, approaching the bathtub, replied in an angry tone: —

"You will do well, my dear brother, not to expose your plans to parliamentary discussion; for I declare to you that I am the first one to place himself, if it is necessary, at the head of the opposition which cannot fail to be made to you."

This vehement resolution was met by "more than Olympian bursts of laughter" from Napoleon, which angered Joseph still more, and led him to exclaim: —

"Laugh, laugh, laugh, then! None the less, I will do what I say; and, although I do not like to mount the Tribune, this time they shall see me there."

Upon this Napoleon lifted himself halfway out of his bath, and said in a tone energetically serious and solemn: —

"You will have no need to stand forth as orator of the opposition, for I repeat to you that this discussion will not take place, for the reason that the plan which is not fortunate enough to obtain your approbation, conceived by me, negotiated by me, will be ratified and executed by me all alone; do you understand? By me, who snap my fingers at your opposition."

By this time Joseph was close to the bathtub, his face red with anger, and heated words about to pass his lips, when Napoleon suddenly sank himself into the water, of which the tub was full, and a wave splashed Joseph from head to foot.

"He had received," says Lucien, "all over him, the most copious ablution."

But the perfumed flood calmed Joseph's anger, and he contented himself with letting the valet sponge and dry his clothes, the brothers meanwhile regretting greatly that the valet "had remained a witness of this serious folly between such actors."

THE "BARGAIN" PURCHASE OF THE LOUISIANA TERRITORY

[1803]

BY JAMES PARTON

Bonaparte's plan was to invade England, — a thing of immense difficulty and vast expense. He wanted money, and dared not press the French people further at the beginning of a war. On Easter Sunday, April 10, in the afternoon, after having taken conspicuous part in the revived ceremonies of the occasion (Mr. Monroe being still many leagues from Paris, but expected hourly), the First Consul opened a conversation with two of his ministers upon Louisiana. One of these ministers, who reports the scene, was that old friend of Jefferson's, Barbé-Marbois, for whom, twenty-six years before, he had compiled his "Notes on Virginia," — a gentleman ten years resident at Philadelphia, where he married the daughter of a Governor of Pennsylvania. The other minister had served in America under Rochambeau during the Revolutionary War.

"I know," said the First Consul, speaking with "passion and vehemence," — "I know the full value of Louisiana, and I have been desirous of repairing the fault of the French negotiator who abandoned it in 1763. A few lines of a treaty have restored it to me, and I have scarcely recovered it when I must expect to lose it. But if it escapes from me, it shall one day cost dearer to those who oblige me to strip myself of it than to those to

whom I wish to deliver it. The English have successively taken from France, Canada, Cape Breton, Newfoundland, Nova Scotia, and the richest portions of Asia. They shall not have the Mississippi, which they covet. I have not a moment to lose in putting it out of their reach: I think of ceding it to the United States. I can scarcely say that I cede it to them, for it is not yet in our possession. If, however, I leave the least time to our enemies, I shall only transmit an empty title to those republicans whose friendship I seek. They only ask of me one town in Louisiana: but I already consider the colony as entirely lost; and it appears to me that, in the hands of this growing power, it will be more useful to the policy and even to the commerce of France, than if I should attempt to keep it."

He paused to hear the opinion of the two ministers. Barbé-Marbois said, in a long discourse, "The province is as good as gone. Let the Americans have it." The other said at great length, "No: there is still a chance of our being able to keep it; it will be time to give up so precious a possession when we must." The three continued to converse on the subject till late at night, and the master broke up the conference without announcing his decision. The ministers remained at Saint-Cloud. At daybreak Barbé-Marbois received a summons to attend the First Consul in his cabinet. Dispatches had arrived from England, showing that the king and ministry were entirely resolved upon war, and were pushing preparations with extraordinary vigor. When M. Marbois had read these, Bonaparte resumed the subject of the evening's conversation: —

"Irresolution and deliberation," he said, "are no

longer in reason. I renounce Louisiana. It is not only New Orleans that I will cede: it is the whole colony, without any reservation. I renounce it with the greatest regret. To attempt obstinately to retain it would be folly. I direct you to negotiate this affair with the envoys of the United States. Do not even wait the arrival of Mr. Monroe: have an interview this very day with Mr. Livingston. But I require a great deal of money for this war, and I would not like to commence it with new contributions. If I should regulate my terms according to the value of those vast regions to the United States, the indemnity would have no limits. I will be moderate, in consideration of the necessity in which I am of making a sale; but keep this to yourself. I want fifty millions of francs, and for less than that sum I will not treat: I would rather make a desperate attempt to keep those fine countries. To-morrow you shall have your full powers."

The deed was done. The rest was merely the usual cheapening and chaffering that passes between buyer and seller when the commodity has no market-price. Mr. Monroe's arrival was well timed, for Mr. Livingston had lost all faith in the possibility of getting New Orleans by purchase, and was unprepared even to consider a proposition for buying the whole province. He evidently thought that the French ministers were all liars together; and he looked upon this sudden change of tone, after so many months of neglect or evasion, as a mere artifice for delay. "If Mr. Monroe agrees with me," said Livingston to Talleyrand, a day or two before Monroe's arrival, "we shall negotiate no further on the subject, but advise our Government to take possession. The times are

critical; and though I do not know what instructions Mr. Monroe may bring, I am perfectly satisfied they will require a precise and prompt notice. I am fearful, from the little progress I have made, that my Government will consider me a very indolent negotiator." Talleyrand laughed. "I will give you a certificate," said he, "that you are the most importunate one I have yet met with."

But Mr. Livingston soon discovered that all had really changed with regard to Louisiana. On the day after Monroe's arrival, while sitting at dinner with him and other guests, Livingston espied M. Barbé-Marbois strolling about in his garden. During the interview that followed, business made progress. Marbois took the liberty of telling a few diplomatic falsehoods to the American minister. Instead of the "fifty millions," which, in his "History of Louisiana," he says Napoleon demanded, he told Mr. Livingston that the sum required was one hundred millions. He represented the First Consul as saying, "Well, you have charge of the treasury: make the Americans give you one hundred millions, pay their own claims, and take the whole country." Mr. Livingston was aghast at the magnitude of the sum. After a long conversation, Marbois dropped to sixty millions; the United States to pay its own claimants, which would require twenty millions more. "It is in vain to ask such a thing," said Livingston: "it is so greatly beyond our means." He thought, too, that his Government would be perfectly satisfied with New Orleans and Florida, and "had no disposition to extend across the river."

Then it was that Mr. Monroe, fresh from Washington,

and knowing the full extent of the President's wishes, knowing his aversion to the mere proximity of the French, came upon the scene with decisive and most happy effect. In a few days all was arranged. M. Barbé-Marbois's offer was accepted. Twenty days after the Saint-Cloud conference, and eighteen days after Mr. Monroe's arrival, the convention was concluded which gave imperial magnitude and completeness to the United States, and supplied Napoleon with fifteen millions of dollars to squander upon a vain attempt to invade and ravage another country. M. Marbois related that, as soon as the three negotiators had signed the treaties, they all rose and shook hands. Mr. Livingston gave utterance to the joy and satisfaction of them all.

"We have lived long," said he, "but this is the noblest work of our whole lives. The treaty which we have just signed has not been obtained by art nor dictated by force, and is equally advantageous to the two contracting parties. It will change vast solitudes into flourishing districts. From this day the United States take their place among the powers of the first rank. The United States will reëstablish the maritime rights of all the world, which are now usurped by a single nation. The instruments which we have just signed will cause no tears to be shed: they prepare ages of happiness for innumerable generations of human creatures. The Mississippi and Missouri will see them succeed one another and multiply, truly worthy of the regard and care of Providence, in the bosom of equality, under just laws, freed from the errors of superstition and bad government."

TAKING POSSESSION OF LOUISIANA TERRITORY

TAKING POSSESSION OF LOUISIANA TERRITORY

BY THURE DE THULSTRUP

"On the 20th of December, 1803, Louisiana was turned over to the American commissioners, General Wilkinson and Governor Claiborne. The commissioners had come to New Orleans and encamped just outside the walls of the city three days before, and sent a messenger asking for a conference in which they might arrange for the transfer. On the 20th, the Americans marched into the city, led by the commissioners, and were received by Laussat. The French commander delivered to Claiborne the keys of the city. The French flag descended from the staff in the square, and was replaced by the American flag. There was no very great enthusiasm, because the people had nothing to do about making the change, and they did not know what it might mean for them."

EXPLORING THE LOUISIANA TERRITORY

BY JAMES PARTON

[In 1804, the Government sent out a party under Meriwether Lewis and James Clarke to explore the new purchase from France. They were to cross the continent, trace the Missouri River to its source, and open negotiations with the various Indian tribes along their way.

The Editor.]

The party consisted of two officers and forty-three men. They sailed up the Missouri in three boats. The largest was fifty-five feet long, drew three feet of water, had ten feet of deck in the stern, and a tenfoot forecastle. It was propelled by twenty-two oars, beside being provided with a large square-sail, and it had movable sides that could be raised so as to protect the crew from the fire of an enemy. The other two boats, one of six and one of seven oars, were open. Beside the boats, they had two horses, designed to be led along the banks for occasional use in exploring and hunting. Their stores consisted of a great quantity of ammunition, a supply of concentrated food of various kinds, and fourteen bales of Indian presents, such as richly-laced coats, flags, medals, knives, tomahawks, beads, mirrors, handkerchiefs, ribbons, and paints.

Starting up the Missouri on that bright May morning in 1804, the whole party seemed to have been possessed with a quiet, modest confidence in the success of the expedition. In such an affair as this, imaginary perils usually far transcend the real dangers. The private

soldiers, as we learn from the diary of a sergeant, expected to pass through a country "possessed by numerous powerful, and warlike nations of savages, of gigantic stature, fierce, treacherous, and cruel, and particularly hostile to white people." Rumor also had given out that the mountains that lay in their path were inaccessible to human effort. But they all seemed fully resolved to accomplish the purpose of the Government, and satisfy the high expectations of the people, unless prevented by absolute impossibilities. Sailing about twenty-five miles a day, never hasting, seldom resting, pausing now and then to hold talks with the Indians, or to secure supplies of game, they kept steadily on their way. In a month they were past the Kansas River. They celebrated the Fourth of July by firing a swivel at sunrise and sunset, drinking a glass of grog all round, and naming a creek on which they encamped "INDEPENDENCE." August 2, 1804, they held a grand council on some high land adjoining the river, which, in consequence, has borne the name ever since of Council Bluffs.

Soon they came to their first buffalo, and discovered the prairie dog; and, at last, November 2, six months after starting, they went into winter quarters among the Mandan Indians, sixteen hundred and ten miles above the mouth of the Missouri River. After a winter of no great hardship, during which they subsisted upon elk, buffalo, antelope, deer, porcupine, prairie dogs, and wild turkeys, they were ready, April 7, 1805, to resume the ascent of the river. The large boat, however, they sent back to St. Louis, with their diaries, bales of furs, horns of the antelope, and thirteen of their number;

while thirty-one men and one squaw formed the party for further exploration.

May 3, 1805, they passed a stream to which they gave the name "Two Thousand Mile River." Then they came to the region of the grizzly bear, an animal none of them had either seen or heard of, but in hunting which they had remarkable success. Having arrived at the Forks of the Missouri, they tried their skill at bestowing suitable names upon the various branches and neighboring streams. The north branch they called Jefferson, the south, Gallatin, the middle, Madison. One small river above the forks they named "Philosophy," and another below they called "Maria," after the President's youngest daughter. Another branch was called "Wisdom," another "Philanthropy." All of these names had but one object, which was to do honor to the President. August 11, they passed "Three Thousand Mile Island," and August 18, they left the Missouri; and after working their way across the mountains with exceeding difficulty, by a road which is still called "Lewis and Clarke's Pass," they bought twenty-seven horses and one mule of the Indians, which brought them in three weeks to the Columbia River. They buried their saddles upon its banks, entrusted their horses to the Indians, and having made canoes, they embarked, and floated down toward the ocean. In just a month they reached tide-water, and heard of ships. Eleven days more brought them to where huge waves came rolling in from the broad Pacific. November 15, 1805, one year and six months after leaving the Mississippi River, they saw the Pacific.

But now winter was upon them. They constructed huts, made salt, sent out hunting-parties, gained the

friendship of the Indians, and made themselves comfortable until the 23d of March, 1806, when they started on their return. The last entry of Captain Lewis's journal, written on the 23d of September, 1806, was as follows: —

"*Tuesday, 23d.* — Descended to the Mississippi and round to St. Louis, where we arrived at twelve o'clock; and, having fired a salute, went on shore, and received the heartiest welcome from the whole village."

They had been gone two years, four months, and ten days. Long before, they had been generally given up as lost, and this unexpected return was the great sensation of that year.

"Never," says Mr. Jefferson, "did a similar event excite more joy through the United States. The humblest of its citizens had taken a lively interest in the issue of this journey, and looked forward with impatience for the information it would furnish."

Captain Lewis's diary was published in London, in a costly, solid quarto, and in Philadelphia in two volumes octavo. The maps and charts, the observations and specimens, which were very numerous and most accurately taken, were deposited among the archives of the Government. Congress made a grant of land to all the members of the party, and the President appointed the two chiefs to important territorial governorships.

LEWIS AND CLARKE AT THE SOURCE OF THE MISSOURI

FROM THEIR JOURNAL

Monday, August 12 [*1805*]. This morning as soon as it was light Captain Lewis sent Drewyer to reconnoiter, if possible, the route of the Indians. In about an hour and a half he returned, after following the tracks of the horse which we had lost yesterday to the mountains, where they ascended and were no longer visible. Captain Lewis now decided on making the circuit along the foot of the mountains which formed the cove, expecting by that means to find a road across them, and accordingly sent Drewyer on one side and Shields on the other. In this way they crossed four small rivulets near each other, on which were some bowers or conical lodges of willow brush, which seemed to have been made recently. From the manner in which the ground in the neighborhood was torn up the Indians appeared to have been gathering roots; but Captain Lewis could not discover what particular plant they were searching for, nor could he find any fresh track till at the distance of four miles from his camp he met a large plain Indian road which came into the cove from the northeast, and wound along the foot of the mountain to the southwest, approaching obliquely the main stream he had left yesterday. Down this road he now went towards the southwest. At the distance of five miles it crossed a large run or creek, which is a principal branch of the main stream into

which it falls, just above the high cliffs or gates observed yesterday, and which they now saw below them.

Here they halted, and breakfasted on the last of the deer, keeping a small piece of pork in reserve against accident. They then continued through the low bottom along the main stream near the foot of the mountains on their right. For the first five miles the valley continues towards the southwest from two to three miles in width. Then the main stream, which had received two small branches from the left in the valley, turns abruptly to the west through a narrow bottom between the mountains. The road was still plain, and, as it led them directly on towards the mountain, the stream gradually became smaller till, after going two miles, it had so greatly diminished in width that one of the men in a fit of enthusiasm, with one foot on each side of the river, thanked God that he had lived to bestride the Missouri. As they went along, their hopes of soon seeing the waters of the Columbia arose almost to painful anxiety, when, after four miles from the last abrupt turn of the river they reached a small gap formed by the high mountains which recede on each side, leaving room for the Indian road. From the foot of one of the lowest of these mountains, which rises with a gentle ascent of about half a mile, issues the remotest water of the Missouri. They had now reached the hidden sources of that river, which had never yet been seen by civilized man; and, as they quenched their thirst at the chaste and icy fountain, as they sat down by the brink of that little rivulet, which yielded its distant and modest tribute to the parent ocean, they felt themselves rewarded for all their labors and all their difficulties. They left reluctantly this inter-

esting spot, and, pursuing the Indian road through the interval of the hills, arrived at the top of a ridge, from which they saw high mountains partially covered with snow still to the west of them. The ridge on which they stood formed the dividing line between the waters of the Atlantic and Pacific Oceans. They followed a descent much steeper than that on the eastern side, and at the distance of three quarters of a mile reached a handsome bold creek of cold, clear water running to the westward. They stopped to taste for the first time the waters of the Columbia; and after a few minutes followed the road across steep hills and low hollows till they reached a spring on the side of a mountain. Here they found a sufficient quantity of dry willow brush for fuel, and therefore halted for the night.

SA-CÁ-GA-WE-A

[1804]

BY EDNA DEAN PROCTOR

[Sa-cá-ga-we-a was the Indian woman who acted as guide to the Lewis and Clarke expedition to the Pacific Ocean.
The Editor.]

Sho-shó-ne Sa-cá-ga-we-a — captive and wife was she
On the grassy plains of Dakota in the land of the Minnetaree;
But she heard the west wind calling, and longed to follow the sun
Back to the shining mountains and the glens where her life begun.
So, when the valiant Captains, fain for the Asian sea,
Stayed their marvellous journey in the land of the Minnetaree
(The Red Men wondering, wary — Omaha, Mandan, Sioux —
Friendly now, now hostile, as they toiled the wilderness through),
Glad she turned from the grassy plains and led their way to the West,
Her course as true as the swan's that flew north to its reedy nest;
Her eye as keen as the eagle's when the young lambs feed below;
Her ear alert as the stag's at morn guarding the fawn and doe.

Straight was she as a hillside fir, lithe as the willow-tree,
And her foot as fleet as the antelope's when the hunter rides the lea;
In broidered tunic and moccasins, with braided raven hair,
And closely belted buffalo robe with her baby nestling there —
Girl of but sixteen summers, the homing bird of the quest,
Free of the tongues of the mountains, deep on her heart impress, —
Sho-shó-ne Sa-cá-ga-we-a led the way to the West! —
To Missouri's broad savannas dark with bison and deer,
While the grizzly roamed the savage shore and cougar and wolf prowled near;
To the cataract's leap, and the meadows with lily and rose abloom;
The sunless trails of the forest, and the canyon's hush and gloom;
By the veins of gold and silver, and the mountains vast and grim —
Their snowy summits lost in clouds on the wide horizon's brim;
Through somber pass, by soaring peak, till the Asian wind blew free,
And lo! the roar of the Oregon and the splendor of the Sea!

Some day, in the lordly upland where the snow-fed streams divide —
Afoam for the far Atlantic, afoam for Pacific's tide —

There, by the valiant Captains whose glory will never dim
While the sun goes down to the Asian sea and the stars in ether swim,
She will stand in bronze as richly brown as the hue of her girlish cheek,
With broidered robe and braided hair and lips just curved to speak;
And the mountain winds will murmur as they linger along the crest,
"Sho-shó-ne Sa-cá-ga-we-a, who led the way to the West!"

V

THE WAR OF 1812

HISTORICAL NOTE

To prevent England from interfering with American commerce and from exercising what she claimed to be her "right of search," war was declared against Great Britain in 1812. This was an audacious act, for England had sixty times as many warships as the United States, and, although she was also at war with France at the time, she had a large and well-trained army.

In this war the advantage on land was with the British and on the sea with the Americans. The attempts of the United States to invade Canada were defeated by the land battles of Queenstown Heights and Lundy's Lane, and the counter-attacks on the Northwest Territory and on Northern New York were frustrated by Perry's naval victory on Lake Erie and McDonough's on Lake Champlain.

On the ocean, especially in the first part of the war, the Americans won a series of brilliant victories, and the exploits of the Constitution, the Wasp, the United States, and the Essex aroused the wildest enthusiasm throughout the country. But by the close of the war superior numbers enabled the British to establish a blockade of the principal ports that kept most of the American frigates idly at anchor.

In the summer of 1814, a British fleet sailed up the Chesapeake Bay and landed a force of soldiers that entered Washington with little difficulty and burned the government buildings. Napoleon having been dethroned, the British were able to send more soldiers to America. Early in 1815, a strong force of Wellington's veterans attempted to capture New Orleans, but were defeated with heavy loss by a small force of riflemen under General Jackson. This battle was unnecessary, as news was on the way of a treaty of peace that had been signed at Ghent two weeks before. By the terms of the treaty matters were left as they were before the war, but as the struggle with Napoleon was over, England had no further occasion to assert her "right of search."

WHAT CAUSED THE SECOND WAR WITH ENGLAND

[1812]

BY AGNES C. LAUT

England was hard-pressed in a life-and-death struggle with Napoleon. To recruit both army and navy, conscription was rigidly and ruthlessly enforced. Yet more! England claimed the right to impress British-born subjects in foreign ports, to seize deserters in either foreign ports or on foreign ships, and, most obnoxious of all, to search neutral vessels on the ocean highway for deserters from the British flag. It was an era of great brutality in military discipline. Desertions were frequent. Also thousands of immigrants were flocking to the new nation of the United States and taking out naturalization papers. England ignored these naturalization papers when taken out by deserters.

Let us see how the thing worked out. A passenger vessel is coming up New York Harbor. An English frigate with cannon pointed swings across the course, signals the American vessel on American waters to slow up, sends a young lieutenant with some marines across to the American vessel, searches her from stem to stern, or compels the American captain to read the roster of the crew, forcibly seizes half a dozen of the American crew as British deserters, and departs, leaving the Americans gasping with wonder whether they are a free nation or a tail to the kite of English designs. It need

not be explained that the offense was often aggravated by the swaggering insolence of the young officers. They considered the fury of the unprepared American crew a prime joke. In vain the Government at Washington complained to the Government at Westminster. England pigeonholed the complaint and went serenely on her way, searching American vessels from Canada to Brazil.

Or an English vessel has come to Hampton Roads to wood and water. An English officer thinks he recognizes among the American crews men who have deserted from English vessels. Three men defy arrest and show their naturalization papers. High words follow, broken heads, and broken canes, and the English crew are glad to escape the mob by rowing out to their own vessel.

Is it surprising that the ill-feeling on both sides accumulated till there lacked only the match to cause an explosion? The explosion came in 1807. H.M.S. Leopard, cruising off Norfolk in June, encounters the United States ship Chesapeake. At 3 P.M. the English ship edges down on the American, loaded to the water-line with lumber, and signals a messenger will be sent across. The young English lieutenant going aboard the Chesapeake shows written orders from Admiral Berkeley of Halifax, commanding a search of the Chesapeake for six deserters. He is very courteous and pleasant about the disagreeable business: the orders are explicit; he must obey his admiral. The American commander is equally courteous. He regrets that he must refuse to obey an English admiral's orders, but his own Government has given *most* explicit orders that American vessels must *not* be searched. The young Englishman returns with serious face. The ships were within pistol-shot of each

other, the men on the English decks all at their guns, the Americans off guard, lounging on the lumber piles. Quick as a flash a cannon shot rips across the Chesapeake's bows, followed by a broadside, and another, and yet another, that riddle the American decks to kindling-wood before the astonished officers can collect their senses. Six seamen are dead and twenty-three wounded when the Chesapeake strikes her colors to surrender; but the Leopard does not want a captive. She sends her lieutenant back, who musters the four hundred American seamen, picks out four men as British deserters, learns that another deserter has been killed and a sixth has jumped overboard rather than be retaken, takes his prisoners back to the Leopard, which proceeds to Halifax, where they are tried by court-martial and shot.

It is n't exactly surprising that the episode literally set the United States on fire with rage, and that the American President at once ordered all American ports closed to British war vessels. The quarrel dragged on between the two Governments for five years. England saw at once that she had gone too far and violated international law. She repudiated Admiral Berkeley's order, offered to apologize and pension the heirs of the victims; but *as she would not repudiate either the right of impressment or the right of search*, the American Government refused to receive the apology.

Other causes fanned the flame of war. The United States was now almost the only nation neutral in Napoleon's wars. To cripple English commerce, Napoleon forbids neutral nations trading at English ports. By way of retaliation England forbids neutral nations trading with French ports; and the United States strikes

back by closing American ports to both nations. It means blue ruin to American trade, but the United States cannot permit herself to be ground between the upper and nether millstones of two hostile European powers. Then, sharp as a gamester playing his trump card, Napoleon revokes his embargo in 1810, which leaves England the offender against the United States. Then Governor Craig of Canada commits an error that must have delighted the heart of Napoleon, who always profited by his enemy's blunders. Well-meaning, but fatally ill and easily alarmed, Craig sends one John Henry from Montreal in 1809 as spy to the United States for the double purpose of sounding public opinion on the subject of war, and of putting any Federalists in favor of withdrawing from the Union in touch with British authorities. Craig goes home to England to die. Henry fails to collect reward for his ignoble services, turns traitor, and sells the entire correspondence to the war party in the United States for ten thousand dollars. That spy business adds fuel to fire. Then there are other quarrels. A deserter from the American army is found teaching school near Cornwall in Canada. He is driven out of the little backwoods schoolhouse, pricked across the field with bayonets, out of the children's view, and shot on Canadian soil by American soldiers, an outrage almost the same in spirit as the British crew's outrage on the Chesapeake. Also, in spite of apologies, the warships clash again. The English sloop Little Belt is cruising off Cape Henry in May of 1811, looking for a French privateer, when a sail appears over the sea. The Little Belt pursues till she sights the commodore's blue flag of the United States frigate President, then she turns about;

but by this time the President has turned the tables on the little sloop, and is pursuing to find out what the former's conduct meant. Darkness settles over the two ships beating about the wind.

"What sloop is that?" shouts an officer through a speaking-trumpet from the American's decks.

"What ship is *that*?" bawls back a voice through the darkness from the little Englander.

Then, before any one can tell who fired first (in fact, each accuses the other of firing first), the cannon are pouring hot shot into each other's hulls till thirty men have fallen on the decks of the Little Belt. Apologies follow, of course, and explanations; but that does not remedy the ill. In fact, when nations and people want to quarrel, they can always find a cause. War is declared in June of 1812 by Congress.

HOW WINFIELD SCOTT RESCUED THE IRISHMEN

BY JAMES BARNES

[In 1812, General Scott, then a young lieutenant-colonel of twenty-six years, was taken prisoner by the British at the battle of Queenstown.

The Editor.]

Scott was in the cabin of the transport when he heard a loud voice demanding admission from the sentry at the cabin door and insisting upon the right to see him. This the sentry vigorously denied. Scott hastened to the sentry's side, and there found one of his own men, much excited. With some difficulty he quieted him and found out what was the matter.

"They're sorting out every man who's got a bit of a brogue, sir," cried the soldier, who showed a trace of his ancestry in his speech, "and they are going to send them over the seas to be tried for high treason. There's young Tom McCullough, who, the same as myself, was born in Norfolk, and McCurdy, who was born in New York; and they declare that all will be hanged for fighting against the king."

Now it happened that there were a number of Irishmen who were actually born in Ireland, but had emigrated to America and had enlisted in the American ranks. There were even among the non-commissioned officers a few hardy old veterans of the Revolution who could claim the Emerald Isle as the place of their birth.

Scott saw that his presence on deck was at once necessary. He was placed under no restraint on board the vessel, and so, brushing by the sentry, in two leaps he was up the ladder and stood on the quarter-deck. There he saw the prisoners, numbering over two hundred, standing under a guard of marines in the waist. An officer was calling their names from a list in his hand. Twenty-three men had already been separated from the others, and stood to one side with forlorn and disconsolate looks. They had already been told off as prisoners, to be detained and sent to England for trial. Scott stood out on the deck before them. The officer looked up from the paper he was reading.

"Well, sir?" he asked. "What can I do for you?"

"You can explain," Scott replied, "the reason for this discrimination. I was led to understand that all of the men placed aboard this vessel were to be sent to the United States for exchange."

"There are some traitors here," the officer replied; "subjects of His Majesty, who have been taken in arms against him. And we are led to believe that there are also not a few deserters from our service. We have a right to investigate."

"I deny that right, sir," Scott replied. "A man who enlists in the army of the United States and fights as provided under the Constitution becomes a citizen, and is entitled to all privileges and protection, and I warn you, sir, that the interests of every man shall be looked after."

"You forget your position, sir," replied the officer hotly; "you 're a prisoner, and I order you below to the cabin."

"I am on my parole," Scott thundered, "and you can send me to my cabin by the use of force only, for I decline to go. It is my privilege to look after the personal safety of my men."

The officer waved his hand toward the twenty-three disconsolate ones who stood lined up against the bulwarks.

"This is my answer," he replied. "These Irish renegades are traitors, and will be tried as such. Any more of their ilk will suffer the same fate. Thomas McNulty," he read in a loud voice from the list he had in his hand.

Scott now turned to the Americans.

"If there is a man named NcNulty among you," he said, "I order him not to step forward, and as your commanding officer, I order not one of you to reply to a question addressed to you by any British officer aboard this ship in any manner whatever. They cannot force you to speak. Therefore keep silent!"

The men looked at their tall leader with hope mingled with admiration. Had he said the word, unarmed as they were, they would have thrown themselves upon the marined guard that at a whispered order from a young red-coated lieutenant had brought their pieces to the ready.

"I know my rights, I tell you," Scott added, "and though a prisoner, they still exist. Let these men be returned as they were before."

"No," replied the officer; "these we are sure of — twenty-three traitors who will suffer traitors' fates."

Turning to the officer of the guard, he ordered that the unfortunate men collected should be taken off in the longboat waiting alongside and put on shore to be transferred to another ship.

Scott's anger was now beyond all bounds. Stretching himself to his full height, he pointed to the poor fellows that were being hustled toward the gangway.

"Observe you this," he said; "for every one of those men an Englishmen will be set apart to abide the sentence placed upon them. My country does not forget those who serve her in time of need."

Then walking over to where the prisoners were, he swept through the marines, and grasped some of his men by their extended hands.

"Good-bye, my lads," he said; "don't fear! Keep up your courage; no harm shall come to you."

With that he turned, and, acknowledging the salute of his own men, who stood at attention with their fingers to their cap brims, he went below. In a few minutes the ship was under way.

It is a peculiar characteristic of the good officer and natural soldier that his men are always his first thought. Over and above all else should be their interest and welfare, and let private soldiers once understand that this is the case, and duty is exalted to almost a religion; affection and a desire to serve take the place of instilled obedience. Self-sacrifice becomes a pleasure. A handful of men animated by this spirit will fight harder than thrice their number without it.

Scott always had this peculiar gift; he would call upon men for almost superhuman endeavor, and under his leadership they never failed to respond.

As soon as he reached Boston, Scott went on to Washington, and in a short time was exchanged. He drew up a report of the occurrence on board the cartel and informed the Secretary of War of the matter, and

this very same day a report was presented to Congress, and immediately a passage of an act of retaliation followed. This was on March 3, 1813. Scott never allowed himself to forget and never lost sight of the unfortunate Irishmen. In the latter part of May, at the capture of Fort George, where many prisoners were taken, he picked out twenty-three as hostages to receive the same punishment that should be meted out to his own brave soldiers. Much unnecessary suffering followed perhaps, for the English retaliated; but Scott's prompt redemption of his promise saved his Irish troops. A strange sequel to this occurrence took place. Two years afterward — when he was on leave of absence and recovering from his wounds — he was passing one of the piers on the East River, New York City, when suddenly he heard the sound of loud cheering. Stopping for an instant, he found himself surrounded by a lot of excited men, some of whom rushed forward, endeavoring to take his hand, or even to touch him. They were the same twenty-three who had just that moment been landed after their long imprisonment. They almost crushed their still weak and wounded general in their arms, so great was their enthusiasm and gratitude. It might be mentioned that he wrote to the Department at Washington on their behalf, claiming full pay for their services during the time of their imprisonment and soliciting patents for land bounty. Both petitions, it is pleasing to record, were granted.

ON THE CAPTURE OF THE GUERRIERE

BY PHILIP FRENEAU

Long the tyrant of our coast
  Reigned the famous Guerrière;
Our little navy she defied,
  Public ship and privateer:
On her sails in letters red,
To our captains were displayed
Words of warning, words of dread,
"All who meet me, have a care!
  I am England's Guerrière."

On the wide, Atlantic deep
  (Not her equal for the fight)
The Constitution, on her way,
  Chanced to meet these men of might;
On her sails was nothing said,
But her waist the teeth displayed
That a deal of blood could shed,
  Which, if she would venture near,
  Would stain the deck of the Guerrière.

Now our gallant ship they met —
  And, to struggle with John Bull —
Who, had come, they little thought,
  Strangers, yet, to Isaac Hull:
Better soon to be acquainted:
Isaac hailed the Lord's anointed —

While the crew the cannon pointed,
And the balls were so directed
With a blaze so unexpected;

Isaac so did maul and rake her
That the decks of Captain Dacre
Were in such a woful pickle
As if death with scythe and sickle,
With his sling, or with his shaft
Had cut his harvest fore and aft.
Thus, in thirty minutes ended,
Mischiefs that could not be mended;
Masts, and yards, and ship descended,
All to David Jones's locker —
Such a ship in such a pucker!

Drink a bout to the Constitution!
She performed some execution,
Did some share of retribution
For the insults of the year
When she took the Guerrière.
May success again await her,
Let who will again command her,
Bainbridge, Rodgers, or Decatur —
Nothing like her can withstand her,
With a crew like that on board her
Who so boldly called "to order"
One bold crew of English sailors,
Long, too long our seamen's jailors,
Dacre and the Guerrière!

THE SHANNON AND THE CHESAPEAKE

[1813]

BY THOMAS TRACY BOUVÉ

The captain of the Shannon came sailing up the bay,
A reeling wind flung out behind his pennons bright and gay;
His cannon crashed a challenge; the smoke that hid the sea
Was driven hard to windward and drifted back to lee.

The captain of the Shannon sent word into the town:
Was Lawrence there, and would he dare to sail his frigate down
And meet him at the harbor's mouth and fight him, gun to gun,
For honor's sake, with pride at stake, until the fight was won?

Now, long the gallant Lawrence had scoured the bitter main;
With many a scar and wound of war his ship was home again;
His crew, relieved from service, were scattered far and wide,
And scarcely one, his duty done, had lingered by his side.

But to refuse the challenge? Could he outlive the shame?
Brave men and true, but deadly few, he gathered to his fame.

Once more the great ship Chesapeake prepared her for the fight, —
"I'll bring the foe to town in tow," he said, "before to-night!"

High on the hills of Hingham that overlooked the shore,
To watch the fray and hope and pray, for they could do no more,
The children of the country watched the children of the sea
When the smoke drove hard to windward and drifted back to lee.

"How can he fight," they whispered, "with only half a crew,
Though they be rare to do and dare, yet what can brave men do?"
But when the Chesapeake came down, the Stars and Stripes on high,
Stilled was each fear, and cheer on cheer resounded to the sky.

The Captain of the Shannon, he swore both long and loud:
"This victory, where'er it be, shall make two nations proud!
Now onward to this victory or downward to defeat!
A sailor's life is sweet with strife, a sailor's death as sweet."

And as when lightnings rend the sky and gloomy thunders roar,

And crashing surge plays devil's dirge upon the stricken
shore,
With thunder and with sheets of flame the two ships
rang with shot,
And every gun burst forth a sun of iron crimson-hot.

And twice they lashed together and twice they tore
apart,
And iron balls burst wooden walls and pierced each
oaken heart.
Still from the hills of Hingham men watched with hopes
and fears,
While all the bay was torn that day with shot that
rained like tears.

The tall masts of the Chesapeake went groaning by the
board;
The Shannon's spars were weak with scars when Broke
cast down his sword;
"Now woe," he cried, "to England, and shame and woe
to me!"
The smoke drove hard to windward and drifted back to
lee.

"Give them one breaking broadside more," he cried,
"before we strike!"
But one grim ball that ruined all for hope and home alike
Laid Lawrence low in glory, yet from his pallid lip
Rang to the land his last command: "Boys, don't give
up the ship!"

. . . .

The wounded wept like women when they hauled her
ensign down.

Men's cheeks were pale as with the tale from Hingham
to the town
They hurried in swift silence, while toward the eastern
night
The victor bore away from shore and vanished out of
sight.

Hail to the great ship Chesapeake! Hail to the hero
brave
Who fought her fast, and loved her last, and shared her
sudden grave!
And glory be to those that died for all eternity;
They lie apart at the mother-heart of God's eternal sea.

HOW PERRY SAVED THE NORTHWEST

[1813]

BY CHARLES MORRIS

[In 1813, Oliver Hazard Perry, a young naval officer who had never seen an engagement, was sent to Lake Erie to build a fleet from trees then standing in the forest, and to conquer the British vessels on the lake.

The Editor.]

In a moment everybody was astir; the boatswains' whistles called the men to the capstans, and at the command of "Up anchor" the vessels were soon free to move. But the wind was unfavorable for leaving the harbor, and the crews had to resort to oars in aid of their sails. The instructions to the commanding officers chiefly consisted in the brief but famous one of Nelson: "If you lay your enemy close alongside you cannot be out of place."

On reaching the open waters the enemy was sighted five or six miles away, and the ships were headed towards him, though the light and uncertain wind interfered much with progress. Perry for some time sought to gain the windward position, but at length gave up the effort and decided to square away under the lee of the islands, replying to the sailing-master's remonstrance that this would bring him to leeward of the enemy: "I don't care, to windward or to leeward; they shall fight to-day."

But again the wind shifted, this time a favorable change to the south, and the Americans, now having

the weather gauge, were put before it and ran down with free sheets upon the enemy. The ships were formed in line of battle on the plan decided upon, and all hands ordered to clear them for action. In the midst of this a roll of bunting was brought up from below and handed to Perry. On unfolding it, there were seen in great white letters upon a blue field Lawrence's dying words: "Don't give up the ship!"

"My brave lads," said Perry to his men, "this flag bears the last words of Captain Lawrence. Shall I hoist it?"

"Aye, aye, sir!" came in a hearty response, and up to the main truck sped the significant flag.

It was now about ten o'clock. The wind continued light, and a broad space still divided the two fleets. To hearten the men for the work before them Captain Perry now ordered food and the usual allowance of grog to be served. The mess kits were then cleared away and needful precautions for the coming fight taken, such as drenching the decks with water to render harmless any loose powder that might be scattered, and sprinkling a layer of sand so as to give the men a good footing even if the decks were wet with blood.

Barclay meanwhile had hove to his ships and was awaiting the Americans, the vessels drawn up in close array, in a line square across the wind, the little Chippewa and the big Detroit at the head. Against these Perry advanced in the Lawrence, his flagship, the little Ariel and Scorpion leading the way. With these he headed for the Detroit, leaving the remainder of his fleet to come up as rapidly as possible and to deal with the other British craft.

All being thus disposed, the squadron moved slowly onward before the light and baffling wind, Perry pacing his deck impatiently, stopping at intervals for a word to the gun crews, all of whom he found eagerly preparing for the fray. At one gun were men from the Constitution, the most of them stripped to the waist and with handkerchiefs tied round their heads to keep their hair out of their eyes.

"I need not say anything to you," he remarked; "you know how to beat those fellows."

At another gun stood some of his old gunboat men.

"Ah, here are the Newport boys!" he said cheerily; "they will do their duty, I warrant."

The cheers he got in response showed well the spirit of the men.

The vessels of the squadron rather drifted than sailed towards the enemy, and as noon approached the nearest vessels were still a mile apart, while the rear of the American fleet lay far behind. Far separated as the flagships now were, almost beyond the range of the best guns of that day, the impatience of the British gunners had grown beyond restraint, and a gun roared from the Detroit, its ball plunging into the water before reaching its goal. In a minute or two more a second ball, with better aim, came crashing through the bulwarks of the Lawrence. The battle was on.

Through all this frightful turmoil Perry stood on his quarter-deck, cheering on his men, his little brother beside him, with no evidence of fear on his face. As they stood, two musket-balls passed through the boy's hat; then a splinter was driven through his clothing; finally he was knocked headlong across the deck, and Perry's

face paled at the sight. But it proved to be only a flying hammock that had struck him, and in a minute he was on his feet again.

"All the officers in my division are cut down," said Lieutenant Yarnall, his face covered with blood from a splinter that had been driven through his nose; "can I have others?"

Others were given him, and he went forward again. In a short time he was back with a similar request.

"I have no more officers to give you," said Perry; "you must make out by yourself."

He did make out, aiming and firing the guns with his own hands — a duty which Perry himself was later forced to perform, like Paul Jones of old. He kept at this until he had not enough men on the quarter-deck to aim and fire the one gun left in service. Going to the hatchway, he asked for a man from the surgeon. One was sent, and two others in succession, but still Perry was obliged to repeat the demand.

"There is not another man left to go," said the surgeon.

"Then are there none of the wounded who can pull on a rope?"

At this appeal three men crawled up the hatchway ladder to help with the gun-tackles. These, with aid from the purser and chaplain, rolled the gun out, while Perry aimed and fired it.

This was the last gun fired from the Lawrence. The next broadside from the enemy left not a single gun that could be worked. The vessel itself was a wreck. Her bowsprit and masts had been in great part shot away, while her hull was riddled. Only fourteen men remained

unhurt in her crew of more than a hundred. Twenty had been killed. But the American flag and the blue banner, with its motto, "Don't give up the ship!" floated still, and Perry remained inspired by its spirit. For two hours he had kept up a fight seemingly hopeless from the start, and he was still far from the thought of surrender.

During these two fateful hours the Niagara had kept out of the battle, but now, with a fresher breeze in her sails, she was coming briskly up, headed for the right of the British line. Her route would take her a quarter of a mile or more from the Lawrence. The sight of this unharmed vessel aroused a new hope in the mind of the gallant commander. On her deck he might be able to retrieve the fortunes of the day. Action quickly followed thought. Throwing off the blue jacket he had so far worn, he put on his uniform coat and ordered a boat with four men to be lowered on the side of the Lawrence out of the fiery storm. His boy brother sprang into the boat with the men.

"Yarnall," he said to his faithful lieutenant, "I leave the Lawrence in your charge, with discretionary power. You may hold out or surrender, as your judgment and the circumstances shall dictate."

Then, taking his pennant and the broad banner, with the Lawrence motto, which had been hauled down and given him, he climbed down into the boat and ordered his men to pull away for the Niagara. As soon as the boat was seen from the British fleet and the purpose of the American commander guessed, every gun that could be brought to bear was turned upon it, the water all around being churned by round-shot, grape, canister,

and musket-balls. Through this torrent of shot Perry stood erect in the stern of his boat, intent on inspiring his men with courage, the flag and pennant draped round his shoulders. As they neared their goal a round-shot plunged through the side of the boat. Perry took off his coat and plugged the hole with it, and thus the side of the Niagara was reached.

The crisis of the battle was now reached. Stepping on the deck of this fresh ship, amid the loud cheers of the crew, Perry saw at a glance that a splendid opportunity to turn defeat into victory was in his hands.

"How goes the day?" asked Elliott. Distance had prevented his seeing for himself.

"Bad enough," replied Perry. "Why are the gun-boats so far astern?"

"I'll bring them up."

"Do so."

Springing into the boat that had brought Perry up, Elliott rowed away. As he did so Perry's pennant and the blue flag of the Lawrence were hauled aloft, bringing ringing cheers from every American ship except the Lawrence herself, on which Yarnall, not having a gun that could be fired, hauled down his flag to prevent the useless butchery of his crew.

On all other vessels hope had replaced doubt and dismay. Putting up his helm, Perry drove his new flagship square for the British squadron, which was now so bunched that in a few minutes he was in its midst, firing from one battery into the Chippewa and Lady Prevost, from the other into the Detroit, Hunter, and Queen Charlotte. The effect of the close fire on them was disastrous. Already severely injured by the guns of the

THE BATTLE OF LAKE ERIE

THE BATTLE OF LAKE ERIE

FROM AN ENGRAVING

The difficulties under which Commodore Perry labored were almost as great in building his fleet as in winning his famous victory. R. M. Devens says: —

"At Presque Isle, ninety miles west of Buffalo, a peninsula extending a considerable distance into the lake encircles a harbor, on the borders of which was the port of Erie. At this place, Commodore Perry was directed to locate, and superintend a naval establishment, the object of which was to create a superior force on the lake. The difficulties of building a navy in the wilderness can only be conceived by those who have experienced them. There was nothing at this spot out of which it could be built but the timber of the forest. Shipbuilders, sailors, naval stores, guns, and ammunition were all to be transported by land, in wagons, and over bad roads, a distance of four hundred miles, either from Albany by the way of Buffalo, or from Philadelphia by the way of Pittsburg. But under all these embarrassments, by the first of August, 1813, Commodore Perry had provided a flotilla, consisting of the ships Lawrence and Niagara, of twenty guns each, and seven smaller vessels, to wit, one of four guns, one of three, two of two, and three of one.

"While the ships were building, the enemy frequently appeared off the harbor and threatened their destruction; but the shallowness of the water on the bar, there being but five feet, prevented their approach. The same cause, which insured the safety of the vessels while building, seemed likely to prevent their being of any service when completed. The two largest drew several feet more water than there was on the bar. The inventive genius of Perry, however, surmounted this difficulty. He placed large scows on each side of these two, filled them so that they sank to the water-edge, then attached them to the ships by strong pieces of timber, and pumped out the water. The scows, in this way, buoyed up the ships, enabling them to pass the bar in safety. This operation was performed in the very eyes of the enemy."

Lawrence, this hot fire from a fresh ship was annihilating. The Detroit and the Queen Charlotte tried to swing around and meet him, but fouled each other, while Perry, ranging ahead, rounded to and raked them both.

The other American vessels were joining in as they came within range, and Barclay stood aghast at the slaughter and destruction hurled on his hitherto seemingly victorious ships. The crew of the Lady Prevost fled from the deck, leaving their commander, Lieutenant Buchan, alone on the quarter-deck with bleeding limbs and staring eyes. The tempest of shot and the torrent of destruction were more than even British valor could stand, and eight minutes after Perry's signal dash into their line a man came to the rail of the British flagship, waving a white handkerchief tied to a boarding-pike. It was the signal of surrender. Perry was victor in one of the greatest battles of the war.

Two of the British vessels sought to escape, the Chippewa and the Little Belt, but they were pursued by the Scorpion and the Trippe and brought in as captives, Captain Champlin, on the Scorpion, as he had fired, the first, now firing the last, gun in the fight.

In honor of the good ship in which his great struggle had been made, Captain Perry accepted the surrender of the British officers on the deck of the Lawrence, amid the frightful scene of ruin and carnage which it presented. But the British had left as frightful scenes on their own decks, for the Niagara had amply avenged her consort in the destruction wrought.

This narrative might be prolonged much farther, but

we must close it with the famous dispatch to General Harrison, in which Perry announced his victory: —

"We have met the enemy and they are ours — two ships, two brigs, one schooner, and one sloop."

The news of the victory spread with great rapidity through the nation, and was everywhere received with enthusiastic rejoicing, for it was felt that it had definitely turned back the tide of British success in that quarter and saved the settlers of the Northwest from the terrible visitation of the Indian allies of the British. Harrison, aided by Perry, followed it up with an invasion of Canada, found Proctor and his army in retreat, and completely defeated them at the battle of the Thames, Tecumseh, the Indian leader, being killed. The Northwest was saved.

THE STAR-SPANGLED BANNER

[1814]

BY FRANCIS SCOTT KEY

[Never has a patriotic poem come so directly out of the thunder of battle as did the "Star-Spangled Banner." Just before the bombardment of Fort McHenry, its author was sent to the British flagship to arrange for an exchange of prisoners. Here he was obliged to remain until the close of the attack. All through the night he watched the bursting of the shells, but in the first dim gray of the morning his vigil was rewarded, for the flag of the United States was still waving over the fort. Then it was that the poem was written.

The Editor.]

O say, can you see, by the dawn's early light,
What so proudly we hailed at the twilight's last gleaming?
Whose broad stripes and bright stars, through the perilous fight,
O'er the ramparts we watched were so gallantly streaming!
And the rocket's red glare, the bombs bursting in air,
Gave proof through the night that our flag was still there:
O say, does that star-spangled banner yet wave
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave?

On the shore, dimly seen through the mists of the deep,
Where the foe's haughty host in dread silence reposes,
What is that which the breeze, o'er the towering steep,
As it fitfully blows, now conceals, now discloses?

Now it catches the gleam of the morning's first beam,
In full glory reflected now shines on the stream:
'T is the star-spangled banner! O long may it wave
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave!

And where is that band who so vauntingly swore
That the havoc of war and the battle's confusion
A home and a country should leave us no more?
Their blood has washed out their foul footsteps' pollution.
No refuge could save the hireling and slave
From the terror of flight, or the gloom of the grave:
And the star-spangled banner in triumph doth wave
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave!

Oh! thus be it ever, when freemen shall stand
Between their loved homes and the war's desolation!
Blest with victory and peace, may the heaven-rescued land
Praise the Power that hath made and preserved us a nation.
Then conquer we must, for our cause it is just,
And this be our motto: "In God is our trust."
And the star-spangled banner in triumph shall wave
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave.

TECUMSEH, THE INDIAN BRIGADIER-GENERAL

[1813]

BY CHARLES H. L. JOHNSTON

In the fighting of the War of 1812 this great chief showed that he could lead an army almost as well as a white man. His military talent was so great that he was made a brigadier-general, a position, which, to my knowledge no other American Indian has ever held among white troops, except General Ely S. Parker, who commanded a detachment of regulars in the Army of the Potomac during the War of the Rebellion. The celebrated Shawnee fought bravely at a fierce fight at Brownston, and was also at the siege of Detroit, with about seven hundred warriors, when this city capitulated to the British. The whole American frontier was open to the ravages of the Indians and English after this event, and under General Proctor, the combined forces of redskins and redcoats swept down upon the border fortress of Fort Meigs, and here captured a number of prisoners, although they did not take the stockade.

The Indians under Tecumseh numbered about eighteen hundred in the fighting at this place, and, giving way to their instincts, they tomahawked all that they could. General Proctor made no attempt to stop them, but was looking calmly at their fiendish work, when he saw Tecumseh galloping forward at great speed. Reaching the scene of slaughter, the savage leaped from his

horse, and seizing two Indians by the throat, knocked them to the ground. Then, drawing his tomahawk and scalping-knife, he cried out: "He of you who injures another prisoner will be killed by Tecumseh. How dare you wreak vengance upon defenseless men? Cowards! Begone!" Cowed by his consuming wrath, the savages slunk away, while the great chief, turning to Proctor, said: "Why, General, did you not stop this awful massacre?"

"Sir," replied the British general, "your Indians cannot be restrained."

"Begone!" thundered Tecumseh. "You are not fit to command! Go home and put on the petticoat of a squaw."

Shortly after this the celebrated Shawnee noticed a small group of Indians near by, who were standing about some prisoners.

"Yonder are four of your people who have been taken prisoners," said Colonel Elliot to him. "You may do as you please with them."

Tecumseh, therefore, walked over the the group and found four Shawnees, who, while fighting on the side of the Americans, had been unable to escape the British regulars, and had been captured.

"Friends," said he, "Colonel Elliot has placed you in my charge, and I will send you back to your nation to have a talk with your people." So saying, he took them with him for some distance, and then sent two of his warriors to accompany them to their own chiefs, where they were discharged, under the promise that they would never fight again against the British during the war.

The disasters to the Americans led the Government to collect a larger army, which was placed under the command of General Harrison, the hero of Tippecanoe. Captain Oliver H. Perry built a fleet in Lake Erie, sailed out to attack the British boats, and defeated them. When he had done so, Harrison moved upon Fort Malden, where both Proctor and Tecumseh were stationed. The former burned the fort and retreated with Tecumseh's Indians, meaning to join the other British forces at Niagara, but before the retreat (when Harrison was at Fort Meigs) Tecumseh had sent him a personal challenge, which ran: —

General Harrison, — I have with me eight hundred braves. You have an equal number in your hiding place. Come out with them and give me battle. You talked like a brave when we met at Vincennes, and I respected you, but now you hide behind logs, and in earth, like a ground-hog. Give me answer!

Tecumseh.

Harrison, however, refused to come out, and, as Proctor decided to retreat, Tecumseh seriously meditated a withdrawal from the contest.

"You always told us that you would never draw your foot off British ground," said he to the English commander. "Now, father, we see that you are drawing back, and we are sorry to see our father doing so without seeing the enemy. We must compare our father's conduct to a fat dog which carries its tail on its back, but, when affrighted, drops it between its legs and runs off. Father, listen! The Americans have not yet defeated

us by land, neither are we sure that they have done so by water; we, therefore, wish to remain here and fight our enemy, should he make his appearance. If we are defeated, we will then retreat with our father.

"Father, you have got the arms and ammunition which our great father sent to his red children. If you have an idea of going away, give them to us and you may go, and welcome. For us, our lives are in the hand of the Great Spirit. We are determined to defend our lands, and if it be his will, we wish to leave our bones upon them."

But Proctor would listen to no such talk, and pretended, from time to time, that he would halt and give battle. Much to the chagrin of the redskins, he kept on moving. Finally he halted on the river Thames, in Michigan, near a Moravian town, and told Tecumseh that he would fight it out here with the advancing Americans. The great chief, himself, chose the ground for battling, with a marsh on one flank and a stream upon the other. "Brother warriors," said he to his chiefs, "we are about to enter an engagement from which I shall, doubtless, never return; my body will remain upon the field of battle." Then unbuckling his sword, he handed it to a chief, remarking: "When my son becomes a noted warrior, and able to wield a sword, give this to him."

Proctor had placed his guns in the highway and had deployed his regulars between them and a little marsh. Another marsh was five hundred yards farther on, to the right, and here the Indians under Tecumseh were stationed, together with some British regulars. The rest of the Indians were sent out in front, upon the extreme

right, in a position just in front of the swampy bottom of the larger marsh. The ground was nearly covered with an open growth of trees, without underbrush, so that there was little impediment to fighting. Harrison, as he came up, placed his mounted infantry in front, for this was his strongest force, composed of a splendid body of Kentucky frontiersmen under Colonel Richard M. Johnson, all of whom were well used to border warfare. The infantry was in the rear, with a considerable body on the left flank, turned at right angle to the line, so as to face the Indians in the marsh. They were told to advance at the blast of the bugle and to fight as they had done at Tippecanoe—commands which they obeyed quite faithfully. At the shrill note of the horn the horsemen trotted forward. Then, as the British regulars began to pepper them with bullets, they gave a wild cheer, galloped on, and soon were charging right into the lines of the English.

Proctor knew that he was badly wanted by the Americans, because of his numerous massacres of defenseless non-combatants, and so leaped into a two-horse vehicle in order to escape. But a dozen well-mounted men galloped after him, and seeing that he was about to be captured, the faint-hearted Britisher jumped to the earth, took to the woods, and got safely off. Tecumseh's men, meanwhile, stood their ground and did not, at first, give way before the American advance. But soon the savages posted upon the extreme right before the marsh ran wildly into the woods. The valiant Tecumseh was shot in the arm, but, disdaining to fly, stood up manfully, while his wild, inspiring war-whoop was loudly heard above the din of battle. Thus

he was holding his own men to their work, when the Kentucky cavalry, having dispersed Proctor's regulars, returned to the field of battle. Forming for the attack, they rushed, with a wild cheer, upon the mixed battalion of reds and whites. Johnson, himself, was soon near the great chief and shot at him with his pistol. Tecumseh fell, whether from this shot, or not, is not definitely known. The tide of conflict rolled by the prostrate form of the mighty Shawnee, and, with fierce cheers of victory, the Americans chased the now routed British and Indians into the forest, securing a complete and overwhelming victory.

Near the battlefield, where a large oak lay prostrate by a willow marsh, the faithful Shawnees buried Tecumseh, after the American army, flushed with success, returned to the United States. The British Government granted a pension to the widow of the noted warrior, and to his son gave a sword. The willows and rosebushes now grow thick above the mound where repose, in silence and solitude, the ashes of the mighty chief of the Shawnees. He struggled in vain against the inevitable, and his simple grave is only one of the many monuments which mark the restless, overwhelming advance of the conquering Americans. He fought a good fight. His fame is secure upon the golden pages of history.

THE PRIVATEERS OF 1812

WILLIS J. ABBOT

THE declaration of war had hardly been made public, when the hundreds of shipyards from Maine to Savannah resounded with the blows of hammers and the grating of saws, as the shipwrights worked, busily refitting old vessels, or building new ones, destined to cruise against the commerce of John Bull. All sorts of vessels were employed in the service. The Atlantic and Gulf coasts fairly swarmed with small pilot-boats, mounting one long gun amidships, and carrying crews of twenty to forty men. These little craft made rapid sallies into the waters of the Gulf Stream, in search of British West Indiamen homeward bound. Other privateers were huge three-masters, carrying heavy batteries, and able to outsail any of the enemy's ships. On leaving port for a long cruise, these vessels would carry enormous crews, so that captured vessels might be manned and sent home. After a successful cruise, such a privateer returned to port seldom bringing more than one fifth of the crew with which she had set out. But the favorite rig for a privateer was that of the topsail schooner, — such a rig as the Enterprise carried during the war with France. The famous shipyards of Baltimore turned out scores of clean-cut, clipper-built schooners, with long, low hulls and raking masts, which straightway took to

[1] From *A Naval History of the United States*, Copyright (U.S.A.), 1886, 1887, 1888, 1896, by Dodd, Mead & Company.

the ocean on privateering cruises. The armament of these vessels generally consisted of six to ten carronades and one long pivot-gun, going by the pet name of "Long Tom," mounted amidships. The crew was usually a choice assortment of cut-throats and seafaring vagabonds of all classes, — ready enough to fight if plunder was to be gained, but equally ready to surrender if only honor was to be gained by fighting. Yet history records a few actions in which the privateersmen showed a steadiness and courage worthy of seamen of the regular service.

One of the first things to attract the attention of the reader, in the dingy files of some newspaper of 1812–15, is the grotesque names under which many of the privateers sailed. The grandiloquent style of the regular navy vanishes, and in its place we find homely names; such as Jack's Favorite, Lovely Lass, Row-Boat, Saucy Jack, or True-blooded Yankee. Some names are clearly political allusions, — as the Orders in Council, and the Fair Trade. The Black Joke, the Shark, and the Anaconda must have had a grim significance for the luckless merchantmen who fell a prey to the vessels bearing these names. Bunker Hill and Divided We Fall, though odd names to sail under, seemed to bring luck to the two vessels, which were very successful in their cruises. United We Stand was a luckless craft, however, taking only one prize; while the achievements of the Full-blooded Yankee and the Sine Qua Non were equally limited. Of the Poor Sailor, certainly little was to be expected; and it is with no surprise that we find she captured only one prize.

Among the most successful privateers was the Rossie, of Baltimore, commanded by the Revolutionary veteran,

Captain Barney, who left her, finally, to assume command of the American naval forces of Chesapeake Bay. She was a clipper-built schooner, carrying fourteen guns, and a crew of one hundred and twenty men. The destruction wrought by this one cruiser was enormous. In a ninety days' cruise she captured, sunk, or otherwise destroyed British property to the amount of a million and a half dollars, and took two hundred and seventeen prisoners. All this was not done without some hard fighting. One prize — His Britannic Majesty's packet-ship Princess Amelia — was armed with nine-pounders, and made a gallant defense before surrendering. Several men were killed, and the Rossie suffered the loss of her first lieutenant. The prisoners taken by the Rossie were exchanged for Americans captured by the British. With the first body of prisoners thus exchanged, Barney sent a cool note to the British commander at New Brunswick, assuring him that before long a second batch of his captured countrymen should be sent in.

Perhaps the foremost of all the fighting privateers was the General Armstrong, of New York; a schooner mounting eight long nines and one long twenty-four on a pivot. She had a crew of ninety men, and was commanded on her first cruise by Captain Guy R. Champlin. This vessel was one of the first to get to sea, and had cruised for several months with fair success, when in March, 1813, she gave chase to a sail off the Surinam River, on the coast of South America. The stranger seemed to evince no great desire to escape; and the privateer soon gained sufficiently to discover that the supposed merchantman was a British sloop-of-war, whose long row of open ports showed that she carried

twenty-seven guns. Champlin and his men found this a more ugly customer than they had expected; but it was too late to retreat, and to surrender was out of the question: so, calling the people to the guns, Champlin took his ship into action with a steadiness that no old naval captain could have exceeded. "Close quarters and quick work," was the word passed along the gun-deck; and the Armstrong was brought alongside her antagonist at a distance of half pistol-shot. For nearly an hour the two vessels exchanged rapid broadsides; but, though the American gunners were the better marksmen, the heavy build of the sloop-of-war enabled her to stand against broadsides which would have cut the privateer to pieces. Captain Champlin was hit in the shoulder early in the action, but kept his station until the fever of his wound forced him to retire to his cabin. However, he still continued to direct the course of the action; and, seeing that the tide of battle was surely going against him, he ordered the crew to get out the sweeps and pull away from the enemy, whose rigging was too badly cut up to enable her to give chase. This was quickly done; and the General Armstrong, though badly injured, and with her decks covered with dead and dying men, escaped, leaving her more powerful adversary to repair damages and make the best of her way home. Captain Champlin, on his arrival at New York, was the hero of the hour. For a privateer to have held out for an hour against a man-of-war was thought a feat worthy of praise from all classes of men. The merchants of the city tendered the gallant captain a dinner, and the stockholders in his vessel presented him with a costly sword.

But the General Armstrong was destined to fight yet another battle, which should far eclipse the glory of her first. A new captain was to win the laurels this time; for Captain Champlin's wound had forced him to retire, and his place was filled by Captain Samuel C. Reid. On the 26th of September, 1814, the privateer was lying at anchor in the roadstead of Fayal. Over the land that inclosed the snug harbor on three sides waved the flag of Portugal, a neutral power, but unfortunately one of insufficient strength to enforce the rights of neutrality. While the Armstrong was thus lying in the port, a British squadron, composed of the Plantagenet, seventy-four, the Rota, thirty-eight, and Carnation, eighteen, hove in sight, and soon swung into the harbor and dropped anchor. Reid watched the movements of the enemy with eager vigilance. He knew well that the protection of Portugal would not aid him in the least should the captain of that seventy-four choose to open fire upon the Armstrong. The action of the British in coming into the harbor was in itself suspicious, and the American had little doubt that the safety of his vessel was in jeopardy. While he was pacing the deck, and weighing in his mind the probability of an assault by the British, he caught sight of some unusual stir aboard the hostile ships. It was night; but the moon had risen, and by its pale light Reid saw four large barges let fall from the enemy's ships, and, manned by about forty men each, make toward his vessel. In an instant every man on the privateer was called to his post. That there was to be an attack was now certain; and the Americans determined not to give up their vessel without at least a vigorous attempt to defend her. Reid's first act was to warp his

craft under the guns of a rather dilapidated castle, which was supposed to uphold the authority of Portugal over the island and adjacent waters. Hardly had the position been gained when the foremost of the British boats came within hail, and Captain Reid shouted, "Boat ahoy! What boat's that?" No response followed the hail; and it was repeated, with the warning, "Answer, or I shall fire into you." Still the British advanced without responding; and Reid, firmly convinced that they purposed to carry his ship with a sudden dash, ordered his gunners to open on the boats with grape. This was done, and at the first volley the British turned and made off. Captain Reid then warped his vessel still nearer shore; and bending springs on her cable, so that her broadside might be kept always toward the enemy, he awaited a second attack. At midnight the enemy were seen advancing again, this time with fourteen barges and about five hundred men. While the flotilla was still at long range, the Americans opened fire upon them with the heavy "Long Tom"; and, as they came nearer, the full battery of long nine-pounders took up the fight. The carnage in the advancing boats was terrible; but the plucky Englishmen pushed on, meeting the privateer's fire with volleys of musketry and carronades. Despite the American fire, the British succeeded in getting under the bow and quarter of the Armstrong, and strove manfully to board; while the Americans fought no less bravely to keep them back. The attack became a furious hand-to-hand battle. From behind the boarding-nettings the Americans thrust pikes, and fired pistols and muskets, at their assailants, who, mounted on each other's shoulders, were hacking fiercely at the nettings

which kept them from gaining the schooner's deck. The few that managed to clamber on the taffrail of the Armstrong were thrust through and through with pikes, and hurled, thus horribly impaled, into the sea. The fighting was fiercest and deadliest on the quarter; for there were most of the enemy's boats, and there Captain Reid led the defense in person. So hot was the reception met by the British at this point that they drew off in dismay, despairing of ever gaining the privateer's deck. Hardly did Reid see the enemy thus foiled on the quarter when a chorus of British cheers from the forecastle, mingled with yells of rage, told that the enemy had succeeded in effecting a lodgment there. Calling his men about him, the gallant captain dashed forward and was soon in the front rank of the defenders, dealing furious blows with his cutlass, and crying out, "Come on, my lads, and we'll drive them into the sea." The leadership of an officer was all that the sailors needed. The three lieutenants on the forecastle had been killed or disabled, else the enemy had never come aboard. With Reid to cheer them on, the sailors rallied, and with a steady advance drove the British back into their boats. The disheartened enemy did not return to the attack, but returned to their ships, leaving behind two boats captured and two sunk. Their loss in the attack was thirty-four killed and eighty-six wounded. On the privateer were two killed and seven wounded.

But the attack was not to end here. Reid was too old a sailor to expect that the British, chagrined as they were by two repulses, were likely to leave the privateer in peace. He well knew that the withdrawal of the barges meant not an abandonment, but merely a short

discontinuance, of the attack. Accordingly he gave his crew scarcely time to rest, before he set them to work getting the schooner in trim for another battle. The wounded were carried below, and the decks cleared of splinters and wreckage. The boarding-nettings were patched up, and hung again in place. "Long Tom" had been knocked off his carriage by a carronade shot, and had to be remounted; but all was done quickly, and by morning the vessel was ready for whatever might be in store for her. The third assault was made soon after daybreak. Evidently the enemy despaired of his ability to conquer the privateersmen in a hand-to-hand battle; for this time he moved the brig Carnation up within range, and opened fire upon the schooner. The man-of-war could fire nine guns at a broadside, while the schooner could reply with but seven; but "Long Tom" proved the salvation of the privateer. The heavy twenty-four-pound shots from this gun did so much damage upon the hull of the brig that she was forced to draw out of the action; leaving the victory, for the third time, with the Americans.

But now Captain Reid decided that it was folly to longer continue the conflict. The overwhelming force of the enemy made any thought of ultimate escape folly. It only remained for the British to move the seventy-four Plantagenet into action to seal the doom of the Yankee privateer. The gallant defense already made by the Americans had cost the British nearly three hundred men in killed and wounded; and Reid now determined to destroy his vessel and escape to the shore. The great pivot-gun was accordingly pointed down the main hatch, and two heavy shots sent crashing through the

bottom. Then applying the torch, to make certain the work of destruction, the privateersmen left the ship, giving three cheers for the gallant General Armstrong, as a burst of flame and a roar told that the flames had reached her magazine.

This gallant action won loud plaudits for Captain Reid when the news reached the United States. Certainly no vessel of the regular navy was ever more bravely or skillfully defended than was the General Armstrong. But, besides the credit won for the American arms, Reid had unknowingly done his country a memorable service. The three vessels that attacked him were bound to the Gulf of Mexico, to assist in the attack upon New Orleans. The havoc Reid had wrought among their crews, and the damage he inflicted upon the Carnation, so delayed the New Orleans expedition, that General Jackson was able to gather those motley troops that fought so well on the plains of Chalmette. Had it not been for the plucky fight of the lads of the General Armstrong, the British forces would have reached New Orleans ten days earlier, and Pakenham's expedition might have ended very differently.

A narrative of the exploits of, and service done by, the American sailors in the War of 1812, would be incomplete if it said nothing of the sufferings of that great body of tars who spent the greater part of the war season confined in British prisons. Several thousand of these were thrown into confinement before the war broke out, because they refused to serve against their country in British ships. Others were prisoners of war. No exact statistics as to the number of Americans thus imprisoned have ever been made public; but the records of one great

prison — that at Dartmoor — show that, when the war closed, six thousand American seamen were imprisoned there, twenty-five hundred of whom had been detained from long before the opening of the war, on account of their refusal to join the ranks of the enemy. As I write, there lies before me a quaint little book, put out anonymously in 1815, and purporting to be the "Journal of a Young Man captured by the British." Its author, a young surgeon of Salem, named Waterhouse, shipped on a Salem privateer, and was captured early in the war. His experience with British prisons and transport ships was long; and against his jailors he brings shocking charges of brutality, cruelty, and negligence.

The Yankee seamen who were captured during the war were first consigned to receiving-prisons at the British naval stations in America. Sometimes these places of temporary detention were mouldering hulks, moored in bays or rivers; sometimes huge sheds hastily put together, and in which the prisoners were kept only by the unceasing vigilance of armed guards. "The prison at Halifax," writes Waterhouse, "erected solely for the safe-keeping of prisoners of war, resembles an horse-stable, with stalls, or stanchions, for keeping the cattle from each other. It is to a contrivance of this sort that they attach the cords that support those canvas bags or cradles, called hammocks. Four tiers of these hanging nests were made to hang, one above the other, between these stalls, or stanchions. . . . The general hum and confused noise from almost every hammock was at first very distressing. Some would be lamenting their hard fate at being shut up like negro slaves in a Guinea ship, or like fowls in a hen-coop, for no crime, but for fighting

the battles of their country; others, late at night, were relating their adventures to a new prisoner; others, lamenting their aberrations from rectitude, and disobedience to parents, and headstrong willfulness, that drove them to sea, contrary to their parents' wish; while others, of the younger class, were sobbing out their lamentations at the thoughts of what their mothers and sisters suffered after knowing of their imprisonment. Not unfrequently the whole night was spent in this way; and when, about daybreak, the weary prisoner fell into a doze, he was waked from his slumber by the grinding noise of the locks, and the unbarring of the doors, with the cry of 'Turn out! All out!' when each man took down his hammock, and lashed it up, and slung it on his back, and was ready to answer to the roll-call of the turnkey."

From prisons such as this the prisoners were conveyed in droves to England, in the holds of men-of-war and transports. Poorly fed, worse housed, and suffering for lack of air and room, their agony on the voyage was terrible. When they were allowed a few hours' time on deck, they were sure to arouse the anger of the officers by turbulent conduct or imprudent retorts. "One morning as the general and captain of the Regulus [transport] were walking as usual on the quarter-deck, one of our Yankee boys passed along the galley with his kid of burgoo. He rested it on the hatchway while he adjusted the rope ladder to descend with his swill. The thing attracted the attention of the general, who asked the man how many of his comrades ate of that quantity for their breakfast. 'Six, sir,' said the man, 'but it is fit food only for hogs.' This answer affronted the cap-

tain, who asked the man in an angry tone, 'What part of America he came from?' 'Near to Bunker Hill, sir, if you ever heard of that place,' was the answer." On another occasion, a Yankee and a slightly wounded British marine got into a dispute, and came to blows. The British captain saw the occurrence, and accused the American of cowardice in striking a wounded man. "I am no coward, sir," said the Yankee. "I was captain of a gun on board the Constitution when she captured the Guerrière, and afterward when she took the Java. Had I been a coward, I should not have been there."

On one occasion the prisoners on the transport Crown Prince, lying in the river Medway, took an uncontrollable dislike to the commander of a second transport lying close alongside. Their spite was gratified quickly and with great effect. The rations served out to the luckless captives of that time consisted of fish and cold potatoes. The latter edible, being of rather poor quality, the prisoners reserved for missiles; and the obnoxious officer could not pace his quarter-deck without being made a mark for a shower of potatoes. Vainly did he threaten to call up his marines and respond with powder and lead; the Americans were not to be kept down; and for some days the harassed officer hardly dared to show himself upon deck.

The place of final detention for most of the prisoners taken in the war with America was Dartmoor Prison; a rambling collection of huge frame buildings, surrounded by double walls of wood. The number of prisoners confined there, and the length of time which many of them had spent within its walls, gave this place many of the characteristics of a small State, with rulers and

officials of its own. One of the strangest characters of the prison was King Dick, a gigantic negro, who ruled over the five or six hundred prisoners. "He is six feet five inches in height," says one of the prisoners, "and proportionally large. This black Hercules commands respect, and his subjects tremble in his presence. He goes the rounds every day, and visits every berth, to see if they are all kept clean. When he goes the rounds, he puts on a large bear-skin cap, and carries in his hand a huge club. If any of his men are dirty, drunken, or grossly negligent, he threatens them with a beating; and if they are saucy, they are sure to receive one. They have several times conspired against him, and attempted to dethrone him; but he has always conquered the rebels. One night several attacked him while asleep in his hammock: he sprang up, and seized the smallest by his feet, and thumped another with him. The poor negro, who had thus been made a beetle of, was carried the next day to the hospital, sadly bruised, and provokingly laughed at." King Dick, to further uphold his dignity as a monarch, had his private chaplain, who followed his royal master about, and on Sundays preached rude but vigorous sermons to His Majesty's court. On week-days the court was far from being a dignified gathering. King Dick was a famous athlete, and in the cock-loft, over which he reigned, was to be seen fine boxing and fencing. Gambling, too, was not ruled out of the royal list of amusements; and the cries of the players, mingled with the singing of the negroes, and the sounds of the musical instruments upon which they played, made that section of the prison a veritable pandemonium.

But although some few incidents occurred to brighten

momentarily the dull monotony of the prisoners' lot, the life of these unfortunate men, while thus imprisoned, was miserable and hateful to them. Months passed, and even years, but there seemed to be no hope for release. At last came the news of the declaration of peace. How great then was the rejoicing! Thoughts of home, of friends and kindred, flooded the minds of all; and even strong men, whom the hardships of prison-life had not broken down, seemed to give way all at once to tears of joy. But the delays of official action, "red-tape," and the sluggishness of travel in that day, kept the poor fellows pent up for months after the treaty of peace had been announced to them. Nor were they to escape without suffering yet more severely at the hands of their jailors. Three months had passed since peace had been declared; and the long delay so irritated the prisoners, that they chafed under prison restraint, and showed evidences of a mutinous spirit. The guards, to whom was intrusted the difficult task of keeping in subjection six thousand impatient and desperate men, grew nervous, fearing that at any moment the horde of prisoners would rise and sweep away all before them. An outbreak was imminent; and the prisoners were like a magazine of gunpowder, needing but a spark of provocation to explode. On April 6, 1815, matters reached a crisis. The soldiers, losing all presence of mind, fired on the defenseless Americans, killing five men and wounding thirty-four. Thus the last blood shed in the War of 1812 was the blood of unarmed prisoners. But the massacre, horrible and inexcusable as it was, had the effect of hastening the release of the survivors; and soon the last of the captives was on his way home.

THE "HORSE-MARINES" OF 1814

BY JOHN BACH McMASTER

[During the latter part of the War of 1812, the British maintained a rigorous blockade of the Atlantic Coast.

The Editor.]

The interruption of the coasting trade was indeed a very serious affair. For years past that trade had given occupation to thousands of coasters and tens of thousands of sailors. The shoes made at Lynn, the Yankee notions of Connecticut, the cotton cards, the domestic cottons, the playing-cards, produced in New England, the flour of the Middle States, the East India goods brought in from abroad, had found a ready market at Charleston, Savannah, and Augusta, whence great quantities of rice and cotton were brought North. On the arrival of the British fleet this trade, no longer to be carried on in safety by water, began, of necessity, to be carried on by land. At first some merchants at Boston, having chartered a few wagons, dispatched them with loads to Philadelphia, and even to Baltimore. This was enough. The hint was taken. A new industry sprang up, and by the early summer the roads leading southward exhibited one continuous stream of huge canvas-covered wagons tugged along by double and triple teams of horses or of oxen. No distance was then too great, and hundreds of them wound their way from Salem and Boston to Augusta and Savannah. An estimate made toward the close of the year places the number of wagons

thus employed at four thousand, and the number of cattle, horses, and oxen at twenty thousand. Nor does this seem excessive; for a traveler who drove from New York to Richmond declares that he passed two hundred and sixty wagons on the way.

Such was the stream that the good people of the New England towns along the post-road from Boston to New York, scandalized at the wagons that went creaking through their streets every Sabbath, cried out that the tithing-men must do their duty. Since the days of the turnpike and quick-packet stage the laws against traveling on the Sabbath had, even in Connecticut, been suffered to go unenforced. Here and there, indeed, a tithing-man of the old school would quiet his conscience by calling out, Sunday after Sunday, to the driver of the regular four-horse Boston packet, as, loaded with passengers and with steeds at full gallop, it came clattering down the main streets of his native village. But no driver was foolish enough to heed him, and the matter was forgotten by the time the cloud of dust raised by the coach had settled. His inability to cope, single-handed, with a coach and four at full speed satisfied the town that he had done his utmost to enforce the law. But no such excuse applied to a heavily loaded wagon drawn by six oxen, driven by one man on foot, and the law began to be rigorously applied. In Fairfield and Weathersfield that was especially the case, and these two towns soon became the dread of every wagoner whom Fate brought to them on Sunday.

Delays of this sort, coupled with the more serious detentions caused by the unfitness of the wretched ferry-boats on the great rivers to do the work they were thus

suddenly called on to perform, did much to prolong the journey, which must at best have been slow. Even at New York, which now boasted of a steam ferry-boat to Paulus Hook, as many as eight and fifteen wagons were often to be seen drawn up in line at the ferry waiting a chance to cross. On several occasions the wagons stood for three days in the street, and so obstructed travel that the teamsters were arrested and fined ten dollars each for blocking the highways. During the summer, when the roads were at their best, the trip from Boston to Baltimore was made in twenty-six days, from Baltimore to Richmond in ten days, and from Baltimore to Augusta in thirty-three days. Two months were thus consumed on the road between Boston and Augusta. From New York to Augusta the journey was usually made in fifty days, and from Philadelphia in forty-five. That merchants whose cargoes of boots and shoes, whose boxes of India goods, cotton goods, tinware, hardware, and fancy goods were thus entrusted to the honesty of unknown wagoners should be most anxious to follow them in their slow progress southward, was most natural. It was seriously suggested, therefore, that the owners of the wagons should name them, as in the case of ships, keep a rough log in which to enter the names of other wagons met on the road, their destination and their condition, and report to the newspapers of each town and city they passed through. All this information should then be published and copied by newspaper after newspaper for the benefit of shippers. This was done, and in a few weeks every wagon had a name, serious or humorous, according to the temper of the owner. There was Teazer and Split-Log, Commerce

Renewed and Old Times, Neptune Metamorphosed, Toe-the-Mark, Mud-Clipper, Sailor's Misery, Cleopatra, Tecumthe, Serveall, Jefferson's Pride, and Don't give up the Ship. Entering into the humor of the thing, others procured great streamers bearing the words, "Free Trade and Teamsters' Rights," "Free Trade and Oxen's Rights," "No Impressment," and hung them to the sides of their wagons. Taking up the jest, the newspapers now began to record the arrival and departure of the wagons in the columns once devoted to ship news, under the headings, "Horse-Marine Intelligence," "Horse-and-Ox Marine News," "Jeffersonian Commerce." Every wagon team was a "fleet of fast-sailing wagons," to be regularly "cleared" at each city on its route. Every teamster now became a "captain," whose adventures on the way were duly published as a log in some such form as this: "Port of Salem. Arrived the three-horse-ship Dreadnaught, Captain David Allen, sixteen days from New York. Spoke in the latitude of Weathersfield the Crispin, Friend Alley master, from New York, bound homeward to Lynn, but detained and waiting trial for breach of the Sabbath." "The late northeaster has laid an embargo on many wagons. Saw several scudding under bare poles." "Sunday, seventeenth instant, at eleven A.M., Weathersfield meeting-house bearing west, northerly twenty rods, the graves just under our lee, was boarded from a Government cutter called the Tithing-Man, who put a prize-master on board and ordered us to the first tavern. There, notwithstanding the law that free gigs made free passengers, was detained till midnight, when, upon paying the innkeeper's fees, was released." Others

contain accounts of "boardings" and "overhaulings" and "searchings" by custom-house officers, who are invariably called "*douaniers*" by the Federalists' prints. If the cargo was not of English make and smuggled, the teamster would submit with a good grace, and perhaps even court investigation.

Thus a story was told of a wagoner who, when stopped and asked, "What are you loaded with?" replied, "Quintals of pollock, casks of oil, and dry goods from Eastport." "Dry goods from Eastport!" exclaimed the *douanier;* "they must be smuggled!"

The wagoner protested that they were of American make; but the boxes were broken open, and were found to contain, not Yorkshire broadcloth and Irish linens, but dried herrings.

That all these things should go unnoticed by the verse-makers and ballad-writers of the day was impossible. Indeed, they seized upon the opportunity with eagerness, and provided the new captains with as fine a set of catches as had ever belonged to their brethren of the sea.

The favorite was a parody of that stirring hymn of Campbell which begins, "Ye mariners of England, that guard our native seas!"

> Ye wagoners of Freedom,
>   Whose chargers chew the cud,
> Whose wheels have braved a dozen years,
>   The gravel and the mud;
> Your glorious hawbucks yoke again
>   To take another jag,
> And scud through the mud,
>   Where the heavy wheels do drag;
> Where the wagon creak is long and low,
>   And the jaded oxen lag.

THE UNITED STATES

Columbia needs no wooden walls,
  No ships where billows swell;
Her march is like a terrapin's,
  Her home is in her shell.
To guard her trade and sailors' rights,
  In woods she spreads her flag.

VI

A PERIOD OF GROWTH AND EXPANSION

HISTORICAL NOTE

The purchase of the Louisiana Territory had aroused much interest in the West, and as time passed, thousands of settlers made their way thither and also to the Southwest. The ideal farm was, of course, situated on a river, that produce might be carried by boat, the only easy way of transportation in the early days. The Mississippi was a great avenue of trade; and into it there came from the Ohio, the Missouri, the Tennessee, and the Cumberland, water craft of all sorts, from rafts to steamboats, and all on their way to New Orleans to dispose of their cargoes.

Very little of this great amount of trade with the West came to the Eastern States, for lack of water communication, and at length it was decided to dig a canal from the Hudson River to Lake Erie. This canal, which was completed in 1825, greatly stimulated the growth of the West and made New York the commercial center of the United States.

An invention that was destined to do even more than the canals and steamboats toward opening up the West was the steam engine. In 1830 there were twenty-three miles of railroad in the United States, in 1840 there were 2818, and during the next two decades the mileage was doubled every five years. The little group of colonies that had clung to the Atlantic Coast was fast becoming a mighty nation that would soon stretch from shore to shore.

THE OPENING OF THE ERIE CANAL

BY JOHN BACH McMASTER

After eight years of persistent labor, "the big ditch," so constantly the subject of ridicule, was finished, and in June the gates at Black Rock were opened and the waters of Lake Erie for the first time were admitted into the western division. Later in the month the capstone of that splendid chain of locks at Lockport was laid with masonic ceremonies, but it was not till October that the canal from end to end was thrown open to the public.

The celebration of the opening began at Buffalo, where, on the twenty-sixth of the month, a procession of citizens and militia escorted the orator and the invited guests to a gayly decorated fleet lying in wait on the canal. On the Seneca Chief, which headed the line, were two painted kegs full of water from Lake Erie. Behind it were the Superior, the Commodore Perry, the Buffalo, and the Lion of the West, a veritable Noah's ark, containing a bear, two eagles, two fawns, two Indian boys, birds, and fish — all typical of the products of the West before the advent of the white man. When the address had been made the signal was given, and the Seneca Chief, drawn by four gray horses, started eastward on a most memorable journey. As the fleet moved slowly along the canal, saluted by music, musketry, and the cheers of the crowd on the bank, the news was carried to the metropolis by the reports of a continuous line of cannon placed along the canal to Albany and down the

Hudson to New York. When the last gun was fired at the Battery, the forts in the harbor returned the salute, and the news that New York had heard the tidings was sent back to Buffalo by a second cannonade. The progress of the little fleet was one continuous ovation, as town after town along the route vied with each other in manifestations of delight. From Albany an escort of gayly dressed steamboats accompanied the fleet down the river to New York, where the entire population, increased by thirty thousand strangers, turned out to receive it, and whence thousands, boarding every kind of craft, went down the bay to Sandy Hook. There Governor Clinton, lifting the kegs from the deck of the Seneca Chief, poured their contents into the sea, saying as he did so: "This solemnity at this place, on the first arrival of vessels from Lake Erie, is intended to indicate and commemorate the navigable communication which has been accomplished between our Mediterranean Seas and the Atlantic Ocean, in about eight years, to the extent of more than four hundred and twenty-five miles by the public spirit and energy of the people of the State of New York, and may the God of the heavens and the earth smile propitiously on this work and render it subservient to the best interests of the human race."

This ceremony over and a grand salute fired, the boats returned to the city, where a fine industrial parade, to which each trade society furnished a float with artisans at work, closed the day. At night there were balls, parties, dinners, and illuminations.

THE GUEST OF THE NATION

BY DANIEL WEBSTER

[In 1824–25 Lafayette was the guest of the United States. He visited every State and was welcomed wherever he went as the friend of the nation. Congress presented him with two hundred thousand dollars and twenty-four thousand acres of fertile land. June 17, 1825, on the fiftieth anniversary of the battle of Bunker Hill, the cornerstone of the monument was laid. Daniel Webster was the orator of the day, and as he spoke the following words, Lafayette rose and remained standing until they were ended.

The Editor.]

Sir, we are assembled to commemorate the establishment of great public principles of liberty, and to do honor to the distinguished dead. The occasion is too severe for eulogy of the living. But, sir, your interesting relation to this country, the peculiar circumstances which surround you and surround us, call on me to express the happiness which we derive from your presence, and aid in this solemn commemoration.

Fortunate, fortunate man! with what measure of devotion will you not thank God for the circumstances of your extraordinary life! You are connected with both hemispheres and with two generations. Heaven saw fit to ordain that the electric spark of liberty should be conducted, through you, from the New World to the Old; and we, who are now here to perform this duty of patriotism, have all of us long ago received it in charge from our fathers to cherish your name and your virtues.

You will account it an instance of your good fortune, sir, that you crossed the seas to visit us at a time which enables you to be present at this solemnity. You now behold the field, the renown of which reached you in the heart of France, and caused a thrill in your ardent bosom. You see the lines of the little redoubt thrown up by the incredible diligence of Prescott; defended, to the last extremity, by his lion-hearted valor; and within which the cornerstone of our monument had now taken its position. You see where Warren fell, and where Parker, Gardner, McCleary, Moore, and other early patriots fell with him. Those who survived that day, and whose lives have been prolonged to the present hour, are now around you. Some of them you have known in the trying scenes of the war. Behold! they now stretch forth their feeble arms to embrace you. Behold! they raise their trembling voices to invoke the blessing of God on you and yours forever.

Sir, you have assisted us in laying the foundation of this structure. You have heard us rehearse, with our feeble commendation, the names of departed patriots. Monuments and eulogy belong to the dead. We give them this day to Warren and his associates. On other occasions they have been given to your more immediate companions in arms, to Washington, to Greene, to Gates, to Sullivan, and to Lincoln. We have become reluctant to grant these, our highest and last honors, further. We would gladly hold them yet back from the little remnant of that immortal band. *Serus in cœlum redeas.* Illustrious as are your merits, yet far, O, very far distant be the day, when any inscription shall bear your name, or any tongue pronounce its eulogy!

THE HIGHEST PEAK OF THE ROCKY MOUNTAINS

BY JOHN CHARLES FRÉMONT

[In 1842, John Charles Frémont was sent by the Government to explore the Rocky Mountains. On this journey his great feat was the ascent of the highest peak of the range, afterwards called Frémont's Peak, 13,570 feet above sea-level.

The Editor.]

I determined to leave our animals here and make the rest of our way on foot. The peak appeared so near that there was no doubt of our returning before night; and a few men were left in charge of the mules, with our provisions and blankets. We took with us nothing but our arms and instruments, and, as the day had become warm, the greater part left their coats. Having made an early dinner, we started again. We were soon involved in the most ragged precipices, nearing the central chain very slowly, and rising but little. The first ridge had a succession of others; and when, with great fatigue and difficulty, we had climbed up five hundred feet, it was but to make an equal descent on the other side. All these intervening places were filled with small deep lakes, which met the eye in every direction, descending from one level to another, sometimes under bridges formed by huge fragments of granite, beneath which was heard the roar of the water. These constantly obstructed our path, forcing us to make long détours, frequently

obliged to retrace our steps, and frequently falling among the rocks. Maxwell was precipitated toward the face of a precipice, and saved himself from going over by throwing himself flat on the ground. We clambered on, always expecting with every ridge that we crossed to reach the foot of the peaks, and always disappointed, until about four o'clock, when, pretty well worn out, we reached the shore of a little lake in which there was a rocky island. We remained here a short time to rest, and continued on around the lake, which had in some places a beach of white sand, and in others was bound with rocks, over which the way was difficult and dangerous, as the water from innumerable springs made them very slippery.

By the time we had reached the farther side of the lake, we found ourselves all exceedingly fatigued, and, much to the satisfaction of the whole party, we encamped. The spot we had chosen was a broad, flat rock, in some measure protected from the winds by the surrounding crags, and the trunks of fallen pines afforded us bright fires. Near by was a foaming torrent which tumbled into the little lake about one hundred and fifty feet below us, and which, by way of distinction, we have called Island Lake. We had reached the upper limit of the piney region; as above this point no tree was to be seen, and patches of snow lay everywhere around us on the cold sides of the rocks. The flora of the region we had traversed since leaving our mules was extremely rich, and among the characteristic plants the scarlet flowers of the *Dodecatheon dentatum* everywhere met the eye in great abundance. A small green ravine, on the edge of which we were encamped, was filled with a pro-

fusion of alpine plants in brilliant bloom. From barometrical observations made during our three days' sojourn at this place, its elevation above the Gulf of Mexico is ten thousand feet. During the day we heard what was supposed to be the bleat of a young goat, which we searched for with hungry activity, and found to proceed from a small animal of a gray color, with short ears and no tail, — probably the Siberian squirrel. We saw a considerable number of them, and, with the exception of a small bird like a sparrow, it is the only inhabitant of this elevated part of the mountains. On our return we saw below this lake large flocks of the mountain goat. We had nothing to eat to-night. Lajeunesse with several others took their guns and sallied out in search of a goat, but returned unsuccessful. At sunset the barometer stood at 20.522; the attached thermometer, 50°. Here we had the misfortune to break our thermometer, having now only that attached to the barometer. I was taken ill shortly after we had encamped, and continued so until late in the night, with violent headache and vomiting. This was probably caused by the excessive fatigue I had undergone and want of food, and perhaps also in some measure by the rarity of the air. The night was cold, as a violent gale from the north had sprung up at sunset, which entirely blew away the heat of the fires. The cold and our granite beds had not been favorable to sleep, and we were glad to see the face of the sun in the morning. Not being delayed by any preparation for breakfast, we set out immediately.

On every side as we advanced was heard the roar of waters and of a torrent, which we followed up a short distance until it expended into a lake about one mile in

length. On the northern side of the lake was a bank of ice, or rather of snow covered with a crust of ice. Carson had been our guide into the mountains, and agreeably to his advice we left this little valley and took to the ridges again, which we found extremely broken and where we were again involved among precipices. Here were ice fields; among which we were all dispersed, seeking each the best path to ascend the peak. Mr. Preuss attempted to walk along the upper edge of one of these fields, which sloped away at an angle of about twenty degrees; but his feet slipped from under him and he went plunging down the plane. A few hundred feet below, at the bottom, were some fragments of sharp rock, on which he landed, and, though he turned a couple of somersaults, fortunately received no injury beyond a few bruises. Two of the men, Clement Lambert and Descoteaux, had been taken ill, and lay down on the rocks a short distance below; and at this point I was attacked with headache and giddiness, accompanied by vomiting, as on the day before. Finding myself unable to proceed, I sent the barometer over to Mr. Preuss, who was in a gap two or three hundred yards distant, desiring him to reach the peak, if possible, and take an observation there. He found himself unable to proceed farther in that direction, and took an observation where the barometer stood at 19.401; attached thermometer, 50° in the gap. Carson, who had gone over to him, succeeded in reaching one of the snowy summits of the main ridge, whence he saw the peak toward which all our efforts had been directed towering eight or ten hundred feet into the air above him. In the mean time, finding myself grow rather worse than better, and

doubtful how far my strength would carry me, I sent Basil Lajeunesse with four men back to the place where the mules had been left.

We were now better acquainted with the topography of the country; and I directed him to bring back with him, if it were in any way possible, four or five mules, with provisions and blankets. With me were Maxwell and Ayer; and, after we had remained nearly an hour on the rock, it became so unpleasantly cold, though the day was bright, that we set out on our return to the camp, at which we all arrived safely, straggling in one after the other. I continued ill during the afternoon, but became better toward sundown, when my recovery was completed by the appearance of Basil and four men, all mounted. The men who had gone with him had been too much fatigued to return, and were relieved by those in charge of the horses; but in his powers of endurance Basil resembled more a mountain goat than a man. They brought blankets and provisions, and we enjoyed well our dried meat and a cup of good coffee. We rolled ourselves up in our blankets, and, with our feet turned to a blazing fire, slept soundly until morning.

August 15. — It had been supposed that we had finished with the mountains; and the evening before it had been arranged that Carson should set out at daylight, and return to breakfast at the Camp of the Mules, taking with him all but four or five men, who were to stay with me and bring back the mules and instruments. Accordingly, at the break of day they set out. With Mr. Preuss and myself remained Basil Lajeunesse, Clement Lambert, Janisse, and Descoteaux. When we had secured strength for the day by a hearty breakfast, we

covered what remained, which was enough for one meal, with rocks, in order that it might be safe from any marauding bird, and, saddling our mules, turned our faces once more toward the peaks. This time we determined to proceed quietly and cautiously, deliberately resolved to accomplish our object, if it were within the compass of human means. We were of opinion that a long defile which lay to the left of yesterday's route would lead us to the foot of the main peak. Our mules had been refreshed by the fine grass in the little ravine at the island camp, and we intended to ride up the defile as far as possible, in order to husband our strength for the main ascent. Though this was a fine passage, still it was a defile of the most rugged mountains known, and we had many a rough and steep slippery place to cross before reaching the end. In this place the sun rarely shone. Snow lay along the border of the small stream which flowed through it, and occasional icy passages made the footing of the mules very insecure; and the rocks and ground were moist with the trickling waters in this spring of mighty rivers. We soon had the satisfaction to find ourselves riding along the huge wall which forms the central summits of the chain. There at last it rose by our side, a nearly perpendicular wall of granite, terminating two to three thousand feet above our heads in a serrated line of broken, jagged cones. We rode on until we came almost immediately below the main peak, which I denominated the Snow Peak, as it exhibited more snow to the eye than any of the neighboring summits. Here were three small lakes of a green color, each of perhaps a thousand yards in diameter, and apparently very deep. These lay in a kind of chasm; and,

according to the barometer, we had attained but a few hundred feet above the Island Lake. The barometer here stood at 20.450; attached thermometer, 70°.

We managed to get our mules up to a little bench about a hundred feet above the lakes, where there was a patch of good grass, and turned them loose to graze. During our rough ride to this place, they had exhibited a wonderful surefootedness. Parts of the defile were filled with angular, sharp fragments of rock, — three or four and eight or ten feet cube, — and among these they had worked their way, leaping from one narrow point to another, rarely making a false step, and giving us no occasion to dismount. Having divested ourselves of every unnecessary encumbrance, we commenced the ascent. This time, like experienced travelers, we did not press ourselves, but climbed leisurely, sitting down so soon as we found breath beginning to fail. At intervals we reached places where a number of springs gushed from the rocks, and about eighteen hundred feet above the lakes came to the snow line. From this point our progress was uninterrupted climbing. Hitherto I had worn a pair of thick moccasins, with soles of *parflêche;* but here I put on a light, thin pair which I had brought for the purpose, as now the use of our toes became necessary to a farther advance. I availed myself of a sort of comb of the mountain, which stood against the wall like a buttress, and which the wind and the solar radiation, joined to the steepness of the smooth rock, had kept almost entirely free from snow. Up this I made my way rapidly. Our cautious method of advancing in the outset had spared my strength; and, with the exception of a slight disposition

to headache, I felt no remains of yesterday's illness. In a few minutes we reached a point where the buttress was overhanging, and there was no other way of surmounting the difficulty than by passing around one side of it, which was the face of a vertical precipice of several hundred feet.

Putting hands and feet in the crevices between the blocks, I succeeded in getting over it, and, when I reached the top, found my companions in a small valley below. Descending to them, we continued climbing, and in a short time reached the crest. I sprang upon the summit, and another step would have precipitated me into an immense snow field five hundred feet below. To the edge of this field was a sheer icy precipice; and then, with a gradual fall, the field sloped off for about a mile, until it struck the foot of another lower ridge. I stood on a narrow crest, about three feet in width, with an inclination of about 20° N. 51 E. As soon as I had gratified the first feelings of curiosity, I descended, and each man ascended in his turn; for I would allow only one at a time to mount the unstable and precarious slab, which it seemed a breath would hurl into the abyss below. We mounted the barometer in the snow of the summit, and, fixing a ramrod in a crevice, unfurled the national flag to wave in the breeze where never flag waved before.

THE FIRST TELEGRAM

BY R. M. DEVENS

The announcement of the invention [the telegraph] and its astonishing capacity, was for a long time the most prominent theme of public and private discussion, admiration being largely mingled with blank incredulity and not a little ridicule. Even in Congress, in the application of Professor Morse for government aid, to enable him to demonstrate the value of his invention by constructing a line between Washington and Baltimore, in 1838, there were not wanting learned legislators who treated the idea as a mere chimera. It was the same Congress of which Espy, the "Storm King," was asking assistance, to test his favorite theory, then so prominently discussed.

Both Morse and Espy, says a writer of that time and the event, became the butt of ridicule, the target of merciless arrows of wit. They were voted downright bores, and the idea of giving them money was pronounced farcical. They were considered monomaniacs, and as such were laughed at, punned upon, and made the standing staple for jokes. One morning, however, a gentleman rose from his seat in the House, — quite to the astonishment of everybody, for he had never been known to speak before, unless it was to vote or to address the Speaker, — and said, "I hold in my hand a resolution, which I respectfully offer for the consideration of the House." In a moment a page was at his desk, and

the resolution was transferred to the Speaker and by him delivered to the Clerk, who read as follows: "Resolved, That the Committee of Ways and Means be instructed to inquire into the expediency of appropriating thirty thousand dollars, to enable Professor Morse to establish a line of telegraph between Washington and Baltimore." The gentleman who offered it was Mr. Ferris, one of the New York Representatives, a man of wealth and learning, but modest, retiring, and diffident.

This being merely a resolution of inquiry, it passed without opposition, and, out of regard to the mover, without comment. In time, it came before the committee, all the members of which had, by their public services and brilliant talents, acquired a national reputation. The clerk of the committee read the resolution. The chairman, Mr. Fillmore, in a clear, distinct voice, said, "Gentlemen, what disposition shall be made of it?" There was a dead pause around the table. No one seemed inclined to take the initiative. It was expected that, inasmuch as the mover of the resolution in the House was a Democrat, the Democratic side of the committee would stand godfather to it there. But not a bit of it. They felt that the whole thing was preposterous and deserving of no countenance. At length, one on the other side broke the ominous silence by moving that the committee instruct the chairman to report a bill to the House, appropriating thirty thousand dollars for the purpose named in the resolution.

This movement [motion] "brought them all up standing!" No speeches were made. The question was called for. The yeas and nays were taken alphabetically,

and, as four had voted on the affirmative side, and four on the negative, it fell to the lot of Governor Wallace, of Indiana, whose name came last on the list, to decide the question. He, however, had paid no attention to the matter, and, like the majority of people, considered it a great humbug. He had not the faintest idea of the importance to his country of the vote he was to cast. But as fortune would have it, the thought came to mind that Mr. Morse was even then experimenting in the Capitol with the "new-fangled invention," having stretched a wire from the basement story to the anteroom of the Senate Chamber. It was therefore in Governor Wallace's power to satisfy himself at once in regard to the question of feasibility, and he determined to try it. He asked leave to consider his vote. This was granted. He immediately went to the antechamber, which was found crowded with Representatives and strangers. Governor Wallace requested permission to put a question to the "madman" (Morse) at the other end of the wire. It was granted immediately. He wrote the question and handed it to the telegrapher. The crowd cried, "Read! Read!" In a very short time the answer was received. When written out by the operator, the same cry of "Read it! Read it!" went up from the crowd.

To his utter astonishment, Governor Wallace found that the madman at that end of the wire had more wit and force than the Congressman at the other — the laugh was turned completely upon the committeeman. But, as Western men are rarely satisfied with one fall, — not less than two failures out of three attempts forcing from them any acknowledgment of defeat, — the

governor put a second question, and there came a second answer. If the first raised a laugh at his expense, the second converted that laugh into a roar and a shout. He was more than satisfied. Picking up his hat, he bowed himself out of the crowd, the good-natured shout following him as he passed along the passages and halls of the Capitol.

As a matter of course, Governor Wallace voted in the affirmative of the motion then pending before the committee, and it prevailed. The chairman reported the bill, the House and Senate concurred in its passage, and thus was Professor Morse successful in this his last struggle to demonstrate the practicability of — as it has proved — the most amazing invention of the age, the electro-magnetic telegraph. If the committee had ignored the proposition, there is no telling what would have been the result. That the experiment would have been finally made, no one can entertain a doubt. But when or by whom is the question. It was not within the range of ordinary individual fortune to make it, and, if it was, none but Professor Morse would have hazarded it.

It appears, however, that Professor Morse came to the last stage of discouragement, in the prosecution of his appeal to Congress, before light finally broke in upon him. On the very last day of the session, the bill relating to his case was the one hundred and twentieth on the Senate docket, to be acted upon in course. Concerning this scene, a writer in "Harper's Monthly" states, that during the day, Professor Morse watched the course of legislation from the gallery with nervous trepidation and the deepest anxiety. At length, worn out by the inter-

minable discussion of some Senator who seemed to be speaking against time, and overcome by his prolonged watching, he left the gallery at a late hour and went to his lodgings, under the belief that it was not possible his bill could be reached, and that he must again turn his attention to those labors of the brush and easel by means of which he might be enabled to prosecute appeals to Congress at a future time. He accordingly made his preparations to return to New York on the following morning, and retiring to rest, sank into a profound slumber, from which he did not awake until a late hour on the following morning. But a short time after, while seated at the breakfast-table, the servant announced that a lady desired to see him. Upon entering the parlor, he found Miss Annie Ellsworth, the daughter of the Commissioner of Patents, whose face was all aglow with pleasure.

"I have come to congratulate you," she remarked, as he entered the room and approached to shake hands with her.

"To congratulate me!" replied Mr. Morse, "and for what?"

"Why, upon the passage of your bill, to be sure," she replied.

"You must surely be mistaken; for I left at a late hour, and its fate seemed inevitable."

"Indeed I am not mistaken," she rejoined; "father remained until the close of the session, and your bill was the very last that was acted on, and I begged permission to carry to you the news. I am *so* happy that I am the first to tell you so."

The feelings of Professor Morse may be better imag-

ined than described. He grasped his young companion warmly by the hand, and thanked her over and over again for the joyful intelligence, saying —

"As a reward for being the first bearer of this news, you shall send over the telegraph the first message it conveys."

"I will hold you to that promise," replied she; "remember!"

"Remember!" responded Professor Morse; and they parted.

The plans of Mr. Morse were now altogether changed. His journey homeward was abandoned, and he set to work to carry out the project of establishing the line of electro-telegraph, between Washington and Baltimore, authorized by the bill. His first idea was to convey the wires, inclosed in a leaden tube, beneath the ground. He had already arranged a plan by which the wires, insulated by a covering of cotton saturated in gum shellac, were to be inserted into leaden pipes in the process of casting. But after the expenditure of several thousand dollars, and much delay, this plan was given up, and the one now in use, of extending them on poles, adopted.

By the month of May, 1844, the whole line was laid, and magnets and recording instruments were attached to the ends of the wires at Mount Clare Depot, Baltimore, and at the Supreme Court Chamber, in the Capitol at Washington. When the circuit was complete and the signal at the one end of the line was responded to by the operator at the other, Mr. Morse sent a messenger to Miss Ellsworth to inform her that the telegraph awaited her message. She speedily responded to

this, and sent for transmission the following, which was the first formal dispatch ever sent through a telegraphic wire connecting remote places with each other: —

"WHAT HATH GOD WROUGHT!"

The original of the message is now in the archives of the Historical Society at Hartford, Connecticut. The practicability and utility of the invention were now clearly and firmly established.

A LITTLE SCOTCH PIONEER IN WISCONSIN

[The first half of the nineteenth century]

BY JOHN MUIR

[The thought of striking out into the wilderness to make a home has a certain fascination, but whoever attempts it must look forward to years of hard labor before he can see much fruit of his toil. The following account of the first years on a new farm has been chosen as presenting a typical picture of pioneer life in its struggle to transform forests and prairies into the fertile farms that have been the chief source of the nation's wealth.

The Editor.]

I was put to the plough at the age of twelve, when my head reached but little above the handles, and for many years I had to do the greater part of the ploughing. It was hard work for so small a boy; nevertheless, as good ploughing was exacted from me as if I were a man, and very soon I had to become a good ploughman, or rather ploughboy. None could draw a straighter furrow. For the first few years the work was particularly hard on account of the tree-stumps that had to be dodged. Later the stumps were all dug and chopped out to make way for the McCormick reaper, and because I proved to be the best chopper and stump-digger I had nearly all of it to myself. It was dull, hard work leaning over on my knees all day, chopping out those tough oak and hickory stumps, deep down below the crowns of the big roots. Some, though fortunately not many, were two feet or more in diameter.

And as I was the eldest boy, the greater part of all the other hard work of the farm quite naturally fell on me. I had to split rails for long lines of zigzag fences. The trees that were tall enough and straight enough to afford one or two logs ten feet long were used for rails, the others, too knotty or cross-grained, were disposed of in log and cordwood fences. Making rails was hard work and required no little skill. I used to cut and split a hundred a day from our short, knotty oak timber, swinging the axe and heavy mallet, often with sore hands, from early morning to night. Father was not successful as a rail-splitter. After trying the work with me a day or two, he in despair left it all to me. I rather liked it, for I was proud of my skill, and tried to believe that I was as tough as the timber I mauled, though this and other heavy jobs stopped my growth, and earned for me the title "Runt of the family."

In those early days, long before the great labor-saving machines came to our help, almost everything connected with wheat-raising abounded in trying work, — cradling in the long, sweaty dog-days, raking and binding, stacking, thrashing, — and it often seemed to me that our fierce, over-industrious way of getting the grain from the ground was too closely connected with grave-digging. The staff of life, naturally beautiful, oftentimes suggested the grave-digger's spade. Men and boys, and in those days even women and girls, were cut down while cutting the wheat. The fat folk grew lean and the lean leaner, while the rosy cheeks brought from Scotland and other cool countries across the sea faded to yellow like the wheat. We were all made slaves through the vice of over-industry. The same was in

great part true in making hay to keep the cattle and horses through the long winters. We were called in the morning at four o'clock and seldom got to bed before nine, making a broiling, seething day seventeen hours long loaded with heavy work, while I was only a small stunted boy; and a few years later my brothers David and Daniel and my older sisters had to endure about as much as I did. In the harvest dog-days and dog-nights and dog-mornings, when we arose from our clammy beds, our cotton shirts clung to our backs as wet with sweat as the bathing-suits of swimmers, and remained so all the long, sweltering days. In mowing and cradling, the most exhausting of all the farm work, I made matters worse by foolish ambition in keeping ahead of the hired men. Never a warning word was spoken of the dangers of overwork. On the contrary, even when sick we were held to our tasks as long as we could stand. Once in harvest-time I had the mumps and was unable to swallow any food except milk, but this was not allowed to make any difference, while I staggered with weakness and sometimes fell headlong among the sheaves. Only once was I allowed to leave the harvest-field — when I was stricken down with pneumonia. I lay gasping for weeks, but the Scotch are hard to kill and I pulled through. No physician was called, for father was an enthusiast, and always said and believed that God and hard work were by far the best doctors.

None of our neighbors were so excessively industrious as father; though nearly all of the Scotch, English, and Irish worked too hard, trying to make good homes and to lay up money enough for comfortable independence. Excepting small garden-patches, few of them had owned

land in the old country. Here their craving land-hunger was satisfied, and they were naturally proud of their farms and tried to keep them as neat and clean and well-tilled as gardens. To accomplish this without the means for hiring help was impossible. Flowers were planted about the neatly kept log or frame houses; barnyards, granaries, etc., were kept in about as neat order as the homes, and the fences and corn-rows were rigidly straight. But every uncut weed distressed them; so also did every ungathered ear of grain, and all that was lost by birds and gophers; and this over-carefulness bred endless work and worry.

As for money, for many a year there was precious little of it in the country for anybody. Eggs sold at six cents a dozen in trade, and five-cent calico was exchanged at twenty-five cents a yard. Wheat brought fifty cents a bushel in trade. To get cash for it before the Portage Railway was built, it had to be hauled to Milwaukee, a hundred miles away. On the other hand, food was abundant, — eggs, chickens, pigs, cattle, wheat, corn, potatoes, garden vegetables of the best, and wonderful melons as luxuries. No other wild country I have ever known extended a kinder welcome to poor immigrants. On the arrival in the spring, a log house could be built, a few acres ploughed, the virgin sod planted with corn, potatoes, etc., and enough raised to keep a family comfortably the very first year; and wild hay for cows and oxen grew in abundance on the numerous meadows. The American settlers were wisely content with smaller fields and less of everything, kept indoors during excessively hot or cold weather, rested when tired, went off fishing and hunting at the most favorable times and

seasons of the day and year, gathered nuts and berries, and in general tranquilly accepted all the good things the fertile wilderness offered.

After eight years of this dreary work of clearing the Fountain Lake farm, fencing it and getting it in perfect order, building a frame house and the necessary outbuildings for the cattle and horses, — after all this had been victoriously accomplished, and we had made out to escape with life, — father bought a half-section of wild land about four or five miles to the eastward and began all over again to clear and fence and break up other fields for a new farm, doubling all the stunting, heartbreaking, chopping, grubbing, stump-digging, rail-splitting, fence-building, barn-building, house-building, and so forth.

By this time I had learned to run the breaking plough. Most of these ploughs were very large, turning furrows from eighteen inches to two feet wide, and were drawn by four or five yoke of oxen. They were used only for the first ploughing, in breaking up the wild sod woven into a tough mass, chiefly by the cordlike roots of perennial grasses, reinforced by the taproots of oak and hickory bushes, called "grubs," some of which were more than a century old and four or five inches in diameter. In the hardest ploughing on the most difficult ground, the grubs were said to be as thick as the hair on a dog's back. If in good trim, the plough cut through and turned over these grubs as if the century-old wood were soft like the flesh of carrots and turnips; but if not in good trim, the grubs promptly tossed the plough out of the ground. A stout Highland Scot, our neighbor, whose plough was in bad order and who did not know how to

trim it, was vainly trying to keep it in the ground by main strength, while his son, who was driving and merrily whipping up the cattle, would cry encouragingly, "Haud her in, fayther! Haud her in!" "But hoo i' the deil can I haud her in when she'll no *stop* in?" his perspiring father would reply, gasping for breath between each word. On the contrary, with the share and coulter sharp and nicely adjusted, the plough, instead of shying at every grub and jumping out, ran straight ahead without need of steering or holding, and gripped the ground so firmly that it could hardly be thrown out at the end of the furrow.

Our breaker turned a furrow two feet wide, and on our best land, where the sod was toughest, held so firm a grip that at the end of the field my brother, who was driving the oxen, had to come to my assistance in throwing it over on its side to be drawn around the end of the landing; and it was all I could do to set it up again. But I learned to keep that plough in such trim that after I got started on a new furrow I used to ride on the crossbar between the handles with my feet resting comfortably on the beam, without having to steady or steer it in any way on the whole length of the field, unless we had to go round a stump, for it sawed through the biggest grubs without flinching.

The growth of these grubs was interesting to me. When an acorn or hickory-nut had sent up its first season's sprout, a few inches long, it was burned off in the autumn grass fires; but the root continued to hold on to life, formed a callus over the wound and sent up one or more shoots the next spring. Next autumn these new shoots were burned off, but the root and calloused

head, about level with the surface of the ground, continued to grow and send up more shoots; and so on, almost every year until very old, probably far more than a century, while the tops, which would naturally have become tall broad-headed trees, were only mere sprouts seldom more than two years old. Thus the ground was kept open like a prairie, with only five or six trees to the acre, which had escaped the fire by having the good fortune to grow on a bare spot at the door of a fox or badger den, or between straggling grass-tufts wide apart on the poorest sandy soil.

The uniformly rich soil of the Illinois and Wisconsin prairies produced so close and tall a growth of grasses for fires that no tree could live on it. Had there been no fires, these fine prairies, so marked a feature of the country, would have been covered with the heaviest forests. As soon as the oak openings in our neighborhood were settled, and the farmers had prevented running grass-fires, the grubs grew up into trees and formed tall thickets so dense that it was difficult to walk through them, and every trace of the sunny "openings" vanished.

We called our second farm Hickory Hill, from its many fine hickory trees and the long gentle slope leading up to it. Compared with Fountain Lake farm it lay high and dry. The land was better, but it had no living water, no spring or stream or meadow or lake. A well ninety feet deep had to be dug, all except the first ten feet or so in fine-grained sandstone. When the sandstone was struck, my father, on the advice of a man who had worked in mines, tried to blast the rock; but from lack of skill the blasting went on very slowly, and father decided to have me do all the work with mason's chisels, a long,

hard job, with a good deal of danger in it. I had to sit cramped in a space about three feet in diameter, and wearily chip, chip, with heavy hammer and chisels from early morning until dark, day after day, for weeks and months. In the morning, father and David lowered me in a wooden bucket by a windlass, hauled up what chips were left from the night before, then went away to the farm work and left me until noon, when they hoisted me out for dinner. After dinner I was promptly lowered again, the forenoon's accumulation of chips hoisted out of the way, and I was left until night.

One morning, after the dreary bore was about eighty feet deep, my life was all but lost in deadly choke-damp, — carbonic acid gas that had settled at the bottom during the night. Instead of clearing away the chips as usual when I was lowered to the bottom, I swayed back and forth and began to sink under the poison. Father, alarmed that I did not make any noise, shouted, "What's keeping you so still?" to which he got no reply. Just as I was settling down against the side of the wall, I happened to catch a glimpse of a branch of a bur-oak tree which leaned out over the mouth of the shaft. This suddenly awakened me, and to father's excited shouting I feebly murmured, "Take me out." But when he began to hoist he found I was not in the bucket and in wild alarm shouted, "Get in! Get in the bucket and hold on! Hold on!" Somehow I managed to get into the bucket, and that is all I remembered until I was dragged out, violently gasping for breath.

One of our near neighbors, a stone mason and miner by the name of William Duncan, came to see me, and after hearing the particulars of the accident he solemnly

said: "Weel, Johnnie, it's God's mercy that you're alive. Many a companion of mine have I seen dead with choke-damp, but none that I ever saw or heard of was so near to death in it as you were and escaped without help." Mr. Duncan taught father to throw water down the shaft to absorb the gas, and also to drop a bundle of brush or hay attached to a light rope, dropping it again and again to carry down pure air and stir up the poison. When, after a day or two, I had recovered from the shock, father lowered me again to my work, after taking the precaution to test the air with a candle and stir it up well with a brush-and-hay bundle. The weary hammer-and-chisel-chipping went on as before, only more slowly, until ninety feet down, when at last I struck a fine, hearty gush of water. Constant dropping wears away stone. So does constant chipping, while at the same time wearing away the chipper.

VII

THE MEXICAN WAR

HISTORICAL NOTE

In 1821, Mexico became independent of Spain, and forthwith invited immigration. During the first half of the nineteenth century, more than twenty thousand people from the United States accepted this invitation, and settled in Texas, the northern province of Mexico. They found Mexican law and treatment unsatisfactory, and in 1836 these Texans fought their way to freedom, founded the Republic of Texas, and asked to join the Union as a State. As slavery existed in Texas, the anti-slavery party objected to its admission, and there was a long delay. At length the pro-slavery party triumphed, and in 1845 Texas was admitted.

Mexico not only refused to acknowledge the independence of Texas, but also declared that in any case the river Nueces was her own northern boundary, while Texas claimed to be bounded by the Rio Grande. The disputed territory was occupied by an American army, and when the Mexicans attempted to drive it out, the United States formally declared war. General Taylor invaded northern Mexico and won battle after battle along the Rio Grande. Kearny took possession of New Mexico and Arizona, and Frémont occupied California. The main army under General Winfield Scott landed at Vera Cruz, and, after several hard-fought battles against superior forces, captured the City of Mexico. This ended the war.

By the treaty of peace the United States gained a territory equal in extent to the combined areas of Germany, France, and Spain.

"REMEMBER THE ALAMO!"

BY CYRUS TOWNSEND BRADY

[THE Alamo is an ancient Spanish mission in the present city of San Antonio. Here, in 1836, during the Texas struggle for freedom, a band of one hundred and eighty Americans and Texans, including David Crockett, the famous scout, and James Bowie, inventor of the bowie knife, were attacked by a Mexican army under General Santa Anna.

The Editor.]

ON the 23d of February, 1836, Santa Anna in person appeared before the fort with the advance of his army and demanded its surrender. He had led some five thousand men of the Mexican regular army, with many camp-followers and women, a forced march of one hundred and eighty leagues from Monclova to San Antonio, across a desert country in the depth of a Texas winter with its extremes of heat and cold and blasting storm. Only after incredible hardships and great losses had the terrible march been completed. That Santa Anna could do this is no small evidence of his capacity as a leader and his ability to inspire his men to heroic action.

His arrival was a complete surprise to the Texans; many of them were scattered through the town at a *fandango* at the time. When the alarm was given they repaired to the Alamo, and Travis met the demand for a surrender by a shot from his battery, at the same time hoisting his flag. This was the white, red, and green banner of the Mexican Republic with two stars (Texas-

Coahuila) in the center in place of the familiar eagle and serpent. The Lone Star flag had not then been adopted.

Santa Anna displayed a red ensign, signifying that no quarter would be given, and began erecting batteries with which he opened fire, the Texans replying with good effect. The Mexicans, while greatly outnumbering the garrison, were not yet in sufficient force completely to invest the works, although their numbers were increasing as the different regiments followed the advance guard, and the Texans might easily have escaped. Travis, however, had no thought of retreating — not he. He immediately dispatched the following appeal for assistance: —

To the people of Texas and all Americans in the World.

COMMANDANCY OF THE ALAMO,
BEXAR, February 24, 1836.

FELLOW CITIZENS AND COMPATRIOTS, —

I am besieged by a thousand or more of the Mexicans under Santa Anna. I have sustained a continual bombardment for twenty-four hours and have not lost a man. The enemy have demanded a surrender at discretion; otherwise the garrison is to be put to the sword if the place is taken. I have answered the summons with a cannon shot and our flag still waves proudly from the walls. *I shall never surrender or retreat.* Then, I call upon you, in the name of liberty, of patriotism, and of everything dear to the American character, to come to our aid with all dispatch. The enemy are receiving reinforcements daily and will no doubt increase to three

or four thousand in four or five days. Though this call may be neglected, I am determined to sustain myself as long as possible and die like a soldier who never forgets what is due to his own honor and that of his country.

Victory or Death!

W. Barrett Travis,
Lieutenant-Colonel, Commanding.

P.S. — The Lord is on our side. When the army appeared in sight we had not three bushels of corn. We have since found in deserted houses eighty or ninety bushels and got into the walls twenty or thirty beeves.

Brave Travis! Other ringing sentences from his subsequent letters are worth quoting: —

"I shall continue to hold the Alamo until I get relief from my countrymen, or I perish in its defense."

"Take care of my little boy; if the country should be saved, I may make him a splendid fortune, but if the country should be lost and I should perish, he would have nothing but the proud recollection that he is the son of a man who died for his country."

The thought of that little boy adds a touch of pathos to the story of the dauntless cavalier and his devoted band facing fearful odds "for liberty and honor, God and Texas, victory or death!"

Travis also dispatched messengers invoking assistance from adjacent garrisons. Colonel James Butler Bonham, a young South Carolina volunteer, broke through the Mexican lines and rode post-haste to Colonel Fannin at Goliad, some two hundred miles to the southeast. Fannin promptly started out with three hundred men

and four guns, but his ammunition wagons broke down, his transportation failed him, his provisions gave out, he could not get his artillery over the rivers, and he was reluctantly forced to turn back.

He tried in vain to keep Bonham with him. "I will report to Travis or die in the attempt," returned the chivalric Carolinian, who had been a schoolboy friend of Travis, as he started back to the fort. At one o'clock in the morning of March 3, he succeeded in reaching the fort through the beleaguering army, after a long and dangerous ride in which he literally took his life in his hands. So far as any one could see, he came back to certain death with his friends. Honor to him! Travis had received a valuable reinforcement of thirty-two heroic fellows from Gonzales, who dashed through the lines on horses, cutting their way into the Alamo at three in the morning of March 1. Captain J. W. Smith led them and they came cheerfully, although they divined what their fate would be if the place was stormed.

For eleven days the siege continued. The Mexicans lost heavily whenever they came within rifle range; on one occasion they tried to bridge the aqueduct and thirty of them were instantly killed. Sorties were made by the besieged at first, but were soon given over. The bombardment of the works was continuous, but, strange to say, no Texan was killed, although the whole garrison was completely worn out by the strain of ceaseless watching and continual fighting. There is no question but they could have cut their way out and escaped at almost any time, but no one dreamed of such a thing. They were there to stay until the end, whatever it might be.

Santa Anna would undoubtedly get the fort eventually; well, he might have it by paying the price; so they reasoned, but that price would be one, in the words of a later revolutionist, that would "stagger humanity." Knowing Santa Anna, they could have no doubt of his intentions toward them, especially as he had made no secret of his purpose to put them all to death unless they surrendered at discretion. The calm courage with which they faced this appalling certainty is as noteworthy as the high heroism of their last defense.

The last of Santa Anna's army arrived at Bexar on the 2d of March; he allowed them three days for recuperation and on the 5th held a council of war to decide upon the course to be pursued. The council, like every other, was divided, with a preponderance of opinion in favor of waiting for siege-guns to breach or batter down the walls. Santa Anna, however, determined upon an immediate assault, to be delivered at daybreak the next morning. Twenty-five hundred picked men in four columns, commanded respectively by General Duque, Romero, and Morales, were detailed to make the attack. They were provided with scaling-ladders, axes, and crowbars, in addition to their weapons; and the cavalry of the army was disposed at strategic points to prevent escape should any of the hundred and eighty defenders succeed in breaking through the assaulting columns. Or, possibly, their function was to cut down any panic-stricken Mexican who might wish to withdraw from before the death-dealing Texas rifles!

Colonel Duque was to lead the main assault on the north side, while a simultaneous attack was to be made on the east and west sides and at the redoubt covering

the sally-port from the convent yard. No attack appears to have been contemplated on the stockade on the south wall at first. Accounts of what happened differ widely; it is to be remembered that no American lived to tell the tale, and it is hard to get at the absolute truth from Mexican testimony and the frightened recollections of two dazed women and two servants. Each narrator must build his own account by considering all the testimony and weighing the evidence. This that follows seems to me to be what happened.

About four o'clock on Sunday morning, March 6, the notes of a bugle calling the Mexican troops to arms rang over the quiet plain, across which the first gray light, precursor of the dawn, was already stealing. Bugles all about caught up the shrill refrain, lights appeared in the circling camps, the trampling feet of hurrying men, neighing of the horses, all apprised the weary garrison that the moment they had expected was at hand. They were instantly assembled.

What happened as they fell in on the plaza before they went to their several stations? Tradition has it that Travis paraded them, briefly addressed them, pointed out their certain fate, as he had sworn never to surrender, and bade any who desired to do so to leave him freely and escape while there was yet time. Not a man availed himself of the permission. "We will stay and die with you," they cried unanimously as they repaired to their stations on the outer wall.

Cool, calm, and resolute, they waited the breaking of the battle storm; undaunted by the prospect, unshaken by the fearful odds before them. America has produced no better soldiers! Even the dozen sick men in the long

room of the hospital with Bowie were provided with arms, of which, fortunately, they had a good supply, and they, too, shared the same heroic resolution. Ill and well were equally determined.

It was early morning when all the dispositions were made on both sides, and the day was breaking clear, cool, and beautiful, a sweet day indeed in which to die for home and country and liberty, in the great cause of human freedom — so they may have thought as they looked toward the eastward light for the last time. The quiet watchers on the walls presently detected movements in the dark rank of the besiegers. They were coming, then! Music, too, was there. All the bands of the Mexican army stationed with Santa Anna on the battery in front of the plaza were playing a ghastly air called "Deguello" — cut-throat! — that and the red flag speaking of no quarter pointed out a deadly purpose. Well, the Texans needed none of these things to nerve their arms. Rifles were lifted and sighted, the lock-strings of the carefully pointed cannon were tightened; they could not afford to throw away any shots, there was no hurry, no confusion.

The Mexicans were nearer now. The bugles rang charge, the close-ordered ranks broke into a run. From the east, the west, the north, they came, cheering and yelling madly! A shot burst from the plaza, the crack of the rifles broke on the air, a fusillade ran along the walls on every side. The cannon roared out, hurling into the faces of the Mexicans bags filled with hideous missiles. The advancing lines hesitated, paused, halted, fled! The first assault was beaten off, the ground was covered with dead and wounded; comparative stillness supervened.

Well done, brave Texans, look to your arms again, snatch a cup of water, enjoy your moment of respite, they are coming again!

The east and west columns had been driven to the north. Colonel Duque, gallant soul, re-formed them on his own brigade; there was a small breach in the north wall; he hurled the mass at it, himself in the lead. The Americans ran to the point threatened; again the withering rifle fire. Duque fell, desperately wounded; mortal man could not face that deadly discharge; the soldiers gave way once more — repulsed a second time; would they dare come on again?

Far off on the east side the roar of battle still surged around the redoubt covering the convent yard. How went the battle there, thought the triumphant defenders of the plaza as they gazed on their flying foemen? It was a critical moment for the Mexicans. Santa Anna recognized it, and galloped on the field leading a reinforcement. He noted that the west wall had been denuded of most of its defenders, and with soldierly decision threw his fresh troops against it, leading them in person, some accounts say. Oh, for a thousand brave hearts and true to man the long lines! The hundred and eighty could not be everywhere, the few at the point of impact died, and the Mexicans entered the plaza, at last.

At the same time the officers drove the men up to the third assault on the north wall. Under the eye of Santa Anna they advanced for a last desperate attempt. Honor to those Mexicans for their bravery, too. In this attack a bullet pierces Travis's brain — the little boy has only the heritage of an honored and heroic name then — he falls dead on the trail of a cannon. Bonham

is killed serving a gun, the north wall is taken, the redoubt to the east is gained, the stockade is attacked, other soldiers swarm up to the south wall, break through the gate — they come in on every side. The Texans are surrounded by fire and steel. Some of them run back while there is yet time and rally in the convent where Bowie lies. Others follow Crockett, now in chief command, to the church to die with him there. The whole Mexican army is upon them now, the ninescore against the five thousand at last.

The old convent is divided into little cell-like rooms, each with a door opening into the yard or plaza, but with no connection between the rooms. A few Texans hold each chamber, and into each smoke-filled inclosure the infuriated troops pour their gun fire and then rush the rooms, to writhe and struggle over the bloody pavements until all the defenders are killed. No quarter, indeed!

What of the invalids in the hospital fighting from their beds? Forty Mexicans fall dead before the door of the long room before they think to bring a cannon and blow the defenders into eternity. Bowie lies alone in his room waiting with grim resolution for what is coming, pain from injuries forgotten, fevered pulse beating higher; his bed is covered with pistols and near his hand lies his trusty knife. A brown fierce face peers in the door; another and another, the room is filled with smoke; yells and curses and groans rise from the floor where a trail of stricken soldiers reaches from the door to the bedside. And one bolder than his fellows lies on Bowie's breast with that awful American knife buried deep in his heart and Bowie has died as he had lived — sword in hand!

The only fight left now is in the churchyard. A little handful, bloody, powder-stained, desperate, are backed up against the wall. It is hand-to-hand work now on both sides, no time to reload, bayonet thrust against rifle-butt in berserker fury. Hope is lost, but they are dying in high fashion, faces to the foe, striking while they have a heart-beat left. "Fire the magazine," says Crockett to Major Evans, the only remaining officer. The man runs toward the church where the powder is stored and is stricken down on the threshold. The Mexicans rush upon Crockett and his remnant. The keen death-dealing "Betsy" has spoken for the last time, the old frontiersman has clasped it by the barrel now. Swinging this iron war-club he stands at bay, disdaining surrender. The Mexicans are piled before him in heaps; but numbers tell, they swarm about him, they leap upon him like hounds upon a great stag, they pull him down, bury their bayonets in his great heart, spurn him, trample upon him, spit upon him — so he makes a fine end!

It is over. Gunner Walker, the last man in arms, is shot and stabbed, tossed aloft on bayonets in fact. The flag is down. No one is left to defend it longer. Five wounded, helpless prisoners are dragged before Santa Anna and at his command butchered where they lie, or stand, some of the Mexican officers — to their credit be it said — vainly protesting. Six people who were in the fort at the beginning were left alive by the Mexicans, two women, two children, and two servants, one a negro slave, the other a Mexican.

One hour! One short hour filled with such sublime struggle as has not been witnessed often in the brief compass of sixty minutes. The sun is shining. The plaza

is filled with light, the light of morning, the light of heroic death, of self-sacrifice absolute; and the day breaks, a day of eternal remembrance. Wherever men live to love the hero, these will not be forgotten. By the defense of that old deserted Spanish House of Prayer, it was consecrated anew to the service of God, through the sufferings of men. Their sacrifice had not been in vain, for the cry that swept Texas to freedom, that drove the Mexican beyond the Rio Grande was

Remember the Alamo!

One scene remains of the splendid story. By Santa Anna's orders the dead Texans, to the number of one hundred and eighty-two, were gathered together and arranged in a huge pyramid, a layer of wood, a layer of dead, and so on, and the torch applied. A not unfitting end. As the dead demigod of Homeric days was laid upon his funeral pyre, as the dead viking of later time was burned with his ship, so these modern heroes. The wind scattered their ashes on the spot their defense had immortalized and made it forever a hallowed ground.

The hundred and eighty had done well, each one had accounted for more than four of the enemy, for the Spanish casualties are estimated as between six hundred and a thousand. And most was hand-to-hand fighting. The Texan-Americans had done their best and given their all. Honor to their valor and their courage!

On the monument erected at the State Capitol at Austin, to commemorate their unparalleled achievement, is graven this significant line: —

"THERMOPYLÆ HAD ITS MESSENGER OF DEFEAT; THE ALAMO HAD NONE."

THE IMPORTANCE OF ONE VOTE

BY W. H. VAIL

In De Kalb County, Indiana, when the election day arrived, there was a man who was in doubt whether to go to the mill or to the polls. Finally, after a certain amount of coaxing, he decided that he would exercise his right of franchise and vote. He voted the Democratic ticket, and a Democratic member of the Legislature was elected from his district by a majority of only one vote. That Legislature elected a United States Senator, and by the vote of the one member from that district Mr. Hannegan was chosen.

Mr. Hannegan took his seat in the Senate, and was president of the Senate *pro tem.*, when the vote was taken for the annexation of Texas. On the floor the vote was a tie, and Mr. Hannegan's casting vote decided the question in favor of annexation; and this action brought on the Mexican War, which has so shaped the subsequent history of our country.

This illustration certainly brings before us an extreme case, but who knows when another instance may occur proving the same value of one vote?

THE STORMING OF CHAPULTEPEC

[1847]

BY JAMES BARNES

[When General Scott arrived before the City of Mexico with his little army he found the city defended by a double line of fortifications strengthened by lakes and marshes. On August 20, the outer works were carried by four desperate assaults. After a futile endeavor to arrange terms of peace, the forts of Molino del Rey were stormed and captured in a hand-to-hand struggle, and nothing remained to carry but the almost impregnable Castle of Chapultepec.

The Editor.]

There was no sleep that night for the general or his staff. They had taken the first step to Chapultepec. They were on the lower stair, but they would have to fight their way to the very top, and if this day's battle was an earnest of the one that was to follow, there would be between five and six thousand men, only, left him to enter a city that had comprised among its population nearly eighty thousand men of fighting age. Whether the city would resist his entering — if Chapultepec should fall — he could not tell. He was led to suppose it would not. At all events, there was no time to hesitate. Action was necessary. Scott said to one of his officers: "If I had ten times the number of men that I now have, I could use them; so every man must fight as if he was ten himself." And that is exactly what they did.

By all rules of the game of war that were ever printed, written, or learned, Scott was defeated and repulsed. In

fact, he should have been annihilated, if not at Molino del Rey, the first thing on the following morning after this costly victory. The Mexicans might have poured out like an avalanche from the cliffs above and swept the little blue-coated army out of existence. But such a thought never entered the American private's mind. The general had carried him through tight places before, and he would do it again. There was nothing to prevent him entering the city proper at this very minute. All he had to do was to batter down one of the gates and rush through into the streets that were filled with the terror-stricken inhabitants, but with Chapultepec in the Mexicans' hands, his sojourn in Mexico would have been short; he might have entered, but he would never have left again. It was necessary to pause before delivering the final attack.

Scott determined to divert attention by pretending that the city was his destination. So on the 12th of September a battery, well supported, was sent forward to begin hammering at the gate. Four large batteries were planted within easy distance of the castle walls, with orders to begin firing as soon as daylight was sufficient for the ranges to be found. Long before the sun had shown above the horizon, the grim, gray dawn was saluted by the red gashes of flame from the cannon's mouths. The shells raising their fiery arches from their burning fuses, the thundering discharges of the Mexican guns that soon replied, almost shook the solid rock. From daylight till it was pitch dark the artillery duel went on. The Mexicans, though firing from above, displayed, luckily, little accuracy, and the American gunners soon got the range to a dot, and hardly a shot went

wild. By nightfall it was evident the fortress was severely shaken; and by the morning of the 13th the storming party were in position. The plan was to advance in two columns.

Pillow was to come forward from the west, and Quitman from the southeast. Ahead of the main columns, on each side, were 250 picked men. Worth's division was to act as a reserve, and Twiggs was to keep up his attack on the gates of the city.

The Mexicans had mined the first line of defenses, and it was the intention to blow up the Americans if they should ever cross the ramparts; but so keen were the troops and so swift was the first advance that the picked vanguard reached the first wall and surmounted it alone. They shot down the men who had been left to fire the mines, and were stamping out some of the burning fire trains that led to them, as the main division, shouting and cheering, came tumbling over the escarpment.

The firing now broke out all along the surface of the hill. Here and there little bands of five or six men could be seen, climbing along like goats, helping with hand and shoulder their comrades above and beneath them. Resistlessly they pushed up. The Mexicans watching from the cathedral spires and the city walls saw the Stars and Stripes, flag after flag, appear, as point after point was taken. But for some time from the topmost pinnacle floated the Mexican banner, and then at last it wavered, fluttered, and came down.

A detachment of the New York volunteers, led by Lieutenant Reid, and another of the Second Infantry, led by the brave Lieutenant Steele, were first to gain the

inner walls of the citadel. Young Steele was badly wounded, but with the assistance of two men on either side of him, he kept moving upward, and when at last he reached the top, it was his own hand that lowered the last Mexican banner. As its folds fluttered about him, he fell fainting to the ground.

Scott, with great difficulty, owing to his tremendous size and weight, at last reached the crest, and saw the retreating Mexicans streaming away on all sides; and hanging on their flanks, pursuing them, were bodies of American troops, mad with the desire to kill and to have revenge for the slaughter of their comrades at Molino del Rey. Scott sent orders, ordering the recall of the pursuers. To those about him he raised his voice almost in supplication: "Be humane and generous, my boys, as you are victorious, and I will get down on my bended knee to God for you to-night."

It was a long time, however, before the officers could call off their men from the pursuit. The hillsides and the plain and the meadow beyond were crowded with dead and wounded Mexicans.

In the afternoon a small battery was carried before the gates, and at four o'clock on the next morning, September 14, a deputation from the City Council waited upon General Scott and informed him that the Government and all the troops had fled from the capital, and that the citizens themselves wished to surrender the city.

Scott refused to sign any capitulation, claiming that the city was already in his possession, and about daylight Worth and Quitman advanced, and, practically unmolested, reached the great plaza and hoisted the colors

of the United States on the National Palace. There was some rioting that lasted twenty-four hours, for many soldiers had thrown aside their uniforms, and joining the liberated convicts, carried on desultory firing from the housetops. But with the assistance of the municipal authorities, who apparently were glad to see the American army in possession, they were at last driven out and punished. Guards were posted everywhere, and within four days the city was tranquil and cheerful, and the American soldiers everywhere winning their way, not now by force of arms, but by strict maintenance of law and order, and by the magnanimity of their conduct.

VIII
CALIFORNIA

HISTORICAL NOTE

The Spaniards first visited California, in 1533, and a few years later some little exploring was done under Caprillo. Sir Francis Drake came to the country in 1579, and named it New Albion. Two hundred years later, the erection of missions by the Franciscan monks began. The Indians were taught Christianity, and also how to carry on farming and to live in settled communities.

In 1826, American immigration from the East took place. After 1840, it was plain that California would eventually become independent of Mexico, and the question of future government arose. Some of the settlers thought it would be best to establish a British protectorate; others favored annexation to the United States. John C. Frémont, the "path-finder," headed an exploring expedition to California, and in 1846, with the aid of some of the inhabitants, he seized the town of Sonoma, and proclaimed the independence of the country. This was just at the outbreak of the Mexican War, and by orders from the United States Government other parts of the country were seized; so that when General Kearny made his way thither after capturing Santa Fé, the conquest was already nearly completed. In August, 1846, California was made a territory of the United States.

The discovery of gold, in 1848, aroused in all parts of the world a frantic immigration to the western coast; it is estimated that one hundred thousand persons came during the first year. In 1850, California was admitted to the Union as a State.

WHEN THE ENGLISH DISCOVERED CALIFORNIA

[1577–1579]

BY EDWARD EVERETT HALE

[In 1577, Sir Francis Drake set out on a voyage to America. He rounded Cape Horn, and sailed fearlessly up the western coast of the continent, sacking a Spanish town or capturing a Spanish treasure-ship now and then by way of pastime. He went to the north, hoping to find a passage to the Atlantic, but was driven back by the intense cold. At either the harbor of San Francisco or some bay not far from there he stopped to refit his ships, and then crossed the Pacific on his homeward voyage.

The Editor.]

The day after they entered this harbor an Indian came out to them in a canoe. He made tokens of respect and submission. He threw into the ship a little basket made of rushes containing an herb called *tobàh.* Drake wished to recompense him, but he would take nothing but a hat, which was thrown into the water. The company of the Pelican supposed then and always that the natives considered and reverenced them as gods. In preparation for repairing the ship, Drake landed his stores. A large company of Indians approached as he landed, and friendly relations were maintained between them and the Englishmen during the whole of their stay. Drake received them cautiously but kindly. He set up tents, and built a fort for his defense. The natives, watching the English with amazement, still regarded them as

gods. One is tempted to connect this superstition with the direct claim which Alarçon had made of a divine origin, in presence of these tribes, a generation before, though at a point five hundred miles away. Fletcher's description of their houses is precisely like the Spaniard's account of the winter houses of the tribes he met. "Those houses are digged round within the earth, and have from the uppermost brimmes of the circle clefts of wood set up, and joined close together at the top like our spires on the steeple of a church; which, being covered with earth, suffer no water to enter, and are very warm; the door in the most part of them performs the office also of a chimney to let out the smoke; it's made in bigness and fashion like to an ordinary scuttle in a ship, and standing slopewise."

At the end of two days an immense assembly, called together from all parts of the country, gathered to see the strangers. They brought with them feathers and bags of *tobàh* for presents or for sacrifices. Arrived at the top of the hill, their chief made a long address, wearying his English hearers and himself. When he had concluded, the rest, bowing their bodies in a dreamy manner "and long producing of the same," cried "Oh!" giving their consent to all that had been spoken. This reminds one of the "Hu" of the Indians of the Tizon. The women, meanwhile, tore their cheeks with their nails, and flung themselves on the ground, as if for a personal bloody sacrifice. Drake met this worship, not as Alarçon had done, but by calling his company to prayer. The men lifted their eyes and hands to heaven to signify that God was above, and besought God "to open their blinded eyes to the knowledge of him and of Jesus Christ

the salvation of the Gentiles." Through these prayers, the singing of psalms, and reading certain chapters of the Bible, Fletcher, who was the chaplain, says they sat very attentively. They observed every pause, and cried "Oh" with one voice, greatly enjoying our exercises. They thus showed a more catholic spirit than the whites had shown, who were wearied by the length of the address of the savages. Drake made them presents, which at the departure of the English they returned, saying that they were sufficiently rewarded by their visit.

The fame of this visit extended so far, that at the end of three days more, on the 26th of June, a larger company assembled. This time the king himself, with a body-guard of one hundred warriors, was with them. They called him their *Hiôh*. He approached the English, preceded by a mace-bearer, who carried two feather crowns, with three chains of bone of marvelous length, often doubled. Such chains were of the highest estimation, and only a few persons were permitted to wear them. The number of chains, indeed, marked the rank of the highest nobility, some of whom wore as many as twenty. Next to the mace-bearer came the king himself. On his head was a knit crown somewhat like those which were borne before him. He wore a coat of the skins of conies coming to his waist. His guards wore similar coats, and some of them wore cauls upon their heads, covered with a certain vegetable down, almost sacred, and used only by the highest ranks. The common people followed, naked, but with feathers, every one pleasing himself with his own device. The last part of the company were women and children. Each woman

brought a well-made basket of rushes. Some of these were so tight that they would hold water. They were adorned with pearl shells and with bits of the bone chains. In the baskets they had bags of *tobàh* and roots called *petáh*, which they ate cooked or raw. Drake meanwhile held his men in military array.

The mace-bearer then pronounced a long speech, which was dictated to him in a low voice by another. All parties, except the children, approached the fort, and the mace-bearer began a song, with a dance to the time, in which all the men joined. The women danced without singing. Drake saw that they were peaceable, and permitted them to enter his palisade. The women showed signs of the wounds which they had made before coming, by way of preparing for the solemnity.

At the request of the chief, Drake then sat down. The king and others made to him several orations, or, "indeed, supplications, that he would take province and kingdom into his hand, and become their king and patron." With one consent they sang a song, placed one of the crowns upon his head, hung their chains upon his neck, and honored him as their *Hióh*.

Drake did not think he should refuse this gift. "In the name and to the use of Queen Elizabeth, he took the scepter, crown, and dignity of the country into his hand." He only wished, says the historian, that he could as easily transport the riches and treasures wherewith in the upland it abounds, to the enriching of her kingdom at home. Had Drake had any real knowledge of the golden gravel over which the streams of the upland flowed, it may well be that the history of California would have been changed.

From this time, through several weeks while Drake remained there, the multitude also remained. At first they brought offerings every three days as sacrifices, until they learned that this displeased their English king. Like other sovereigns who have had much to do with this race, he found that he had to feed his red retainers. But he had mussels, seals, "and such like," in quantity sufficient for their rations.

Drake made a journey into the country. He saw "infinite company" of fat deer, in a herd of thousands. He found a multitude of strange "conies" in large numbers, with long tails, and with a bag under the chin in which to carry food either for future supply or for their children.

Drake erected on the shore a post, on which he placed a plate of brass. Here he engraved the Queen's name, the date of his landing, the gift of the country by the people, and left Her Majesty's portrait and arms. The last were not designed by his artists, as some historians have carelessly supposed, but were on a silver piece, of sixpence, "showing through a hole made of purpose in the plate."

When the people saw that Drake could not remain, they could not conceal their grief. At last they stole on the English unawares with a sacrifice which "they set on fire," thus burning a chain and bunch of feathers. The English could not dissuade them till they fell to prayers and singing of psalms, when the sad natives let their fire go out, and left the sacrifice unconsumed. On the 23d of July the friends parted, the English for the shores of Asia, the savages to the hills, where they built fires as long as the Pelican was in sight. Thus did Eng-

land take possession of the region which, after near three hundred years, proved to be the richest gold-bearing country in the world. Drake gave to the country the name of New Albion, and it bore that name on the maps for centuries.

ON THE CALIFORNIA COAST IN THE THIRTIES

BY RICHARD HENRY DANA, JR.

[WHEN Richard Henry Dana, Jr., was a student at Harvard, his eyes became so seriously affected that it was necessary for him to leave college for a time. A trip abroad was planned for him, but he preferred to make a voyage to California by way of Cape Horn in the capacity of a sailor. His notebook developed into the famous "Two Years before the Mast," from which the following extract is taken.

The Editor.]

WE were "turned-to" early, and began taking off the hatches, overhauling the cargo, and getting everything ready for inspection. At eight, the officers of the customs, five in number, came on board, and began examining the cargo, manifest, etc. The Mexican revenue laws are very strict, and require the whole cargo to be landed, examined, and taken on board again; but our agent had succeeded in compounding for the last two vessels, and saving the trouble of taking the cargo ashore. The officers were dressed in the costume which we found prevailed through the country, — broad-brimmed hat, usually of a black or dark brown color, with a gilt or figured band round the crown, and lined under the rim with silk; a short jacket of silk, or figured calico (the European skirted coat is never worn); the shirt open in the neck; rich waistcoat, if any; pantaloons open at the sides below the knee, laced with gilt, usually

of velveteen or broadcloth; or else short breeches and white stockings. They wear the deerskin shoe, which is of a dark brown color, and (being made by Indians) usually a good deal ornamented. They have no suspenders, but always wear a sash round the waist, which is generally red, and varying in quality with the means of the wearer. Add to this the never-failing poncho, or the serapa, and you have the dress of the Californian. This last garment is always a mark of the rank and wealth of the owner. The *gente de razon*, or better sort of people, wear cloaks of black or dark blue broadcloth, with as much velvet and trimmings as may be; and from this they go down to the blanket of the Indian, the middle classes wearing a poncho, something like a large square cloth, with a hole in the middle for the head to go through. This is often as coarse as a blanket, but being beautifully woven with various colors, is quite showy at a distance. Among the Mexicans there is no working class (the Indians being practically serfs, and doing all the hard work); and every rich man looks like a grandee, and every poor scamp like a broken-down gentleman. I have often seen a man with a fine figure and courteous manners, dressed in broadcloth and velvet, with a noble horse completely covered with trappings, without a *real* in his pockets, and absolutely suffering for something to eat

The next day, the cargo having been entered in due form, we began trading. The trade-room was fitted up in the steerage, and furnished out with the lighter goods, and with specimens of the rest of the cargo; and Mellus, a young man who came out from Boston with us before the mast, was taken out of the forecastle, and made

supercargo's clerk. He was well qualified for this business, having been clerk in a counting-house in Boston; but he had been troubled for some time with rheumatism, which unfitted him for the wet and exposed duty of a sailor on the coast. For a week or ten days all was life on board. The people came to look and to buy, — men, women, and children; and we were continually going in the boats, carrying goods and passengers, — for they have no boats of their own. Everything must dress itself and come aboard and see the new vessel, if it were only to buy a paper of pins. The agent and his clerk managed the sales, while we were busy in the hold or in the boats. Our cargo was an assorted one; that is, it consisted of everything under the sun. We had spirits of all kinds (sold by the cask), teas, coffee, sugars, spices, raisins, molasses, hardware, crockery-ware, tinware, cutlery, clothing of all kinds, boots and shoes from Lynn, calicoes and cotton from Lowell, crapes, silks; also shawls, scarfs, necklaces, jewelry and combs for the women; furniture; and, in fact, everything that can be imagined, from Chinese fireworks to English cartwheels, — of which we had a dozen pairs with their iron tires on.

The Californians are an idle, thriftless people, and can make nothing for themselves. The country abounds in grapes, yet they buy, at a great price, bad wine made in Boston and brought round by us, and retail it among themselves at a *real* (12½ cents) by the small wine-glass. Their hides, too, which they value at two dollars in money, they barter for something which costs seventy-five cents in Boston; and buy shoes (as like as not made of their own hides, which have been carried twice round

Cape Horn) at three and four dollars, and "chicken-skin boots" at fifteen dollars a pair. Things sell, on an average, at an advance of nearly three hundred per cent upon the Boston prices. This is partly owing to the heavy duties, which the Government, in its wisdom, with an idea, no doubt, of keeping the silver in the country, has laid upon imports. These duties and the enormous expenses of so long a voyage, keep all merchants but those of heavy capital from engaging in the trade. Nearly two thirds of all the articles imported into the country from round Cape Horn, for the last six years, have been by the single house of Bryant, Sturgis, & Co., to whom our vessel belonged.

This kind of business was new to us, and we liked it very well for a few days, though we were hard at work every minute from daylight to dark, and sometimes even later.

By being thus continually engaged in transporting passengers, with their goods, to and fro, we gained considerable knowledge of the character, dress, and language of the people. The dress of the men was as I have before described it. The women wore gowns of various texture, — silks, crape, calico, etc., — made after the European style, except that the sleeves were short, leaving the arm bare, and that they were loose about the waist, corsets not being in use. They wore shoes of kid or satin, sashes or belts of bright colors, and almost always a necklace and ear-rings. Bonnets they had none. I saw only one on the coast, and that belonged to the wife of an American sea-captain who had settled in San Diego, and had imported the chaotic mass of straw and ribbon, as a choice present to his new wife. They wear

their hair (which is almost invariably black, or a very dark brown) long in their necks, sometimes loose, and sometimes in long braids; though the married women often do it up on a high comb. Their only protection against the sun and weather is a large mantle which they put over their heads, drawing it close round their faces, when they go out of doors, which is generally only in pleasant weather. When in the house, or sitting out in front of it, which they often do in fine weather, they usually wear a small scarf or neckerchief of a rich pattern. A band, also, about the top of the head, with a cross, star, or other ornament, is common. Their complexions are various, depending — as well as their dress and manner — upon the amount of Spanish blood they can lay claim to, which also settles their social rank. Those who are of pure Spanish blood, having never intermarried with the aborigines, have clear brunette complexions, and sometimes even as fair as those of English women. There are but few of these families in California, being mostly those in official stations, or who, on the expiration of their terms of office, have settled here upon property they have acquired; and others who have been banished for state offenses. These form the upper class, intermarrying, and keeping up an exclusive system in every respect. They can be distinguished, not only by their complexion, dress, and manners, but also by their speech; for, calling themselves Castilians, they are very ambitious of speaking the pure Castilian, while all Spanish is spoken in a somewhat corrupted dialect by the lower classes. From this upper class, they go down by regular shades, growing more and more dark and muddy, until you come to the pure

Indian, who runs about with nothing upon him but a small piece of cloth, kept up by a wide leather strap drawn round his waist. Generally speaking, each person's caste is decided by the quality of the blood, which shows itself too plainly to be concealed at first sight. Yet the least drop of Spanish blood, if it be only of quadroon or octoroon, is sufficient to raise one from the position of a serf, and entitle him to wear a suit of clothes, — boots, hat, cloak, spurs, long knife, all complete, though coarse and dirty as may be, — and to call himself Español, and to hold property, if he can get any.

The fondness for dress among the women is excessive, and is sometimes their ruin. A present of a fine mantle, or of a necklace or pair of ear-rings, gains the favor of the greater part. Nothing is more common than to see a woman living in a house of only two rooms, with the ground for a floor, dressed in spangled satin shoes, silk gown, high comb, and gilt, if not gold, ear-rings and necklace. If their husbands do not dress them well enough, they will soon receive presents from others. They used to spend whole days on board our vessel, examining the fine clothes and ornaments, and frequently making purchases at a rate which would have made a seamstress or waiting-maid in Boston open her eyes.

Next to the love of dress, I was most struck with the fineness of the voices and beauty of the intonations of both sexes. Every common ruffian-looking fellow, with a slouched hat, blanket cloak, dirty underdress, and soiled leather leggins, appeared to me to be speaking elegant Spanish. It was a pleasure simply to listen to the sound of the language, before I could attach any meaning to it. They have a good deal of the Creole

drawl, but it is varied by an occasional extreme rapidity of utterance, in which they seem to skip from consonant to consonant, until, lighting upon a broad, open vowel, they rest upon that to restore the balance of sound. The women carry this peculiarity of speaking to a much greater extreme than the men, who have more evenness and stateliness of utterance. A common bullock-driver, on horseback, delivering a message, seemed to speak like an ambassador at a royal audience. In fact, they sometimes appeared to me to be a people on whom a curse had fallen, and stripped them of everything but their pride, their manners, and their voices.

Another thing that surprised me was the quantity of silver in circulation. I never, in my life, saw so much silver at one time as during the week that we were at Monterey. The truth is, they have no credit system, no banks, and no way of investing money but in cattle. Besides silver, they have no circulating medium but hides, which the sailors call "California bank-notes." Everything that they buy they must pay for by one or the other of these means. The hides they bring down dried and doubled, in clumsy ox-carts, or upon mules' backs, and the money they carry tied up in a handkerchief, fifty or a hundred dollars and half-dollars.

Monterey, as far as my observation goes, is decidedly the pleasantest and most civilized-looking place in California. In the center of it is an open square, surrounded by four lines of one-story buildings, with half a dozen cannon in the center; some mounted, and others not. This is the *presidio*, or fort. Every town has a *presidio* in its center; or rather every *presidio* has a town built around it; for the forts were first built by the

Mexican Government, and then the people built near them, for protection. The *presidio* here was entirely open and unfortified. There were several officers with long titles, and about eighty soldiers, but they were poorly paid, fed, clothed, and disciplined. The governor-general, or, as he is commonly called, the "general," lives here, which makes it the seat of government. He is appointed by the Central Government at Mexico, and is the chief civil and military officer. In addition to him, each town has a commandant who is its chief officer, and has charge of the fort, and of all transactions with foreigners and foreign vessels; while two or three *alcaldes* and *corregidores*, elected by the inhabitants, are the civil officers. Courts strictly of law, with a system of jurisprudence, they have not. Small municipal matters are regulated by the *alcaldes* and *corregidores*, and everything relating to the general government, to the military, and to foreigners, by the commandants, acting under the governor-general. Capital cases are decided by the latter, upon personal inspection, if near; or upon minutes sent him by the proper officers, if the offender is at a distant place. No Protestant has any political rights, nor can he hold property, or, indeed, remain more than a few weeks on shore, unless he belong to a foreign vessel. Consequently, Americans and English who intend to reside here, become Papists, — the current phrase among them being, "A man must leave his conscience at Cape Horn."

But, to return to Monterey. The houses here, as everywhere else in California, are of one story, built of *adobes*, that is, clay made into large bricks, about a foot and a half square, and three or four inches thick, and

hardened in the sun. These are joined together by a cement of the same material, and the whole are of a common dirt-color. The floors are generally of earth, the windows grated, and without glass; and the doors, which are seldom shut, open directly into the common room, there being no entries. Some of the more wealthy inhabitants have glass to their windows, and board floors; and in Monterey nearly all the houses are white-washed on the outside. The better houses, too, have red tiles upon the roofs. The common ones have two or three rooms which open into each other, and are furnished with a bed or two, a few chairs and tables, a looking-glass, a crucifix, and small daubs of paintings enclosed in glass, representing some miracle or martyrdom. They have no chimneys or fireplaces in the houses, the climate being such as to make a fire unnecessary; and all their cooking is done in a small kitchen, separated from the house. The Indians, as I have said before, do all the hard work, two or three being attached to the better houses; and the poorest persons are able to keep one, at least, for they have only to feed them, and give them a small piece of coarse cloth and a belt for the men, and a coarse gown, without shoes or stockings, for the women.

In Monterey there are a number of English and Americans (English, or Ingles, all are called who speak the English language) who have married Californians, become united to the Roman Church, and acquired considerable property. Having more industry, frugality, and enterprise than the natives, they soon get nearly all the trade into their hands. They usually keep shops, in which they retail the goods purchased in larger quan-

tities from our vessels, and also send a good deal into the interior, taking hides in pay, which they again barter with our ships. In every town on the coast there are foreigners engaged in this kind of trade, while I recollect but two shops kept by natives. The people are naturally suspicious of foreigners, and they would not be allowed to remain, were it not that they conform to the Church, and by marrying natives, and bringing up their children as Roman Catholics and Mexicans, and not teaching them the English language, they quiet suspicion, and even become popular and leading men. The chief *alcaldes* in Monterey and Santa Barbara were Yankees by birth.

HOW THE "FORTY-NINERS" REACHED CALIFORNIA

BY HENRY CHILDS MERWIN

THE length of the voyage from Atlantic ports to San Francisco was from four to five months, but most of the pioneers who came by sea avoided the passage around Cape Horn, and crossed the Isthmus of Nicaragua, or, more commonly, of Panama. This, in either case, was a much shorter route; but it added the horrors of pestilence and fever, and of possible robbery and murder, to the ordinary dangers of the sea. All the blacklegs, it was noticed, took the shorter route, deeming themselves, no doubt, incapable of sustaining the prolonged ennui of a voyage around the Cape. Passengers who crossed the Isthmus of Panama disembarked at Chagres, a port so unhealthy that policies of life insurance contained a clause to the effect that if the insured remained there more than one night, his policy would be void. Chagres enjoyed the distinction of being the dirtiest place in the world. The inhabitants were almost all negroes, and one pioneer declared that a flock of buzzards would present a favorable comparison with them.

From Chagres there was, first, a voyage of seventy-five miles up the river of the same name to Gorgona, or to Cruces, five miles farther. This was accomplished in dugouts propelled by native Indians. Thence to Panama the pioneers traveled on foot, or on mule-back, over a narrow, winding bridle-path through the moun-

tains, so overhung by trees and dense tropical growths that in many places it was dark even at midday.

This was the opportunity of the Indian muleteer, and more than one gold-seeker never emerged from the gloomy depths of that winding trail. Originally, it was the work of the Indians; but the Spaniards who used the path in the sixteenth century had improved it, and in many places had secured the bank with stones. Now, however, the trail had fallen into decay, and in spots was almost impassable. But the tracks worn in the soft, calcareous rock by the many iron-shod hoofs which had passed over it, still remained; and the mule that bore the American seeking gold in California placed his feet in the very holes which had been made by his predecessors, painfully bearing the silver of Peru on its way to enrich the grandees of Spain.

Bad as the journey across the Isthmus was or might be, the enforced delay at Panama was worse. The number of passengers far exceeded the capacity of the vessels sailing from that port to San Francisco, and those who waited at Panama were in constant danger of cholera, of the equally dreaded Panama fever, and sometimes of smallpox. The heat was almost unbearable, and the blacks were a source of annoyance, and even of danger. "There is not in the whole world," remarked a contemporary San Francisco paper, "a more infamous collection of villains than the Jamaica negroes who are congregated at Panama and Chagres."

In their eagerness to get away from Panama, some pioneers paid in advance for transportation in old rotten hulks which were never expected or intended to reach San Francisco, but which, springing a leak or

being otherwise disabled, would put into some port in Lower California where the passengers would be left without the means of continuing their journey, and frequently without money.

Both on the voyage from Panama and also on the long route around Cape Horn, ship-captains often saved their good provisions for the California market, and fed their passengers on nauseous "lobscouse" and "dunderfunk." Scurvy and other diseases resulted. An appeal to the United States Consul at Rio Janiero, when the ship touched there, was sometimes effectual, and in other cases the passengers took matters into their own hands and disciplined a rapacious captain or deposed a drunken one. In view of these uprisings, some New York skippers declined to take command of ships, about to sail for California, supposing that passengers who could do such an unheard-of thing as to rebel against the master of a vessel must be a race of pirates. Great pains were taken to secure a crew of determined men for these ships, and a plentiful supply of muskets, handcuffs, and shackles was always put on board. But such precautions proved to be ridiculously unnecessary. There was no case in which the pioneers usurped authority on shipboard without sufficient cause; and in no case was an emigrant brought to trial on reaching San Francisco.

In the various ports at which they stopped much was to be seen of foreign peoples and customs; and not infrequently the pioneers had an opportunity to show their mettle. At Santa Catarina, for example, a port on the lower coast of Brazil, a young American was murdered by a Spaniard. The authorities were inclined to treat the matter with great indifference; but there happened

to be in the harbor two ship-loads of passengers *en route* for San Francisco, and these men threatened to seize the fortress and demolish it if justice was not done. Thereupon the murderer was tried and hanged. Many South Americans in the various ports along the coast got their first correct notion of the people of the United States from these chance encounters with sea-going pioneers.

Still more, of course, was the overland journey an education in self-reliance, in that resourcefulness which distinguishes the American, and in that courage which was so often needed and so abundantly displayed in the early mining days. Independence, in the State of Missouri, was a favorite starting-point, and from this place there were two routes, the southern one being by way of Santa Fé, and the northern route following the Oregon Trail to Fort Hall, and thence ascending the course of the Humboldt River to its rise in the Sierra Nevadas.

At Fort Hall some large companies which had traveled from the Mississippi River, and even from States east of that, separated, one half going to Oregon, the other turning westward to California; and thus were broken many ties of love and friendship which had been formed in the close intimacy of the long journey, especially between the younger members of the company. Old diaries and letters reveal suggestions of romance if not of tragedy in these separations, and in the choice which the emigrant maiden was sometimes forced to make between the conflicting claims of her lover and her parents.

In the year 1850, fifty thousand crossed the Plains. In 1851, immigration fell off because even at that early date there was a business "depression," almost a

"panic" in California, but in 1852 it increased again, and the Plains became a thoroughfare, dotted so far as the eye could see with long trains of white-covered wagons, moving slowly through the dust. In one day a party from Virginia passed thirty-two wagons, and during a stop in the afternoon five hundred overtook them. In after years the course of these wagons could easily be traced by the alien vegetation which marked it. Wherever the heavy wheels had broken the tough prairie sod there sprang up, from the Missouri to the Sierras, a narrow belt of flowering plants and familiar dooryard weeds, — silent witnesses of the great migration which had passed that way. Multitudes of horsemen accompanied the wagons, and other multitudes plodded along on foot. Banners were flying here and there, and the whole appearance was that of an army on the march. At night camp fires gleamed for miles through the darkness, and if the company were not exhausted the music of a violin or a banjo floated out on the still air of the prairies. But the fatigue of the march, supplemented by the arduous labors of camping out, was usually sufficient to send the travelers to bed at the earliest possible moment.

The food consisted chiefly of salt pork or bacon, — varied when that was possible with buffalo meat or venison, — beans, baked dough called bread, and flapjacks. The last, always associated with mining life in California, were made by mixing flour and water into a sort of batter, seasoning with salt, adding a little saleratus or cooking-soda, and frying the mixture in a pan greased with fat. Men ate enormously on these journeys. Four hundred pounds of sugar lasted four

pioneers only ninety days. This inordinate appetite and the quantity of salt meat eaten frequently resulted in scurvy, from which there were some deaths. Another cause of illness was the use of milk from cows driven along with the wagon-trains, and made feverish by heat and fatigue.

Many of the emigrants, especially those who undertook the journey in '49 or '50, were insufficiently equipped, and little aware of the difficulties and dangers which awaited them. Death in many forms hovered over those heavy, creaking, canvas-covered wagons, — the "prairie schooners," — which, drawn sometimes by horses, sometimes by oxen, sometimes by mules, jolted slowly and laboriously over two thousand miles and more of plain and mountain; death from disease, from want of water, from starvation, from Indians, and, in crossing the Sierras, from raging snowstorms and intense cold. Rivers had to be forded, deserts crossed, and a thousand accidents and annoyances encountered.

Some men made the long journey on foot, even from points east of the Mississippi River. One gray-haired pioneer walked all the way from Michigan with a pack on his back. Another enthusiast obtained some notoriety among the emigrants of 1850 by trundling a wheelbarrow, laden with his goods, from Illinois to Salt Lake City.

Often the cattle would break loose at night and disappear on the vast Plains, and men in search of them were sometimes lost, and died of starvation or were killed by Indians. Simply for the sake of better grazing, oxen have been known to retrace their steps at night for twenty-five miles.

The opportunities for selfishness, for petulance, for obstinacy, for resentment, were almost innumerable. Cooking and washing were the labors which, in the absence of women, proved most vexatious to the emigrants. "Of all miserable work," said one, "washing is the worst, and no man who crossed the Plains will ever find fault again with his wife for scolding on a washing day." All the pioneers who have related their experiences on the overland journey speak of the bad effect on men's tempers. "The perpetual vexations and hardships keep the nerves in a state of great irritability. The trip is a sort of magic mirror, exposing every man's qualities of heart, vicious or amiable."

EARLY BUSINESS DAYS IN SAN FRANCISCO

[1849–1853]

BY HENRY CHILDS MERWIN

"Two years ago," said the "Alta California" in 1851, "trade was a wild unorganized whirl." Staple goods went furiously up and down in price like wild-cat mining stocks. There was no telegraph by which supplies could be ordered from the East or inquiries could be answered, and several months must elapse before an order sent by mail to New York could be filled. A merchant at Valparaiso once paid twenty thousand dollars for the information contained in a single letter from San Francisco.

Consignors in the East were almost wholly ignorant as to what people needed in California, and how goods should be stowed for the long voyage around the Cape. Great quantities of preserved food — it was before the days of canning — were spoiled *en route*. Coal was shipped in bulk without any ventilating appliances, and it often took fire and destroyed the vessels in which it was carried. One unfortunate woman, the wife of a Cape Cod sea-captain, was wrecked thrice in this way, having been transferred from one coal-laden schooner to another, and later to a third, all of which were set on fire by the heating of the coal, and burned to the water's edge. In one of these adventures she was lashed to a chair on deck, where she spent five days, in a rough sea, with smoke and gas pouring from the ship at every

seam. Her final escape was made in a rowboat which landed at a desolate spot on the coast of Peru.

Elaborate gold-washing machines which proved to be useless and ready-made houses that nobody wanted were among the articles shipped to San Francisco. The rate of interest was very high, capital being scarce, and storage in warehouses was both insecure, from the great danger of fire, and extremely expensive. It was, therefore, nearly impossible for the merchants to hold their goods for a more favorable market. In July, 1849, lumber sold at the enormous rate of five hundred dollars a thousand feet, — fifty times the New England price; but in the following spring, immense shipments having arrived, it brought scarcely enough to pay the freight bills. Tobacco, which at first sold for two dollars a pound, became so plentiful afterward that boxes of it were used for stepping-stones, and in one case, as Bret Harte has related, tobacco actually supplied the foundation for a wooden house.

Holes in the sidewalk were stopped with bags of rice or beans, with sacks of coffee, and, on one occasion, with three barrels of revolvers, the supply far exceeding even the California demand for that article. Potatoes brought sixty dollars a bushel at wholesale in 1849, but were raised so extensively in California the next year that the price fell to nothing, and whole cargoes of these useful vegetables, just arrived from the East, were dumped into the Bay. In some places near San Francisco it was really feared that a pestilence would result from huge piles of superfluous potatoes that lay rotting on the ground. Saleratus, worth in New York four cents a pound, sold at San Francisco in 1848 for fifteen dollars

a pound. The menu of a breakfast for two at Sacramento in the same year was as follows: —

1 box of sardines	$16
1 pound of hard bread	2
1 pound of butter	6
½ pound of cheese	3
2 bottles of ale	16
Total	$43

Flour in the mining camps cost four and even five dollars a pound, and eggs were two dollars apiece. A chicken brought sixteen dollars; a revolver, one hundred and fifty dollars; a stove, four hundred dollars. Laudanum was one dollar a drop; brandy twenty dollars a bottle; and dried apples fluctuated from five cents to seventy-five cents a pound. It is matter of history that a bilious miner once gave fifteen dollars for a small box of Seidlitz powders, and at the Stanislaus Diggings, a jar of raisins, regarded as a cure for the scurvy, then prevailing, sold for their weight in gold, amounting to four thousand dollars. As showing the dependence of California upon the East for supplies, it is significant that even so late as 1853 six thousand tons of hard bread were imported annually from New York.

Wages and prices were high, but nobody complained of them. There was in fact a disdain of all attempts to cheapen or haggle. Gold dust poured into San Francisco from the launches and schooners which plied on the Sacramento River, and almost everybody in California seemed to have it in plenty. "Money," said a pioneer in a letter written at the end of '49, "is about the most valueless article that a man can have in his possession here."

As an illustration of the lavish manner in which business was transacted, it may be mentioned that the stamp box in the express office of Wells, Fargo, and Company was a sort of common treasury. Clerks, messengers, and drivers dipped into it for change whenever they wanted a lunch or a drink. There was nothing secret about this practice, and if not sanctioned it was at least winked at by the superior officers. Huge lumps of gold were exhibited in hotels and gambling houses, and the jingling of coins rivaled the scraping of the fiddle as the characteristic music of San Francisco.

The first deposit in the United States Mint of gold from California was made on December 8, 1848, and between that date and May 1, 1850, there were presented for coinage gold dust and nuggets valued at eleven million four hundred and twenty thousand dollars. A lot of land in San Francisco rose from fifteen dollars in price to forty thousand dollars. In September, 1850, bricklayers receiving twelve dollars a day struck for fourteen dollars, and obtained the increase. The wages of carpenters varied from twelve dollars to twenty dollars a day. Those who did best in California were, as a rule, the small traders, the mechanics and skilled workmen, and the professional men who, by resisting the temptation to hunt for gold, made money by being useful to the community. "It may truly be said," remarked the San Francisco "Daily Herald" in 1852, "that California is the only spot in the world where labor is not only on an equality with capital, but to a certain extent is superior to it."

Women cooks received one hundred dollars a month, and chambermaids and nurses almost as much. A resi-

dent of San Francisco went to the mines for four weeks, and came back with a bag of gold dust which, he thought, would astonish his wife, who had remained in the city; but meanwhile she had been "taking in washing," at the rate of twelve dollars a dozen; and he was crestfallen to find that her gains were twice as much as his. It was cheaper to have one's clothes sent to China or the Sandwich Islands to be laundered, and some thrifty and patient persons took that course. A valuable trade sprang up between China and San Francisco. The solitude became a village, and the village a city, with startling rapidity. In less than a year, twelve thousand people gathered at Sacramento where there had not been a single soul. Events and changes followed one another so rapidly that each year formed an epoch by itself. In 1853, men spoke of 1849 as of a romantic and half-forgotten past.

IX

THE SHADOW OF THE CIVIL WAR

HISTORICAL NOTE

"These events [the Fugitive Slave Law, the John Brown raid, etc.] brought the agitation of the subject of slavery to its highest pitch, during President Buchanan's Administration. When the time drew near for the election of a new President, the old parties were so broken up that there were four candidates in the field; though Mr. Buchanan himself was not one of these. Out of these four, Abraham Lincoln, of Illinois, was elected, he having been nominated by the Republican party; this being an enlarged form of the Free-Soil party, which had itself succeeded the Liberty party.

"Mr. Lincoln was a man of very moderate opinions in regard to slavery, and was not disposed to interfere with it where it was already established by law. But his election was regarded by many in the slave States as very dangerous to the interests of slavery; and these men resolved to dissolve the Union. They maintained that the United States consisted of a copartnership of entirely independent governments, and that any State could withdraw from it at will. This was the doctrine called 'State Rights,' which had long been popular in the Southern States, and especially in South Carolina. It was therefore very natural that South Carolina should take the lead in withdrawing from the Union; and a convention was accordingly called in that State, and adopted (December 20, 1860) an ordinance of secession.

"Within six weeks similar conventions had been held, and similar votes passed in the States of Mississippi, Florida, Alabama, Georgia, Louisiana, and Texas. These States then formed themselves into what was called the 'Southern Confederacy,' and elected Jefferson Davis, of Mississippi, as President, and Alexander H. Stephens, of Georgia, as Vice-President. The new confederacy placed itself boldly upon the righteousness of slavery as a permanent institution, and it openly aimed to establish a slave-holding nation in the Southern States." — *Thomas Wentworth Higginson.*

THE "BROADCLOTH MOB" OF BOSTON

[1835]

BY HARRIET MARTINEAU

[THE author of this article was a well-known English woman who traveled in the United States in 1834.

The Editor.]

THE abolitionists were warned that if they met again publicly, they would be answerable for the disorders that might ensue. The abolitionists pleaded that this was like making the rich man answerable for the crime of the thief who robbed him, on the ground that if the honest man had not been so rich, the thief would not have been tempted to rob him. The abolitionists also perceived how liberty of opinion and of speech depended on their conduct in this crisis; and they resolved to yield to no threats of illegal violence; but to hold their legal meeting, pursuant to advertisement, for the dispatch of their usual business. One remarkable feature of the case was that this heavy responsibility rested upon women. It was a ladies' meeting that was in question. Upon consultation, the ladies agreed that they should never have sought the perilous duty of defending liberty of opinion and speech at the last crisis; but, as such a service seemed manifestly appointed to them, the women were ready.

On the 21st of October, they met, pursuant to advertisement, at the office of their association, No. 46 Washington Street. Twenty-five reached their room,

by going three quarters of an hour before the appointed time. Five more made their way up with difficulty through the crowd. A hundred more were turned back by the mob.

They knew that a hand-bill had been circulated on the Exchange, and posted on the City Hall, and throughout the city, the day before, which declared that Thompson, the abolitionist, was to address them; and invited the citizens, under promise of pecuniary reward, to "snake Thompson out, and bring him to the tar-kettle before dark." The ladies had been warned that they would be killed, "as sure as fate," if they showed themselves on their own premises that day. They therefore informed the mayor that they expected to be attacked. The reply of the city marshal was, "You give us a great deal of trouble."

The committee-room was surrounded, and gazed into by a howling, shrieking mob of gentlemen, while the twenty-five ladies sat perfectly still, awaiting the striking of the clock. When it struck, they opened their meeting. They were questioned as to whether Thompson were there in disguise; to which they made no answer.

They began, as usual, with prayer; the mob shouting, "Hurra! here comes Judge Lynch!" Before they had done, the partition gave way, and the gentlemen hurled missiles at the lady who was presiding. The secretary having risen, and begun to read her report, rendered inaudible by the uproar, the mayor entered, and insisted upon their going home, to save their lives. The purpose of their meeting was answered: they had asserted their principle; and they now passed out, two and two, amidst the execration of some thousands of gentlemen; — per-

sons who had silver shrines to protect. The ladies, to the number of fifty, walked to the house of one of their members, and were presently struck to the heart by the news that Garrison was in the hands of the mob. Garrison is the chief apostle of abolition in the United States. He had escorted his wife to the meeting; and, after offering to address the ladies, and being refused, out of regard to his safety, had left the room, and, as they supposed, the premises. He was, however, in the house when the ladies left it. He was hunted for by the mob; dragged from behind some planks where he had taken refuge,[1] and conveyed into the street. Here his hat was trampled underfoot, and brickbats were aimed at his bare head; a rope was tied round him, and thus he was dragged through the streets. His young wife saw all this. Her exclamation was, "I think my husband will not deny his principles." Her confidence was just. Garrison never denied his principles.

He was saved by a stout truckman, who, with his bludgeon, made his way into the crowd, as if to attack the victim. He protected the bare head, and pushed on toward a station house, whence the mayor's office issued, and pulled in Garrison, who was afterwards put into a coach. The mob tried to upset the coach, and throw down the horses; but the driver laid about him with his whip, and the constables with their staves, and Garrison was safely lodged in jail: for protection; for he had committed no offense.

Before the mayor ascended the stairs to dismiss the ladies, he had done a very remarkable deed; — he had

[1] Garrison was determined to face the mob, but was finally persuaded that he ought to avoid capture as long as possible. (*The Editor.*)

given permission to two gentlemen to pull down and destroy the anti-slavery sign, bearing the inscription, "Anti-Slavery Office," — which had hung for two years, as signs do hang before public offices in Boston. The plea of the mayor is that he hoped the rage of the mob would thus be appeased: that is, he gave them leave to break the laws in one way, lest they should in another. The citizens followed up this deed of the mayor with one no less remarkable. They elected these two rioters members of the State Legislature, by a large majority, within ten days.

I passed through the mob some time after it had begun to assemble, I asked my fellow passengers in the stage what it meant. They supposed it was a busy foreign-post day, and that this occasioned an assemblage of gentlemen about the post-office. They pointed out to me that there were none but gentlemen. We were passing through from Salem, fifteen miles north of Boston, to Providence, Rhode Island; and were therefore uninformed of the events and expectations of the day. On the morrow, a visitor, who arrived at Providence from Boston told us the story; and I had thenceforth an excellent opportunity of hearing all the remarks that could be made by persons of all ways of thinking and feeling, on this affair.

It excited much less attention than it deserved; less than would be believed possible by those at a distance who think more seriously of persecution for opinion, and less tenderly of slavery than a great many of the citizens of Boston. To many in the city of Boston the story I have told would be news, and to yet more in the country, who know that some trouble was caused

by abolition meetings in the city, but who are not aware that their own will, embodied in the laws, was overborne to gratify the mercenary interests of a few, and the political fears of a few more.

The first person with whom I conversed about this riot was the president of a university. We were perfectly agreed as to the causes and character of the outrage. This gentleman went over to Boston for a day or two; and when he returned, I saw him again. He said he was happy to tell me that we had been needlessly making ourselves uneasy about the affair; that there had been no mob, the persons assembled having been all gentlemen.

An eminent lawyer at Boston was one of the next to speak upon it. "Oh, there was no mob," said he. "I was there myself, and saw they were all gentlemen. They were all in fine broadcloth."

"Not the less a mob for that," said I.

"Why, they protected Garrison. He received no harm. They protected Garrison."

"From whom, or what?"

"Oh, they would not really hurt him. They only wanted to show that they would not have such a person live among them."

"Why should he not live among them? Is he guilty under any law?"

"He is an insufferable person to them."

"So may you be to-morrow. If you can catch Garrison breaking the laws, punish him under the laws. If you cannot, he has as much right to live where he pleases as you."

Two law pupils of this gentleman presently entered.

One approved of all that had been done, and praised the spirit of the gentlemen of Boston. I asked whether they had not broken the law. Yes. I asked him if he knew what the law was. Yes; but it could not be always kept. If a man was caught in a house setting it on fire, the owner might shoot him; and Garrison was such an incendiary. I asked him for proof. He had nothing but hearsay to give. The case, as I told him, came to this: A says Garrison is an incendiary. B says he is not. A proceeds on his own opinion to break the law, lest Garrison should do so.

The other pupil told me of the sorrow of heart with which he saw the law, the life of the Republic, set at naught by those who should best understand its nature and value. He saw that the time was come for the true men of the republic to oppose a bold front to the insolence of the rich and the powerful, who were bearing down the liberties of the people for a matter of opinion. The young men, he saw, must brace themselves up against the tyranny of the moneyed mob, and defend the law; or the liberties of the country were gone. I afterwards found many such among the young men of the wealthier classes. If they keep their convictions, they and their city are safe.

No prosecutions followed. I asked a lawyer, an abolitionist, why. He said there would be difficulty in getting a verdict; and, if it was obtained, the punishment would be merely a fine, which would be paid on the spot, and the triumph would remain with the aggressors. This seemed to me no good reason.

I asked an eminent judge the same question; and whether there was not a public prosecutor who might

prosecute for breach of the peace, if the abolitionists would not, for the assault on Garrison. He said it might be done; but he had given his advice against it. Why? The feeling was so strong against the abolitionists, — the rioters were so respectable in the city, — it was better to let the whole affair pass over without notice.

ON THE UNDERGROUND RAILWAY

[About 1858]

BY FRANCIS GRIERSON

[The following selections are from the boyhood recollections of a famous English author and musician who was brought up on the Illinois prairie.

"Underground railway" was a name given to the secret arrangement by which escaped slaves were taken from one anti-slavery man to another until they reached Canada or some other place of safety and freedom.

The Editor.]

On certain evenings my father would sit before the big, open fireplace and watch with unalloyed satisfaction the burning logs. He would see pictures in the blazing wood, and he had a science of his own in the mingling of different logs.

"How well that dried hickory burns with the damp walnut!" he would say, taking the tongs and shifting the pieces, now a little more to the front, now a little farther back.

He taught me to see castles, people, and faces in the flames and embers, and I knew what colors to expect from the different woods. He kept some that were full of sap, that would burn slowly; others were split up to dry. While sitting before the fire on a clear, bracing night my father was wont to forget every care and abandon himself to the pure pleasures of the hearth. He would dream of the past, of friends in the old country,

and more than once he would remark to me, taking the tongs and pointing: "There's a face that reminds me of poor So-and-So." He loved to revisit the old familiar scenes while the fire gave them momentary life and set them before him in frames of gold and flaming opal. Then he would tell me stories of the wild animals of the old homestead, of the tracks of the marten in the snow, and how he discovered its hiding-place; of a memorable fox hunt when one of his friends held the fox up by the tail and another friend cried out from a distance: "Don't hurt the fox! don't hurt the fox!" and of his sojourn in Paris during the reign of Louis Philippe.

At such times my mother added a spirit of cheerfulness by some joyful exclamation, such as: "There's a letter in the candle!" as if the simple expression in itself would assist the arrival of good news from afar; and when I looked I saw a large flaming blot, on the side of the wick, pointing toward us.

I cannot remember whether the letters arrived, as the candle so often announced; but how vividly I recollect the night when I lay awake in the next room and heard my parents discuss the uncertainty of the future, the imminent need of funds to carry on the work of the farm, and the possibility of failure and ruin! Such conversations occurred after the other members of the family had gone to bed, but I heard everything, and night after night I listened to those talks, and racked my brain wondering how it would all end. My distress was even greater than that of my mother, for she knew what I did not, and she could still hope.

After such talks the quivering song of the cricket dotted the stillness with an accent of deeper melancholy,

while the heavy pendulum slowly measured out the minutes between midnight and the dismal twilight of dawn.

We were all sitting quietly together the evening after my visit to the Load-Bearer's home, my mother with the Bible in her lap — the only book she ever read while in the Log House — my father reading a newspaper containing an account of a recent speech by Abraham Lincoln. My mother's face looked paler and more pensive than usual, for, some days previous to this, my father had had a misunderstanding with one of the settlers. The only weapon in the house was a double-barreled gun, and even this stood unloaded against the wall in a corner of the sitting-room. No dog was kept on the place, for the reason that a dog was regarded as one of the things most likely to cause trouble with the neighbors.

The wind was blowing across the prairie from the east. My mother seemed apprehensive, and I must have caught some of the thoughts which filled her mind with gloomy presentiments. During a lull of the wind a sound reached us from the prairies. It might have been a shout or a call. How vividly it all comes before me now! She looked inquiringly at my father, who was absorbed in his newspaper and heard nothing. I needed no words to tell me what she was thinking; her face assumed a grave and anxious look. I was hoping the sound might be nothing more than the noise of belated travelers passing on horseback when we heard it again, like a confused, mumbling menace — this time a little nearer, still disguised in the muffled wind. She walked into the next room, greatly agitated, but instantly returned and began to read in the Prayer-Book.

My father had just put aside his newspaper when a low, hollow murmur came from the prairie.

"What can it be?" asked my mother in a voice scarcely audible. Without answering, he went into the next room for the ammunition, took the gun from the corner and began to load with buckshot. It seemed to me he had never looked so tall, so grim, so determined as when he rammed the wadding down with the ramrod. Then he went to the front door and listened. My mother sat with closed eyes like one in a trance, until it seemed to me as if by some unaccountable hocus-pocus we had been thrust into a world where pantomime and mystery had taken the place of speech, and we were waiting for some sudden and terrible stroke of destiny. What was going to happen? Was it the end of all things at the Log House?

My father decided not to go out by the front way, and after the light was removed he opened the kitchen door and stood outside in the dark.

"The moon is just rising," said my mother in a half-whisper, looking through the window of the front room. Then I looked, and as the clouds drifted by I saw the moon in the shape of a gleaming scythe. A sudden chill of autumn had come to the house. She hurried out to beg my father to come in, but he was creeping from corner to corner and from tree to tree, with the gun held before him, cocked and ready for that deadly aim for which he was so well known.

After going as far as the smokehouse and waiting there some time, he returned; he thought the sounds must have been due to some prowling animal. He was about to give up further search when the moaning was

again heard, out a little beyond the trees, and then, as my mother stood trembling at the door, a voice shouted: —

"Don' shoot, massa; don' shoot! fer de Lawd's sake, don' ye shoot!"

My father went straight toward the voice.

"We done lost, massa," some one shouted as soon as he reached the open; "we is lookin' fer Massa Gest's place."

"Come in, come in."

My father came back into the kitchen with two negro fugitives.

"Where have you been?"

"Mass' Snedeker done drap us ober dere," said one of the negroes, pointing west.

"He was running you off?"

"Yes, massa."

"And finding he was chased, let you down, and so you got lost?"

"Yes, massa."

Just then a loud knocking at the front door came with terrible suddenness, for during the talk and confusion no one had heard any noise in the road.

My father took his gun, and standing at one side of the door asked who was there.

"Isaac Snedeker," answered a familiar voice.

Open went the door and in rushed Ike Snedeker, one of the most intrepid souls that ever risked death for the sake of conscience.

A man stood before us who had never known fear. One glance at his face would be enough to make an enemy stop and think twice before coming to close

quarters with such a being. He was courage incarnate, with the shaggy head of a lion, the sharp, invincible eye of an eagle, the frame of an athlete, the earnestness of a convinced reformer. His hair stood out thick and bushy, and his bearded face, with the upper lip clean-shaven, gave to the whole countenance a massive, formidable look that inspired every fugitive with confidence and struck fear into the hearts of his secret foes.

"I've lost two runaways," he said, as he walked through to the kitchen; "had to let them out of the wagon over there near the maple grove — we were followed."

"I think they are here," said my father, "and I came near shooting one of them by mistake."

"I directed them to come this way as near as I could, hoping they would strike through the prairie at this place."

My mother was now bringing the fugitives something to eat when Isaac Snedeker said peremptorily: —

"Come along, it's now or never. We've got to get to Brother Gest's with that load before midnight. You see, I've had to gather 'em up here and there in different places, and I have in the wagon out there two lots — one sent over by Ebenezer Carter and the other by Brother Wolcott. If we get caught it'll be the first time; but they'd get a haul that would amount to something — I've got fourteen altogether."

The two fugitives left without having time to drink a cup of coffee, and we all went to the road to see them off. The wagon was full of frightened, trembling runaways: negroes, mulattoes, octoroons. Not a moment was lost. Isaac Snedeker had only to speak to his

horses — a fine, powerful team — to send them going at a great speed down the road toward the appointed meeting-place at Elihu Gest's.

We went back into the house, where my mother sank exhausted into a rocking-chair.

But she had still another ordeal to go through. Prayers had been said, and we were all about to retire for the night, when the noise of galloping horses and men talking could be heard in the road. One moment of suspense followed another. Footsteps were heard near the kitchen door, then there came a light and somewhat timid rapping as if the persons outside were not certain about this being the right place. My father opened, this time without asking who was there. Two disreputable-looking men stood before him, one of them scowling at us through the door like some ferocious animal. They carried pistols and dirks. Their eyes were shaded by slouched hats that partly concealed the upper part of their faces, so that, for all we knew, they might have been neighbors living at no great distance from the Log House.

"Hev ye seen any runaways hangin' round hyar?" asked the elder man, looking up from under his hat, and with an expression that told of a fearful admixture of malicious cunning and moral cowardice.

"I have," answered my father. "Who delegated you to look for them?"

The fellow hesitated.

Then he stammered: —

"Be you a fire-eating abolitionist?"

"I have voted for Abraham Lincoln once, if that is what you mean by being an abolitionist."

"Ye ain't been long in this country," observed the younger man.

"Long enough to become an American citizen, and vote."

This surprised them. They looked confused, but they braced themselves for a final effort.

"We 're arter them runaways, 'en we don't calc'late te leave hyar without takin' 'em along."

"They went from here sometime ago, so you'll have to look elsewhere if you want to find them."

"Let's go over to the barn," said the elder of the two.

They started for the barn, but stopped just beyond the big locust tree, and I heard the words: —

"Say, Jake, I don't like the look o' that old Brit-isher."

"No more do I."

"He'll shoot the fust thing we know. He's got sumthin' mighty juberous in thet eye o' his'n."

Not another word was said. They wheeled about, made for the road, mounted their horses, and were off.

They had been cowed and disarmed by my father's coolness, his independence, by his towering height, and a scorn that was withering to the two slave-hunting villains.

THE GREAT LINCOLN-DOUGLAS DEBATE

[1858]

BY FRANCIS GRIERSON

It was the 15th day of October, 1858. Crowds were pouring into Alton. For some days people had been arriving by the steam-packets from up and down the river, the up-boats from St. Louis, bringing visitors with long, black hair, goatees, and stolid, Indian-like faces, slave-owners and slave-dealers, from the human marts of Missouri and Kentucky; the northern visitors arriving by boat or rail, abolitionists and Republicans, with a cast of features distinctly different from the types coming from the south.

They came from villages, townships, the prairies, from all the adjoining counties, from across the Mississippi, from far-away cities, from representative societies North and South, from congressional committees in the East, from leading journals of all political parties, and from every religious denomination within hundreds of miles, filling the broad space in front of the town hall, eager to see and hear the now famous debaters — the popular Stephen A. Douglas, United States Senator, nicknamed the "Little Giant," and plain Abraham Lincoln, nicknamed the "Rail-Splitter."

The great debate had begun on the 21st of August at another town, and to-day the long discussed subject would be brought to a close. Douglas stood for the doc-

trine that slavery was nationalized by the Constitution, that Congress had no power to prevent its introduction in the new Territories like Kansas and Nebraska, and that the people of each State could alone decide whether they should be slave States or free. Lincoln opposed the introduction of slavery into the new Territories.

On this memorable day the "irrepressible conflict" predicted by Seward actually began, and it was bruited about that Lincoln would be mobbed or assassinated if he repeated here the words he used in some of his speeches delivered in the northern part of the State. From the surging sea of faces thousands of anxious eyes gazed upward at the group of politicians on the balcony like wrecked mariners scanning the horizon for the smallest sign of a white sail of hope.

The final debate resembled a duel between two men-of-war, the pick of a great fleet, all but these two sunk or abandoned in other waters, facing each other in the open, the Little Giant hurling at his opponent, from his flagship of slavery, the deadliest missiles, Lincoln calmly waiting to sink his antagonist by one simple broadside. Alton had seen nothing so exciting since the assassination of Lovejoy, the fearless abolitionist, many years before.

In the earlier discussions Douglas seemed to have the advantage. A past-master in tact and audacity, skilled in the art of rhetorical skirmishing, he had no equal on the "stump," while in the Senate he was feared by the most brilliant debaters for his ready wit and his dashing eloquence.

Regarded in the light of historical experience, reasoned

about in the light of spiritual reality, and from the point of view that nothing can happen by chance, it seems as if Lincoln and Douglas were predestined to meet side by side in this discussion, and unless I dwell in detail on the mental and physical contrast the speakers presented it would be impossible to give an adequate idea of the startling difference in the two temperaments: Douglas — short, plump, and petulant; Lincoln — long, gaunt, and self-possessed; the one, white-haired and florid; the other, black-haired and swarthy; the one, educated and polished; the other, unlettered and primitive. Douglas had the assurance of a man of authority; Lincoln had moments of deep mental depression, often bordering on melancholy, yet controlled by a fixed, and, I may say, predestined will, for it can no longer be doubted that without the marvelous blend of humor and stolid patience so conspicuous in his character, Lincoln's genius would have turned to madness after the defeat of the Northern army at Bull Run, and the world would have had something like a repetition of Napoleon's fate after the burning of Moscow. Lincoln's humor was the balance-pole of his genius that enabled him to cross the most giddy heights without losing his head.

Judge Douglas opened the debate in a sonorous voice plainly heard throughout the assembly, and with a look of mingled defiance and confidence he marshaled his facts and deduced his arguments. To the vigor of his attack there was added the prestige of the Senate Chamber, and for some moments it looked as if he would carry the majority with him, a large portion of the crowd being pro-slavery men, while many others were "on the fence," waiting to be persuaded.

At last, after a great oratorical effort, he brought his speech to a close amidst the shouts and yells of thousands of admirers.

And now Abraham Lincoln, the man who, in 1830, undertook to split for Mrs. Nancy Miller four hundred rails for every yard of brown jeans dyed with walnut bark that would be required to make him a pair of trousers, the flatboatman, local stump-speaker and country-lawyer, rose from his seat, stretched his long bony limbs upward as if to get them into working order, and stood like some solitary giant on a lonely summit, very tall, very dark, very gaunt, and very rugged, his swarthy features stamped with a sad serenity, and the instant he began to speak the ungainly mouth lost its heaviness, the half-listless eyes attained a wondrous power, and the people stood bewildered and breathless under the natural magic of the strangest, most original personality known to the English-speaking world since Robert Burns. There were other very tall and dark men in the heterogeneous assembly, but not one who resembled the speaker. Every movement of his long, muscular frame denoted inflexible earnestness, and a something issued forth, elemental and mystical, that told what the man had been, what he was, and what he would do in the future. There were moments when he seemed all legs and feet, and again he appeared all head and neck; yet every look of the deep-set eyes, every movement of the prominent jaw, every wave of the hard-gripping hand, produced an impression, and before he had spoken twenty minutes the conviction took possession of thousands that here was the prophetic man of the present and the political savior of the future. Judges of human

nature saw at a glance that a man so ungainly, so natural, so earnest, and so forcible, had no place in his mental economy for the thing called vanity.

Douglas had been theatrical and scholarly, but this tall, homely man was creating by his very looks what the brilliant lawyer and experienced Senator had failed to make people see and feel. The Little Giant had assumed striking attitudes, played tricks with his flowing white hair, mimicking the airs of authority with patronizing allusions; but these affectations, usually so effective when he addressed an audience alone, went for nothing when brought face to face with realities. Lincoln had no genius for gesture and no desire to produce a sensation. The failure of Senator Douglas to bring conviction to critical minds was caused by three things: a lack of logical sequence in argument, a lack of intuitional judgment, and a vanity that was caused by too much intellect and too little heart. Douglas had been arrogant and vehement, Lincoln was now logical and penetrating. The Little Giant was a living picture of ostentatious vanity; from every feature of Lincoln's face there radiated the calm, inherent strength that always accompanies power. He relied on no props. With a pride sufficient to protect his mind and a will sufficient to defend his body, he drank water when Douglas, with all his wit and rhetoric, could begin or end nothing without stimulants. Here, then, was one man out of all the millions who believed in himself, who did not consult with others about what to say, who never for a moment respected the opinion of men who preached a lie. My old friend, Donn Piatt, in his personal impressions of Lincoln, whom he knew well and

greatly esteemed, declares him to be the homeliest man he ever saw; but serene confidence and self-poise can never be ugly. What thrilled the people who stood before Abraham Lincoln on that day was the sight of a being who, in all his actions and habits, resembled themselves, gentle as he was strong, fearless as he was honest, who towered above them all in that psychic radiance that penetrates in some mysterious way every fiber of the hearer's consciousness.

The enthusiasm created by Douglas was wrought out of smart epigram thrusts and a facile superficial eloquence. He was a match for the politicians born within the confines of his own intellectual circle: witty, brilliant, cunning, and shallow, his weight in the political balance was purely materialistic; his scales of justice tipped to the side of cotton, slavery, and popular passions; while the man who faced him now brought to the assembly cold logic in place of wit, frankness in place of cunning, reasoned will and judgment in place of chicanery and sophistry. Lincoln's presence infused into the mixed and uncertain throng something spiritual and supernormal. His looks, his words, his voice, his attitude were like a magical essence dropped into the seething cauldron of politics, reacting against the foam, calming the surface, and letting the people see to the bottom. It did not take him long.

"Is it not a false statesmanship," he asked, "that undertakes to build up a system of policy upon the basis of caring nothing about the very thing that everybody does care the most about? Judge Douglas may say he cares not whether slavery is voted up or down, but he must have a choice between a right thing and a

wrong thing. He contends that whatever community wants slaves has a right to have them. So they have, if it is not a wrong; but if it is a wrong he cannot say people have a right to do wrong. He says that upon the score of equality slaves should be allowed to go into a new territory like other property. This is strictly logical if there is no difference between it and other property. If it and other property are equal his argument is entirely logical; but if you insist that one is wrong and the other right there is no use to institute a comparison between right and wrong."

This was the broadside. The great duel on the high seas of politics was over. The Douglas ship of State Sovereignty was sinking. The debate was a triumph that would send Lincoln to Washington as President in a little more than two years from that date.

People were fascinated by the gaunt figure, in long, loose garments, that seemed like a "huge skeleton in clothes," attracted by the homely face, and mystified, yet proud of the fact that a simple denizen of their own soil should wield so much power.

When Lincoln sat down, Douglas made one last feeble attempt at an answer; but Lincoln, in reply to a spectator who manifested some apprehension as to the outcome, rose, and spreading out his great arms at full length, like a condor about to take wing, exclaimed, with humorous indifference, "Oh! let him go it!" These were the last words he uttered in the greatest debate of the *ante-bellum* days.

The victor bundled up his papers and withdrew, the assembly shouting, "Hurrah for Abe Lincoln as next President!" "Bully for old Abe!" "Lincoln forever!"

Excited crowds followed him about, reporters caught his slightest word, and by night time the bar-rooms, hotels, street corners, and prominent stores were filled with his admirers, fairly intoxicated with the exciting triumph of the day.

JUST BEFORE THE WAR

[1858]

BY MORRIS SCHAFF

Sometime during the winter of 1857–58, I received from the Honorable Samuel S. Cox, member of Congress from Ohio, representing the district composed of Licking, Franklin, and Pickaway, an appointment as cadet at West Point. I know it was winter-time, for across the vanished years I can see the family gathered before the big wood fire, and I can see my father, who had been to Newark and had stopped at the Kirkersville post-office, coming in, clad in his greatcoat, and bearing in his hand a large and significant-looking official letter.

Removing his coat and adjusting his glasses, he opened the communication from Washington and read my appointment. Oh, the quiet radiance of my mother's face! Never, I think, did fire burn so cheerily as ours burned that night, and somehow, I am fain to believe, the curling smoke communicated the news to the old farm; for the fields — how often had I wandered over them from childhood; oh, yes, how often had I seen the cattle grazing, — the corn tasseling, and their sweet pomp of daisies and clover and shocks of ripened wheat! — all seemed to greet me the next morning as I walked out to feed the sheep. We sat long round the fire, and read and re-read the entrance requirements, both physical and mental, as set forth in the circular accompanying the appointment.

This circular, prepared by Jefferson Davis, Secretary of War, himself a graduate of West Point, announced that only about a third of all who entered were graduated, and counseled the appointee that unless he had an aptitude for mathematics, etc., it might be better for him not to accept the appointment; thus he would escape the mortification of failure for himself and family. In view of my lack of opportunity to acquire more than the simplest rudiments of an education in any branch, I wonder now that I dared to face the ordeal. But how the future gleams through the gates of youth!

It was in the days before competitive examinations, when appointments to West Point and Annapolis were coveted, and usually secured, by the sons of leaders of business, political influence, and social standing; and ours was the capital district. At that time our country differed widely from that in which we are now living; and so great have been the changes that, could the leading merchants of our cities of fifty years ago, or the farmers who settled amid the primeval timber of the West, return, they could not distinguish one street from another, and would look in vain for the fields and woods that met their eyes from the doorstep. The population of the country, now rising eighty millions, was less than thirty-two millions, not counting the territories; and of these, nineteen millions were in the Northern, or free States, and twelve in the Southern, or slave States. The frontier was along the western boundary of Arkansas, and thence north to the Canadian line. The great tide of emigration that set in with the building of the National Road was still flowing west; while the railroads and telegraph were just beginning to push their way

thither. Steamboats, called "floating palaces," could be seen at almost every bend of the beautiful Ohio and on every long reach of the solemnly impressive Mississippi.

Practically all the vast area lying west of the Hudson was devoted to agriculture, while the South, as from the early days, was still raising cotton and tobacco, finding itself year after year dropping farther and farther behind the more progressive North in commercial weight and importance. But there were no great fortunes at that time, either North or South; it is safe to say there were not throughout all the land a score of men worth a million dollars. If an estate amounted to fifty thousand dollars, it was considered large; and yet under those conditions there were refinement, courage, good manners, and wide knowledge, — qualities that went to the making of gentlemen. Colleges, called universities, were springing up everywhere over the land. Irving, Poe, Hawthorne, and Bancroft, Longfellow, Cooper, Whittier, and Emerson, had laid the foundations for our literature. In public life the foremost statesmen of the time were Benton, Cass, Corwin, Cox, Douglas, Chase, Wade, and Giddings in the West; Seward, Hale, Banks, Sumner, and Adams in the East; while the South counted among its leaders such men as Jefferson Davis and Quitman of Mississippi, Alexander H. Stephens and Toombs of Georgia, and Hunter and Mason of Virginia. Besides these there were Breckinridge and Crittenden of Kentucky, Benjamin and Slidell of Louisiana, Wigfall of Texas, and Yancey of Alabama — not to mention a group of arrogant and almost frenzied agitators for secession, who seemed to rise right up from the ground that was thrown out when Calhoun's grave

was dug, and to whom may be attributed in great measure the dire adversity of our Southland.

The war with Mexico was still fresh in the memories of the people, and the majority of the officers who had gained distinction in it were still living, and also veterans here and there of the War of 1812; and to emphasize the march of time, I may say that a frequent visitor at my father's house was a French veteran by the name of Genêt, who had actually fought under Napoleon at Waterloo. Save with Mexico, our country had been at peace with all the world for nearly fifty years; its future, save as shadowed by slavery, glowed warmly, and pride and love for it burned in every heart.

The army consisted of 16,435 officers and men; its organization was made up of engineers, topographical engineers, ordnance, supply departments, artillery, cavalry, dragoons, and mounted rifles. The heaviest guns in the forts were ten-inch columbiads, and the small arms were all muzzle-loading smoothbores and rifles.

Grant, in utter obscurity and almost utter poverty, and fronting an outlook of utter hopelessness, was a clerk in a store at Galena. Farragut was sailing the seas and not dreaming of the days to come, when, lashed to the rigging, he should lead his squadron into the battle of Mobile Bay. Lee was commanding a post in Texas, and probably had never heard of the little town of Gettysburg; Sedgwick and Thomas and "Jeb" Stuart were all on the Texas frontier, and the future seemed to offer only a slow chance for promotion; and yet, in less than five years they had risen to enduring fame. Stonewall Jackson was an instructor at the Virginia Military Institute — the West Point of the South; but

he was dwelling more on the sins of this earth than on its honors, either military or civil, and was regarded by his intimates as a queer and uninteresting type of belated Roundhead. Within five years he was to rise to the pinnacle of fame, his star to the country's zenith. Sherman was teaching in Louisiana, little dreaming that he should one day lead a victorious army from Atlanta to the sea. Longstreet, the Johnstons, the Hills, Hooker, Bragg, and Forrest, — the latter a slave-dealer, but the ablest cavalry leader of the Confederacy, — and many another in the blue and the gray, unknown outside of local and professional associations, rose on the stormy tides of the mighty rebellion. Of these, Reynolds, who fell at Gettysburg, Webb, Warren, McCook, Howard, Griffin, Schofield, Hartsuff, Saxton, Weitzel, and Hazen, of the Union; Hardee, Beauregard, Fitz Lee, Alexander, and Field, of the Confederate Army, were on duty as officers at West Point; in the corps as cadets were Wilson, Upton, Hardin, Horace Porter, Merritt, Custer, and Mackenzie of the North, while bound in ties of friendship with them were Ramseur, Wheeler, Rosser, Pelham, Young, Semmes, and Deering of the South. Whenever and wherever I have thought of them as officers or cadets, — and it has been many and many a time, — imagination has painted them marching unconsciously to the field of the high test of the soldier and the gentleman.

The war between the States was gathering much faster than we realized. Every little while, as from a cloud, sounded low and heavy rumblings; but, like distant thunder in summer, they died away, and notwithstanding they came again heavier and at shorter inter-

vals, hopes of peace, like birds in the fields, sang on. Everywhere there was a growing fever in the blood.

The progress of events in the seventy-five years during which they had been bound together in the Constitution had forced freedom and slavery, so mutually and innately antagonistic, nearer and nearer to each other. The closer the approach, slavery on the one hand saw herself growing more and more repulsive, while on the other, the South, with increasing anger and alarm, saw in the cold look of the self-controlled North that her happiness, prosperity, social fabric, and political supremacy were threatened if not doomed. In the Ordinance of 1787 she had seen herself excluded from all the territory north of the Ohio; in 1820, forever prohibited in all the territory ceded by France, and known as Louisiana, north of 36° 30′; in 1846, excluded from all the territory purchased from Mexico; in 1850, California admitted as a free State, and the slave trade abolished in the District of Columbia. In 1854, slavery was expelled from the Territory of Kansas, the blood of Northern men dripping from its hands, after a savage and brutal contest with freedom. During this process of being hemmed in, the South became more and more irritable, and, unfortunately, more domineering.

Naturally enough the social, idealistic, and temperamental differences elementary in the natures and traditions of the people grew apace. We in the West, especially those of us with Southern affiliations, hated slavery and hated New England, but generally sympathized with the South; yet in her arrogance she fast assumed an attitude of condescension and superiority over us all. Meanwhile, the abolitionist, despised on all hands, had

begun the most systematic, deliberate, and stubborn crusade that ever was waged against an institution, and this crusade was carried on until at last the harassed South demanded, and the Congress passed, the Fugitive Slave Law. It was a law hateful in every feature, arousing the indignation of every natural impulse, and humiliating to the self-respect of every official called on for its execution. Then "Uncle Tom's Cabin" appeared; from door to door it went, and slavery heard its knell from every hearthstone before which it was read.

From that time an open hostility to the institution was in the plank of every Northern platform, and constantly engaged benevolent and religious associations in earnest discussion. There was no respite day or night thenceforward for the great body of the people, who, standing between the fire-eaters on the one hand and the abolitionists on the other, were ready and longing to do anything for the peace, glory, and welfare of South as well as North.

As early as 1850, South Carolina and Mississippi in their provincial egotism had threatened secession; declaring in a bullying way that they would not submit to degradation in the Union, — referring to the barricades that the people of the free States had thrown up against the extension of the institution of slavery. Meanwhile, Sumner, with manners more imperious and egotism more colossal than the Southern States had ever exhibited, assailed slavery and, indirectly, the Representatives of the South in Congress, with a kind of dogmatic statesmanship and scholastic venom — the latter intended to irritate, and succeeding in its purpose — roared out in pompous and reverberating declama-

THE LAST MOMENTS OF JOHN BROWN

THE LAST MOMENTS OF JOHN BROWN

BY THOMAS HOVENDEN

(*Born in Ireland*, 1810; *died in America in* 1895)

According to the Compromise of 1850, it was agreed that when Kansas and Nebraska should be ready to enter the Union as States, they might be either free or slave-holding, as their inhabitants should prefer. Both pro-slavery and anti-slavery men pressed into Kansas, and what was really war on a small scale raged between them. One of the fiercest of the anti-slavery fighters was John Brown, whose one aim was, as he said, to wage "eternal war with slavery."

This was in 1856. Three years later, he formed a plan to free the slaves. He thought that if some place in the mountains could be fortified, large numbers of slaves would escape to it, and a general revolt would result. He rented a farmhouse six miles from Harper's Ferry. To get arms, he, with twenty followers, seized the United States Arsenal at that place, and took some forty prisoners. On the following day he was captured by troops under Robert E. Lee, after a fight in which two of his sons and nearly all of his men were killed and he himself was several times wounded. Governor Wise of Virginia, under whom he was tried for treason, said of Brown, "He inspired me with great trust in his integrity as a man of truth." He was hanged, but manifested, even on the scaffold, the utmost calmness and fortitude. It is said that on the way to the place of execution he paused a moment to kiss the little child of a slave mother.

tion. The effect of these deplorable extremes was to weaken the natural ties that bound the sections, to drive out friendship and good will from many a home, and to substitute in their places deep and dangerous ill feelings. Now, as I look back over it all, never, it seems to me, did provincial egotism born of slavery, and bigotry born of political and moral dogma, pursue their ways more blindly to frightful wastes of blood and treasure. But let this question rest: the fire-eater is gone, and the abolitionist is gone; were they to come back, the surprise of both at the results would be astounding. However that may be, in due time an idea took possession of the North, as if it had seen a vision; the Democratic party began to break before it, and the Republican party sprang up from Maine to California with almost the speed of a phantom.

When I finally left home for West Point, James Buchanan was President, and drifting into a deeper eclipse than has befallen any other who has filled that high office. Abraham Lincoln was still unknown beyond the prairies of Central Illinois.

X

FROM FORT SUMTER TO CHANCELLORSVILLE

HISTORICAL NOTE

On April 12, 1861, the Confederate batteries opened fire on Fort Sumter in Charleston Harbor. The Civil War had begun. Armies were promptly raised by the United States and by the Confederacy, and Richmond was chosen as the Confederate capital. Little heavy fighting was done during the first year of the war except at Bull Run, where the Confederates won a decisive victory.

In 1862, affairs in the West were generally favorable to the Unionists. By the capture of Forts Henry and Donelson, the greater part of Tennessee was wrested from the Confederates, and by Grant's victory at Shiloh their second line of defense in the West was broken. To gain control of the Mississippi was an important matter to the Union; for this would separate the Confederacy into two parts, and would also make it easy to transport men and supplies from the North. The first step was to capture New Orleans if possible; and this was accomplished by Farragut. Soon after the Confederate river fleet was destroyed at Memphis, and as far south as Vicksburg the Mississippi was controlled by the Unionists. New Orleans was also, as has been said, in their hands, and a strict blockade was established along the whole Southern coast. Even more important than these successes was the victory of the Monitor over the Merrimac, a victory that preserved the naval supremacy of the North and revolutionized naval warfare.

In the East the advantage was with the Confederates. In the Peninsula campaign, General McClellan's advance toward Richmond was thrust back with heavy loss, and General Lee, who was now in command of the Confederate army, pushed forward into Maryland, but was defeated at Antietam, and withdrew into Virginia. A few days later Lincoln issued his Emancipation Proclamation, declaring that on the 1st of January, 1863, all slaves in the rebellious States should be free. On December 13, Burnside, who replaced McClellan, endeavored to force the Confederate lines at Fredericksburg, but was driven back with great loss, and was superseded by General Hooker.

THE BOMBARDMENT OF FORT SUMTER

[1861]

BY ORVILLE J. VICTOR

PUNCTUALLY at the hour indicated — twenty minutes past 4 A.M. — the roar of a mortar from Sullivan's Island announced the war begun. A second bomb from the same battery followed; then Fort Moultrie answered with the thunder of a columbiad; Cumming's Point next, and the Floating Battery, dropped in their resonant notes; then a pause, but only for a moment. A roar of fifty guns burst in concert, a chorus to the solemn prelude which must have startled the spirits of the patriotic dead in their slumbers.

Sumter lay off in the waters, the center of that appalling circle of fire. The early morning shadows had lifted from its ramparts to discover the Stars and Stripes floating from the garrison staff; but it was as silent amid that storm as if no living soul panted and fretted within its walls. It was the silence of duty, — of men resolved on death, if their country called for the sacrifice. For months the little garrison had been pent up in the fortress, overworked and underfed, but not a murmur escaped the men, and the hour of assault found all prepared for their leader's orders, — to defend the fort to the last.

The sentinels were removed from the parapet, the posterns closed, and the order given for the men to keep close within the casements until the call of the drum.

Breakfast was quietly served at six o'clock, the shot and shell of the enemy thundering against the walls and pouring within the inclosure with remarkable precision. After breakfast, disposition was calmly made for the day's work. The casements were supplied from the magazines; the guns, without tangents or scales, and even destitute of bearing-screws, were to be ranged by the eyes and fired "by guess"; the little force was told off in relays, composed of three reliefs, equally dividing the officers and men. Captain Doubleday took the first detachment, and fired the first gun at seven o'clock. The captain directed his guns at Moultrie, at the Cumming's Point iron battery, the floating ironclad battery anchored off the end of Sullivan's Island, and the enfilading battery on Sullivan's Island, — all of which were then pouring in a scathing storm of solid shot.

An officer who was present thus spoke of the bombarding: —

"The explosion of shells, and the quantity of deadly missiles that were hurled in every direction and at every instant of time, made it almost certain death to go out of the lower tier of casements, and also made the working of the barbette or upper uncovered guns, which contained all our heaviest metals, and by which alone we could throw shells, quite impossible. During the first day there was hardly an instant of time that there was a cessation of the whizzing of balls, which were sometimes coming half a dozen at once. There was not a portion of the work which was not seen in reverse (that is, exposed by the rear) from mortars.

"At noon, Friday, the supply of cartridges in the fort was exhausted, when the blankets of the barracks and

the shirts of the men were sewed into the required bags and served out. No instrument was in the fort for weighing the powder, thus forbidding all precision in the charge, and, as a consequence, causing much variation in planting the shot. When we add that the guns wanted both tangents, breech or telescopic sights, that wedges served instead of bearing-screws, we can only express astonishment at the accuracy attained. Not a structure of the enemy escaped the solid balls of the columbiads and paixhans. The village of Moultrieville — a gathering of summer-houses belonging to citizens of Charleston — was completely riddled. . . ."

Saturday morning, at the earliest light, the cannonading was resumed with redoubled fury. By eight o'clock the red-hot balls from the furnace in Moultrie came to prove that the revolutionists would use every means to dislodge the obstinate Anderson. Soon the barracks and quarters were in flames, past all control. The men were then withdrawn from the guns, to avert the now impending danger to the magazine — the powder must be emptied into the sea. Ninety barrels were rolled over the area exposed to the flames, and pitched into the water. By this time the heat from the burning buildings became intense, fairly stifling the men with its dense fumes. The doors of the vault were, therefore, sealed, while the men crept into the casemates to avoid suffocation by cowering close to the floor, covering their faces with wet cloths. An occasional gun only could be fired, as a signal to the enemy and the fleet outside that the fort had not surrendered. The colors still floated from the staff. When the winds bore the smoke and flames aside, its folds revealed to the enemy the glorious Stars and

Stripes, waving there amid the ruin and treble terror, unscathed. Its halliards had been shot away, but, becoming entangled, the flag was fixed. Only the destruction of the staff could drag it down.

This appalling conflagration seemed to inflame the zeal of the assailants. The entire circle of attack blazoned with fire, and the air was cut into hissing arches of smoke and balls. The rebel general in command had stated that two hours, probably, would suffice to reduce the fortress, but twenty-eight hours had not accomplished the work; and now, as the besiegers beheld another and more invincible power coming to their aid, they acknowledged the service rendered, by frenzied shouts and redoubled service at their guns.

About noon of Saturday the upper service magazine exploded, tearing away the tower and upper portions of the fort, and doing more havoc than a week's bombardment could have effected. One who was present wrote: —

"The crash of the beams, the roar of the flames, the rapid explosion of the shells, and the shower of fragments of the fort, with the blackness of the smoke, made the scene indescribably terrific and grand. This continued for several hours. Meanwhile, the main gates were burned down, the chassis of the barbette guns were burned away on the gorge, and the upper portions of the towers had been demolished by shells.

"There was not a portion of the fort where a breath of air could be got for hours, except through a wet cloth. The fire spread to the men's quarters, on the right hand and on the left, and endangered the powder

which had been taken out of the magazines. The men went through the fire and covered the barrels with wet cloths, but the danger of the fort's blowing up became so imminent that they were obliged to heave the barrels out of the embrasures. While the powder was being thrown overboard, all the guns of Moultrie, of the iron floating battery, of the enfilade battery, and the Dahlgren battery, worked with increased vigor.

"All but four barrels were thus disposed of, and those remaining were wrapped in many thicknesses of wet woolen blankets. But three cartridges were left, and these were in the guns. About this time the flag-staff of Fort Sumter was shot down, some fifty feet from the truck, this being the ninth time that it had been struck by a shot. The men cried out, 'The flag is down; it has been shot away!' In an instant, Lieutenant Hall rushed forward and brought the flag away. But the halliards were so inextricably tangled that it could not be righted: it was, therefore, nailed to the staff, and planted upon the ramparts, while batteries in every direction were playing upon them. . . ."

During the bombardment a vast concourse of people gathered in Charleston, and lined the wharves and promenade, to witness the sublime contest. The surrounding country poured in its eager, excited masses to add to the throng. Men, women, and children stood there, hour after hour, with blanched faces and praying hearts; for few of that crowd but had some loved one in the works under fire. Messengers came hourly from the several positions to assure the people of the safety of the men. The second day's conflict found the city densely filled with people, crowding in by railway and

private conveyance from the more distant counties, until Charleston literally swarmed with humanity.

[The rest of the story is told in Major Anderson's dispatch to the United States Government.]

STEAMER BALTIC, OFF SANDY HOOK,
April 18th, 1861.

THE HONORABLE S. CAMERON,
Secretary of War, Washington, D.C.: —

SIR, — Having defended Fort Sumter for thirty-four hours, until the quarters were entirely burned, the main gates destroyed by fire, the gorge wall seriously injured, the magazine surrounded by flames, and its door closed from the effects of the heat, four barrels and three cartridges of powder only being available, and no provisions but pork remaining, I accepted the terms of evacuation, offered by General Beauregard, being the same offered by him on the 11th instant, prior to the commencement of hostilities, and marched out of the fort Sunday afternoon, the 14th instant, with colors flying and drums beating, bringing away company and private property, and saluting my flag with fifty guns.

ROBERT ANDERSON,
Major, First Artillery.

BATTLE-HYMN OF THE REPUBLIC

[1861]

BY JULIA WARD HOWE

MINE eyes have seen the glory of the coming of the
Lord:
He is trampling out the vintage where the grapes of
wrath are stored;
He hath loosed the fateful lightning of his terrible swift
sword:
His truth is marching on.

I have seen Him in the watch-fires of a hundred circling
camps;
They have builded Him an altar in the evening dews and
damps;
I can read his righteous sentence by the dim and flaring
lamps.
His day is marching on.

I have read a fiery gospel, writ in burnished rows of steel;
"As ye deal with my contemners, so with you my grace
shall deal;
Let the Hero, born of woman, crush the serpent with his
heel,
Since God is marching on."

He has sounded forth the trumpet that shall never call
retreat;
He is sifting out the hearts of men before His judgment
seat:

Oh! be swift, my soul, to answer Him! be jubilant, my
feet!
Our God is marching on.

In the beauty of the lilies Christ was born across the sea,
With a glory in His bosom that transfigures you and me:
As He died to make men holy, let us die to make men
free,
While God is marching on.

THE GATHERING OF THE GREAT ARMY

[1861]

BY CHARLES CARLETON COFFIN

At the call of the President every village sends its soldiers, every town its company. When you listened to the soul-thrilling music of the band, and watched the long, winding train as it vanished with the troops in the distance, you had one little glimpse of the machinery of war, as when riding past a great manufactory you see a single pulley, or a row of spindles through a window. You do not see the thousands of wheels, belts, shafts, — the hundred thousand spindles, the arms of iron, fingers of brass, and springs of steel, and the mighty wheel which gives motion to all, — and so you have not seen the great, complicated, far-reaching, and powerful machinery of war.

But there is activity everywhere. Drums are beating, men assembling, soldiers marching, and hastening on in regiments. They go into camp and sleep on the ground, wrapped in their blankets. It is a new life. They have no napkins, no tablecloths at breakfast, dinner, or supper, no china plates or silver forks. Each soldier has his tin plate and cup, and makes a hearty meal of beef and bread. It is hard baked bread. They call it "hard-tack," because it might be tacked upon the roof of a house instead of shingles. They also have Cincinnati "chicken." At home they called it pork; fowls are scarce

and pork is plenty in camp, so they make-believe it is chicken!

There is drilling by squads, companies, battalions, and by regiments. Some stand guard around the camp by day, and others go out on picket at night, to watch for the enemy. It is military life. Everything is done by orders. When you become a soldier, you cannot go and come as you please. Privates, lieutenants, captains, colonels, generals, all are subject to the orders of their superior officers. All must obey the general in command. You march, drill, eat, sleep, go to bed, and get up by order. At sunrise you hear the reveille, and at nine o'clock in the evening the tattoo. Then the candle, which has been burning in your tent with a bayonet for a candlestick, must be put out. In the dead of night, while sleeping soundly and dreaming of home, you hear the drum-beat. It is the long roll. There is a rattle of musketry. The pickets are at it. Every man springs to his feet.

"Turn out! turn out!" shouts the colonel.

"Fall in! fall in!" cries the captain.

There is confusion throughout the camp, — a trampling of feet and loud, hurried talking. In your haste you get your boots on wrong, and buckle your cartridge-box on bottom up. You rush out in the darkness, not minding your steps, and are caught by the tent-ropes. You tumble headlong, upsetting to-morrow's breakfast of beans. You take your place in the ranks, nervous, excited, and trembling at you know not what. The regiment rushes toward the firing, which suddenly ceases. An officer rides up in the darkness and says it is a false alarm! You march back to camp, cool and col-

lected now, grumbling at the stupidity of the picket, who saw a bush, thought it was a Rebel, fired his gun, and alarmed the whole camp.

In the autumn of 1861 the army of the Potomac, encamped around Washington, numbered about two hundred thousand men. Before it marches to the battle-field, let us see how it is organized, how it looks, how it is fed; let us get an insight into its machinery.

Go up in the balloon which you see hanging in the air across the Potomac from Georgetown, and look down upon this great army. All the country round is dotted with white tents, — some in the open fields, and some half hid by the forest-trees. Looking away to the north-west you see the right wing. Arlington is the center, and at Alexandria is the left wing. You see men in ranks, in files, in long lines, in masses, moving to and fro, marching and countermarching, learning how to fight a battle. There are thousands of wagons and horses; there are from two to three hundred pieces of artillery. How long the line, if all were on the march! Men marching in files are about three feet apart. A wagon with four horses occupies fifty feet. If this army was moving on a narrow country road, four cavalrymen riding abreast, and men in files of four, with all the artillery, ammunition-wagons, supply-trains, ambulances, and equipment, it would reach from Boston to Hartford, or from New York city to Albany, a hundred and fifty miles!

To move such a multitude, to bring order out of confusion, there must be a system, a plan, and an organization. Regiments are therefore formed into brigades, with usually about four regiments to a brigade. Three or four brigades compose a division, and three or four

divisions make an army corps. A corps when full numbers from twenty-five to thirty thousand men.

When an army moves, the general commanding it issues his orders to the generals commanding the corps; they issue their orders to the division commanders, the division commanders to the brigadiers, they to the colonels, and the colonels to captains, and the captains to the companies. As the great wheel in the factory turns all the machinery, so one mind moves the whole army. The general-in-chief must designate the road which each corps shall take, the time when they are to march, where they are to march to, and sometimes the hour when they must arrive at an appointed place. The corps commanders must direct which of their divisions shall march first, what roads they shall take, and where they shall encamp at night. The division commanders direct what brigades shall march first. No corps, division, or brigade commander can take any other road than that assigned him, without producing confusion and delay.

The army must have its food regularly. Think how much food it takes to supply the city of Boston, or Cincinnati every day. Yet here are as many men as there are people in those cities. There are a great many more horses in the army than in the stables of both of those cities. All must be fed. There must be a constant supply of beef, pork, bread, beans, vinegar, sugar, and coffee, oats, corn, and hay.

The army must also have its supplies of clothing, its boots, shoes, and coats. It must have its ammunition, its millions of cartridges of different kinds; for there are a great many kinds of guns in the regiments, — Spring-

field and Enfield muskets, French, Belgian, Prussian, and Austrian guns, requiring a great many different kinds of ammunition. There are a great many different kinds of cannon. There must be no lack of ammunition, no mistake in its distribution. So there is the Quartermaster's Department, the Commissary, and the Ordnance Department. The Quartermaster moves and clothes the army, the Commissary feeds it, and the Ordnance Officer supplies it with ammunition. The General-in-Chief has a Quartermaster-General, a Chief Commissary and a Chief Ordnance Officer, who issue their orders to the chief officers in their departments attached to each corps. They issue their orders to their subordinates in the divisions, and the division officers to those in the brigades.

Then there is a Surgeon-General, who directs all the hospital operations, who must see that the sick and wounded are all taken care of. There are camp surgeons, division, brigade, and regimental surgeons. There are hospital nurses, ambulance drivers, all subject to the orders of the surgeon. No other officer can direct them. Each department is complete in itself.

It has cost a great deal of thought, labor, and money to construct this great machinery. In creating it there has been much thinking, energy, determination, and labor; and there must be constant forethought in anticipating future wants, necessities, and contingencies, when to move, where, and how. The army does not exist of its own accord, but by constant, unremitting effort.

The people of the country determined that the Constitution, the Union, and the government bequeathed by

their fathers should be preserved. They authorized the President to raise a great army. Congress voted money and men. The President, acting as the agent of the people, and as Commander-in-Chief, appointed men to bring all the materials together and organize the army. Look at what was wanted to build this mighty machine and to keep it going.

First, the hundreds of thousands of men; the thousands of horses; the thousands of barrels of beef, pork, and flour; thousands of hogsheads of sugar, vinegar, rice, salt, bags of coffee, and immense stores of other things. Thousands of tons of hay, bags of oats and corn. What numbers of men and women have been at work to get each soldier ready for the field. He has boots, clothes, and equipments. The tanner, currier, shoemaker, the manufacturer, with his swift-flying shuttles, the operator tending his looms and spinning-jennies, the tailor with his sewing-machines, the gunsmith, the harness-maker, the blacksmith, — all trades and occupations have been employed. There are saddles, bridles, knapsacks, canteens, dippers, plates, knives, stoves, kettles, tents, blankets, medicines, drums, swords, pistols, guns, cannon, powder, percussion-caps, bullets, shot, shells, wagons, — everything.

Walk leisurely through the camps, and observe the little things and the great things, see the men on the march. Then go into the Army and Navy Departments in Washington, in those brick buildings west of the President's house. In those rooms are surveys, maps, plans, papers, charts of the ocean, of the sea-coast, currents, sandbars, shoals, the rising and falling of tides. In the Topographical Bureau you see maps of all sections of the

country. There is the Ordnance Bureau, with all sorts of guns, rifles, muskets, carbines, pistols, swords, shells, rifled shot, fuses which the inventors have brought in. There are a great many bureaus, with immense piles of papers and volumes, containing experiments upon the strength of iron, the trials of cannon, guns, mortars, and powder. There have been experiments to determine how much powder shall be used, whether it shall be as fine as mustard-seed or as coarse as lumps of sugar, and the results are all noted here. All the appliances of science, industry, and art are brought into use to make it the best army the world ever saw.

JONATHAN TO JOHN

BY JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL

[In the latter part of 1861, the Confederates sent Messrs. Mason and Slidell to ask for aid from England and France. When on board the British vessel, the Trent, they were seized by an American captain. The British Government was ready to declare war on the United States; but President Lincoln said, "Why, this is exercising the 'right of search' that we went to war with England about in 1812"; and the men were surrendered.

The Editor.]

It don't seem hardly right, John,
When both my hands was full,
To stump me to a fight, John, —
Your cousin tu, John Bull!
Ole Uncle S. sez he, "I guess
We know it now," sez he,
"The lion's paw is all the law,
Accordin' to J. B.,
Thet's fit for you an' me!"

You wonder why we're hot, John?
Your mark was on the guns,
The neutral guns, thet shot, John,
Our brothers an' our sons:
Ole Uncle S. sez he, "I guess
There's human blood," sez he.
"By fits an' starts, in Yankee hearts,
Though 't may surprise J. B.
More'n it would you an' me."

JONATHAN TO JOHN

Ef *I* turned mad dogs loose, John,
  On *your* front parlor stairs,
Would it jest meet your views, John,
  To wait an' sue their heirs?
    Ole Uncle S. sez he, "I guess,
    I on'y guess," sez he,
"Thet ef Vattel on *his* toes fell,
    'T would kind o' rile J. B.,
    Ez wal ez you an' me!"

Who made the law thet hurts, John,
  Heads I win, — ditto tails?
"*J. B.*" was on his shirts, John,
  Onless my memory fails.
    Ole Uncle S. sez he, "I guess
    (I'm good at thet)," sez he,
"Thet sauce for goose ain't jest the juice
    Fer ganders with J. B.,
    No more'n with you or me!"

When your rights was our wrongs, John,
  You did n't stop fer fuss, —
Britanny's trident prongs, John,
  Was good 'nough law fer us.
    Ole Uncle S. sez he, "I guess,
    Though physic's good," sez he,
"It does n't foller thet he can swaller
    Prescriptions signed 'J. B.,'
    Put up by you an' me!"

We own the ocean tu, John:
  You mus'n' take it hard,

Ef we can't think with you, John,
  It's jest your own back-yard.
    Ole Uncle S. sez he, "I guess,
    Ef *thet's* his claim," sez he.
"The fencin'-stuff'll cost enough
    To bust up friend J. B.,
    Ez wal as you an' me!"

Why talk so dreffle big, John,
  Of honor when it meant
You did n't care a bit, John,
  But jest for *ten per cent?*
    Ole Uncle S. sez he, "I guess
    He's like the rest," sez he:
"When all is done, it's number one
    Thet's nearest to J. B.,
    Ez wal ez t' you an' me!"

We give the critters back, John,
  Cos Abram thought 't was right;
It war n't your bullyin' clack, John,
  Provokin' us to fight.
    Ole Uncle S. sez he, "I guess
    We've a hard row," sez he,
"To hoe jest now; but thet, somehow,
    May happen to J. B.,
    Ez wal ez you an' me!"

We ain't so weak an' poor, John,
  With twenty million people,
An' close to every door, John,
  A schoolhouse an' a steeple.

Ole Uncle S. sez he, "I guess,
It is a fact," sez he,
"The surest way to make a Man
Is, think him so, J. B.,
Ez much ez you or me!"

Our folks believe in law, John,
An' it's fer her sake, now,
They've left the axe an' saw, John.
The anvil an' the plough.
Ole Uncle S. sez he, "I guess,
Ef 't warn't fer law," sez he,
"There'd be one shindy from here to Indy;
An' thet don't suit J. B.
(When 't ain't 'twixt you an' me!)"

We know we've got a cause, John,
Thet's honest, just, an' true;
We thought 'twould win applause, John,
Ef nowheres else, from you.
Ole Uncle S. sez he, "I guess
His love of right," sez he,
"Hangs by a rotten fibre o' cotton:
There's natur in J. B.,
Ez wal 'z in you an' me!"

The South says, "*Poor folks down!*" John,
An' "*All men up!*" say we, —
White, yaller, black, an' brown, John:
Now which is your idee?
Ole Uncle S. sez he, "I guess,
John preaches wal," sez he;

"But sermon thru, an' come to *du*,
Why, there's the old J. B.
A-crowdin' you an' me!"

Shall it be love, or hate, John?
It's you thet's to decide;
Ain't *your* bonds held by Fate, John,
Like all the world's beside?
Ole Uncle S. sez he, "I guess
Wise men fergive," sez he.
"But not fergit; an' some time yit
Thet truth may strike J. B.,
Ez wal ez you an' me!"

God means to make this land, John,
Clear thru, from sea to sea,
Believe an' understand, John,
The *wuth* o' bein' free.
Ole Uncle S. sez he, "I guess,
God's price is high," sez he;
"But nothin' else than wut He sells
Wears long, an' thet J. B.
May larn, like you an' me!"

THE MERRIMAC AND THE MONITOR

[1862]

BY JOHN S. WISE

The building of the ironclad afterwards famous all over the world as the Virginia, or the Merrimac, was a subject of daily conversation in our household from the time the Gosport Navy Yard was burned and abandoned by the Union troops in April, 1861.

My father, during his service in Congress, was for some years upon the Committee on Naval Affairs; his acquaintance with naval officers resulting from that fact, and from his long residence at Rio de Janeiro, was unusually widespread. Commodore James Barron was one of his constituents and warm friends. Commodore Barron was the gallant but unfortunate officer who killed Decatur in a duel, and was himself severely wounded. Besides other contributions of value to the navy, he conceived the idea of an impregnable steam propeller, armed with a pyramidal beak, and a terrapin-shaped back at an acute angle to the line of projectiles fired from its own level. He called it a marine catapulta, and had complete models, plans, and descriptions, which he exhibited to the naval committee, in the effort to have a ship constructed on these lines. He made little impression, however; for in those days steam navigation had attained no very great success, — much less the utilization of iron upon ships. He subsequently presented the

model to my father, who had also a large number of models of other vessels.

In our rummaging about the place, we boys found these models in some old boxes, and took them down to our millpond, where we anchored them as part of our miniature fleet. The Barron model, and one constructed by Lieutenant Williamson, of the navy, were the most conspicuous, making quite a proud addition to our naval display. This was in 1860.

We also possessed a brass cannon about eighteen inches long, which had been cast for us by a convict in the Virginia Penitentiary. That cannon was stamped with the words "Union and Constitution," but its use by its possessors was most lawless. Modeling slugs for it by pouring melted lead into holes made by sticking our rammer in the sand, we were constantly firing these slugs, to the great peril of everybody in the vicinity.

One of our neighbors, a Captain Johnson, an old seaman, living about a mile down the creek, had a flock of geese; and from one of his voyages in Indian seas he had brought back six coolie boys, who were probably apprenticed to him. These coolies were passionately fond of the water, and were almost constantly in sight, bathing, or rowing, or sailing a felucca-rigged boat. After trying the range of our gun upon Captain Johnson's geese, we began to practice upon the coolies. On a certain evening, Captain Johnson appeared in full marine rig at our landing, rowed by his six coolies, and, announcing to our father the sport in which we had been engaged, gave notice that he had a gun of his own, with which, if we did not promptly cease our diversion, he would open a return fire.

My father, who was a friend of Captain Johnson, and indignant at our reckless misconduct, gave us all a but half hour in consequence of this visit. We were summoned before him, and, after considerable discussion concerning the punishment we should receive, were marched in a body to the landing and made to apologize to the coolies, who grinned and showed their teeth. After that we were good friends of the coolies, and our future operations with the gun were confined to the millpond on the opposite side of the farm. In our new field, it promptly occurred to us, as it would to most boys, that the best targets for our cannon were the models of the iron-clads anchored out in the pond. Unfortunately, they had no iron upon them; and, such was the precision we had acquired in our practice upon Johnson's geese and coolies, that in a few days the models of Commodore Barron and Lieutenant Williamson were riddled, and ignominiously disappeared. They were resting in the mud at the bottom of our millpond when the war broke out.

The following spring, after visiting the navy yard and seeing the partially burned Merrimac, my father became enthusiastic upon the subject of raising her and building upon her frame an ironclad ship on the lines of Commodore Barron's model. Imbued with this idea, he instituted rigorous inquiries for the model; but, for reasons which may well be understood, none of us boys aided him much in the search. Failing to find his model, he wrote to General Lee, who was then commander-in-chief of the Virginia forces, an elaborate description of Commodore Barron's invention, and made rough drawings, urging the use of the Merrimac for carrying out the

design. He always believed and declared that this was the first suggestion which led to the building of the Virginia.

We all knew that an ironclad ship was being built, and from time to time informed ourselves of the progress made; and great things were expected from her. So deep was my father's interest in her, that he several times visited the navy yard to inspect her. He repeatedly expressed the opinion that she was being built to draw too much water, and that her beak or ramming prow was improperly constructed in this, that it was horizontal at the top and sloped upward from the bottom, whereas it should have been horizontal on the bottom and made to slope downward to a point. When the ship was launched, he was indignant because the lower edge or eaves of her armor-clad covering stood several feet out of the water, and it was necessary to ballast her heavily to bring her sheathing below the water line. This increased her draught to eighteen feet, which was, as he declared, entirely unnecessary. He insisted that this condition was due to the failure of the naval architects (in calculating the water which she would draw when sheathed with iron) to deduct from the weight of her sheathing the weight of masts, spars, rigging, and sails, which were dispensed with.

Admiral Buchanan, Commodore Forrest, Captain Brooke, and all the prominent naval men connected with the Norfolk Navy Yard were personal and warm friends of my father. He did not hesitate to express his views concerning these things, but they, as professional men generally do, made light of the criticisms of a layman. Nevertheless, I think that many naval authorities are

now disposed to admit that the chief reason why the Virginia did not triumph completely over the Monitor was her great draught of water, the loss of her prow, and the twisting of her stem in ramming the Cumberland.

After the disaster of Roanoke Island, my father returned to his home on sick leave, where for some time his life was in danger from pneumonia, aggravated by exposure on the retreat from Roanoke Island. Our house was visited almost daily during this period by distinguished military and naval officers from the city, who came to express their interest and sympathy.

It was before the day of steam launches, and the appearance of the distinguished officers and of the naval boats which came up, manned by a dozen oarsmen, whose stroke fell as that of one man, was very striking. During these visits, they diverted my father with full descriptions of the progress made in arming and equipping the Virginia, and we were advised that the time of her completion, and the attack upon the vessels in Hampton Roads, was rapidly approaching.

There was dear old Commodore Forrest, tall, dignified, and with a face as sweet as that of a woman, surmounted by a great shock of white hair like the mane of a royal beast; and Captain Buchanan, far less striking in appearance, quiet, kindly, and as unpretentious as a country farmer, but with an eye which age had not dimmed, and which even then was filled with the light of battle. They were both old men. Commodore Forrest was sixty-five, and Captain Buchanan sixty-two. There was also Captain Brooke, taciturn and dreamy; and Lieutenant Catesby Jones, a quiet man of

forty; and Lieutenant Minor, young, quick, and fidgety as a wren; and all the rest of them, mingling with us simply and unostentatiously, as if unconscious that the issues of one of the greatest struggles the world ever witnessed were committed to their keeping, and that they were to emerge from it with names which will be remembered as long as the records of naval warfare are preserved.

Almost daily we boys went to Norfolk for the mail, or on some domestic mission. We preferred our boat, and seldom failed, before we left Norfolk harbor, to stand over toward the Gosport Navy Yard and sail around and take a look at the Merrimac. Such we called her, for we had never become accustomed to the new name, Virginia. My father was now convalescent, and secured the promise that he would be advised when the ship was ready to sail for the attack. On March 7 he received a note from Commodore Forrest, or one of those who knew, advising him that the attack would be made upon the following day. He consented that my brother Richard and myself should accompany him, and the next morning the horses, which now had been well fed and rested for a month at home, were saddled and ready for us at the door.

When we reached the city, the Merrimac, accompanied by two little gunboats, the Beaufort and the Raleigh, had already passed out, and all three were below Fort Norfolk. The waterway is more circuitous than that by land, and we were sure we should reach Sewell's Point, the most favorable position for observing the conflict, before the slow-moving vessels; in this we were correct. After a sharp gallop of eight miles, we

rode out upon the sandy hills facing Hampton Roads at Sewell's Point.

The scene was truly inspiring. Hampton Roads is as beautiful a sheet of water as any on the face of the globe. It is formed by the confluence of the James, the Nansemond, and the Elizabeth rivers. The James enters it from the west, the Nansemond from the south, and the Elizabeth from the east. The tides in the Roads run north and south, and pass to and from the Chesapeake Bay through a narrow entrance at the north, between Old Point Comfort and Willoughby's Spit. Midway between these is the fort then known as Rip-Raps, the proper name of which was Fort Calhoun, now changed to Fort Wool. On the eastern side of the Roads the Confederates had fortified two points, — Sewell's Point, where we were, and Lambert's Point, at the mouth of the Elizabeth. On the southern side, between the mouths of the Elizabeth and Nansemond rivers, were the Confederate fortifications on Craney Island. On the western side, at the entrance to the Roads, is Fortress Monroe. From there the land runs westwardly to Hampton, thence southwardly to Newport News, which marks the entrance of the James River. The Roads are about four miles in width and seven in length. From where we stood, looking north, Fortress Monroe and the Rip-Raps were, perhaps, four miles away; looking westward across the Roads, Newport News was five miles away; and, looking south, Lambert's Point and Craney Island were plainly visible three miles off.

Upon the battlements of Fortress Monroe and the Rip-Raps great numbers of Union troops could be seen through field-glasses, and we could also make out the

camps and fortifications of the enemy at Newport News, and between that point and Hampton, while our own people lined the shores and crowded the ramparts at Craney Island and Lambert's Point.

Anchored in the Roads were a great number of vessels of every description, steam and sail, from the smallest tugs and sloops to the largest transports and warships. Rumors of the attack had brought down to Sewell's Point a number of civilians, and the whole appearance of the scene was suggestive of the greatest performance ever given in the largest theater ever seen. The Merrimac and her attendants had passed Craney Island, and were coming down the channel east of Craney Island light, when we arrived. As she passed our fortifications, she was saluted and cheered, and returned the salutes. From the way in which she was shaping her course when first seen, it looked to the uninitiated as if she proposed to sail directly upon the Rip-Raps. Such hurrying and scurrying was seen among the non-combatant craft in the Roads as was never witnessed before. From great three-masters and double-deck steamers to little tugs and sailboats, all weighed or slipped anchor and made sail or steam for Fortress Monroe, except three dauntless war vessels, — two steamers, the Minnesota and the Roanoke, and one sailing vessel, the St. Lawrence, — whose duty called them in the opposite direction. A long tongue of shoal, running out from Craney Island, compelled the Merrimac to go below Sewell's Point before she struck the main channel; then she swung into it and pointed westward, showing her destination, for she headed straight for Newport News, where the masts and spars

of the Congress and the Cumberland were plainly visible.

It was now past midday. The Merrimac on her new course was nearly stern to us, and grew smaller and smaller as she followed the south channel to Newport News. The three United States vessels — Minnesota, Roanoke, and St. Lawrence — started after her by what is known as the North Channel. It was a bitter disappointment to us that the battle was to be waged so far away, but the ships and their movements were still in view. The sun was shining, and a fresh March breeze would, we thought, blow away the smoke. It seemed an eternity before the first gun was fired. The Merrimac, Cumberland, and Congress were nearly ranged in our line of vision. The Merrimac appeared to us as if she was almost in contact with the nearest of the two vessels. Captain Buchanan states in his report that he was within less than a mile of the Cumberland when he commenced the engagement by a shot at her from his bow gun. We saw a great puff of smoke roll up and float off from the Merrimac; a moment later, the flashes of broadsides and tremendous rolls of smoke from the Congress, the Cumberland, the batteries on shore, and the Union gunboats; and then came the thunderous sounds, following each other in the same order in which we had seen the smoke. The engagement had begun.

It was a time of supreme excitement and supreme suspense; for the details, we who had no glasses were dependent upon those who had. "She has passed the Congress!" exclaimed an officer, who was straining forward, trying to descry the positions of the ships through

the smoke, which now enveloped the point of Newport News and the water beyond. Bang — crash — roar — went the guns, single shots and broadsides, making all the noise that any boy could wish. "She is heading direct for the Cumberland!" shouted another between the thunders of the broadsides. "She has rammed the Cumberland!" was announced fifteen minutes after the first gun was heard, and our people gave three cheers. Our teeth chattering with excitement, we awaited the next announcement; it soon came: "The Cumberland is sinking!" and again we cheered. Then came an ominous lull, the meaning of which we did not know. Those watching through the glasses notified us that three steamers were in sight, standing down James River, and we knew it was Commander Tucker with the Patrick Henry, Jamestown, and Teazer. Think of it! The Jamestown, which, but four years ago, had brought the remains of President Monroe to Richmond, with the New York Seventh Regiment, on that visit of fraternity and good will. Here she was, armed as a war-vessel, fighting those very men!

Once more the cannon belched and thundered. This time what we saw and heard was alarming: "The Merrimac is running up the river, away from the Congress and other vessels; she is fighting the shore batteries as she goes." It looked indeed as if she were disabled in some way; again a lull and anxious waiting. "The Merrimac is turning around and coming back!" Again the roar of a hot engagement with the forts; another lull and another heavy roll. "She is back pounding the Congress, and raking her fore and aft. The Congress is aground." Again our people went wild with enthusiasm.

Poor fellows on the Congress! When the Merrimac withdrew and passed upstream, it was only to gain deep water in order to wind her, for where she had rammed the Cumberland, her keel was in the mud and she could not be put about. The fearless sailors on the Congress, deluded by the appearance of retreat, believed that she had hauled off, and, leaving their guns, gave three cheers. Having brought his ship around into position to attack the Congress, Captain Buchanan now came back at her, and, as he approached, blew up a transport alongside the wharf, sunk one schooner, captured another, and proceeded to rake the Congress where she had run ashore in shoal water.

Describing this stage of the fight, Captain Buchanan says in his report: "The carnage, havoc, and dismay caused by our fire compelled them to haul down their colors and to hoist a white flag at their gaff and half mast, and another at the main. The crew instantly took to their boats and landed. Our fire immediately ceased, and a signal was made for the Beaufort to come within hail. He then ordered Lieutenant-Commander Parker to take possession of the Congress, secure the officers as prisoners, allow the crew to land, and burn the ship. This Captain Parker did, receiving her flag and surrender from Commander Smith and Lieutenant Pendergrast, with the sidearms of those officers. They delivered themselves as prisoners of war on board the Beaufort, and afterwards being permitted, at their own request, to return to the ship to assist in removing the wounded, never returned. The Beaufort and Raleigh, while alongside the Congress after her surrender, and while she had two white flags flying, were subjected to

a heavy fire from the shore and from the Congress, and withdrew without setting her afire, after losing several valuable officers and men.

Then Lieutenant Minor was sent to burn the ship, when he was fired upon and severely wounded. His boat was recalled, and Captain Buchanan ordered the Congress to be destroyed by hot shot and incendiary shell.

By this time the ships from Old Point opened fire upon the Merrimac. The Minnesota grounded in the north channel; the shoalness of the water prevented the near approach of the Merrimac. The Roanoke and St. Lawrence, warned by the fate of the Cumberland and Congress, retired under the guns of Fortress Monroe. The Merrimac pounded away at the grounded Minnesota until the pilots warned her commander that it was no longer safe to remain in that position; then, returning by the south channel, she had an opportunity to open again upon the Minnesota, although the shallow water was between the two; and afterwards upon the St. Lawrence, which responded with several broadsides. It was too tantalizing to see these vessels, which in deep water would have been completely at her mercy, protected from her assaults by the shoals. By this time it was dark, and the Merrimac anchored off Sewell's Point. The western sky was illuminated with the burning Congress, her loaded guns were successively discharged as the flames reached them, until, a few minutes past midnight, her magazine exploded with a tremendous report.

Thus ended the first day's doings of the Merrimac. Soon after she anchored, some of her officers came

ashore, and we, who had been waiting all day, and who had now decided to remain all night in order to see the next day's operations, were gratified with a full and graphic description of the fighting. Captain Buchanan, Lieutenant Minor, and the other wounded were sent to Norfolk. Having been tendered the hospitality of Sewell's Point by some of the officers, our party remained, and were lulled to sleep by the firing of the guns of the burning Congress, and rudely aroused about midnight by the tremendous explosion of her magazine.

Up betimes in the morning, we saw the Minnesota still ashore. She was nearly in line with us, and about a mile nearer to us than Newport News. A tug was beside her, and a very odd-looking iron battery. We expected great things from this day's operations. About eight o'clock, the Merrimac ran down to engage them, firing at the Minnesota, and occasionally at the iron battery. She was now under command of Lieutenant Jones. We confidently expected her to be able to get very near to the Minnesota, but in this the pilots were mistaken. When about a mile from the frigate, she ran ashore, and was some time backing before she got afloat. Her great length and draught rendered it difficult to work her. Notwithstanding these delays, she succeeded in damaging the Minnesota seriously, and in blowing up the tugboat Dragon lying alongside her.

While this was going on, the iron battery, which looked like a cheese-box floating on a shingle, moved out from behind the frigate and advanced to meet the Merrimac. The disparity in size between the two was remarkable; we could not doubt that the Merrimac would, either by shot or by ramming, make short work

of the cheese-box; but as time wore on, we began to realize that the newcomer was a tough customer. Her turret resisted the shells of the Merrimac, and not only was she speedier, but her draught was so much less than that of her antagonist that she could run off into shallow water and prevent the Merrimac from ramming her. There was no lack of pluck shown by either vessel. The little Monitor came right up and laid herself alongside as if she had been a giant. She was quicker in every way than her antagonist, and presented the appearance of a saucy kingbird pecking at a very large and very black crow.

The first shot fired by the Merrimac missed the Monitor, which was a novel experience for the gunners who had been riddling the hulls of frigates. Then, again, when the eleven-inch solid shot struck the casemates, knocking the men of the Merrimac down and leaving them dazed and bleeding at the nose from the tremendous impact, they realized that the cheese-box was loaded as none of the other vessels had been. Neither vessel could penetrate the armor of the other; both tried ramming unsuccessfully: the Monitor had not mass sufficient to injure the Merrimac; the Merrimac only gave the Monitor a glancing ram, weakened by the Monitor's superior speed; and then the Monitor ran off into shallow water, safe from pursuit.

Twice we thought the Merrimac had won the fight. On the first occasion, the Monitor went out of action, it seems, to replenish the ammunition in the turret, it being impossible to use the scuttle by which ammunition was passed unless the turret was stationary and in a certain position. The second occasion was about

eleven o'clock, when a shell from the Merrimac struck the Monitor's pilot-house, and seemed to have penetrated the ship. She drifted off aimlessly towards shoal water; her guns were silent, and the people on board the Minnesota gave up hope and prepared to burn her. This was when Lieutenant Worden, commander of the Monitor, was blinded and the steersman stunned. Their position was so isolated that no one knew their condition for some minutes; then Lieutenant Greene discovered it, took command, and brought the vessel back into action.

Shortly afterwards, Lieutenant Jones withdrew the Merrimac. In his report of the action, he said: "The pilots declaring that we could get no nearer the Minnesota, and believing her to be entirely disabled, and the Monitor having run into shoal water, which prevented our doing her any further injury, we ceased firing at twelve o'clock and proceeded to Norfolk. The stem is twisted and the ship leaks; we have lost the prow, starboard anchor, and all the boats. The armor is somewhat damaged, the steam-pipe and smokestack both riddled; the muzzles of two of the guns shot away."

When from the shore we saw the Merrimac haul off and head for Norfolk, we could not credit the evidence of our own senses. "Ah!" we thought, "dear old Buchanan would never have done it." Lieutenant Jones was afterwards fully justified by his superiors, but it did seem to us that he ought to have stayed there until he drove the Monitor away. Beside the reasons assigned above, Lieutenant Jones declared that it was necessary to leave when he did, in order to cross the Elizabeth River bar. The inconclusive result of that fight has left

to endless discussion among naval men the question, "Which was the better ship of the two?" It is not within the scope of this work to investigate that problem. It is certain that, up to the time the Monitor appeared, the Merrimac seemed irresistible, and that but for the presence of the Monitor, she would have made short work of the Minnesota. It is equally certain that the Monitor performed her task of defense. It is said she was anxious to renew the fight; but two weeks later, the Merrimac went down into deep water, where the Monitor was lying under the guns of Fortress Monroe, and tried to coax her out, but she would not come, and even permitted the Jamestown and Beaufort to sail up to Hampton and capture two schooners laden with hay. The truth is that, if the Merrimac could have induced the Monitor to meet her in deep water, she would easily have rammed and sunk her.

On our ride back to the city, my father, while greatly elated at what had been done, continued to deplore the errors of construction in the Merrimac, which the two days' fighting had made all the more manifest; but we boys thought she had earned glory enough, and joined the others in the general jubilation.

Everybody in Norfolk knew the officers and men on board our ships; many of them were natives of the town. When they were granted shore leave, they were given a triumphal reception. Some time since, I read an account of the Dutch admiral, De Ruyter, who, the day after his four days' battle with the English fleet, was seen in his yard in his shirt-sleeves, with a basket on his arm, feeding his hens and sweeping out his cabin. It reminded me of the simple lives and unpretentious behavior of those

splendid fellows who handled the Merrimac. Yesterday, they revolutionized the naval warfare of the world; to-day, they were walking about the streets of Norfolk, or sitting at their firesides, as if unaware that fame was trumpeting their names to the ends of the earth.

TAKEN PRISONER AT SHILOH

[1862]

BY HENRY M. STANLEY

[HENRY M. STANLEY, the famous African explorer, was born in Wales in 1841. At the age of sixteen he came to America, and on the outbreak of the Civil War enlisted in the Confederate army. He was captured at the battle of Shiloh, but escaped, and returned to Wales. His natural love of adventure soon lured him back to America, and he again enlisted, this time on the Union side. At the close of the war he served as a newspaper correspondent on the Western Plains and in Abyssinia. An account of his African explorations will be found in volume III.

The Editor.]

DAY broke with every promise of a fine day. Next to me, on my right, was a boy of seventeen, Henry Parker. I remember it because, while we stood-at-ease, he drew my attention to some violets at his feet, and said, "It would be a good idea to put a few into my cap. Perhaps the Yanks won't shoot me if they see me wearing such flowers, for they are a sign of peace." "Capital," said I, "I will do the same." We plucked a bunch, and arranged the violets in our caps. The men in the ranks laughed at our proceedings, and had not the enemy been so near, their merry mood might have been communicated to the army.

We loaded our muskets and arranged our cartridge-pouches ready for use. Our weapons were the obsolete flintlocks, and the ammunition was rolled in cartridge-

paper, which contained powder, a round ball, and three buckshot. When we loaded, we had to tear the paper with our teeth, empty a little powder into the pan, lock it, empty the rest of the powder into the barrel, press paper and ball into the muzzle, and ram home. Then the orderly sergeant called the roll, and we knew that the Dixie Grays were present to a man. Soon after, there was a commotion, and we dressed up smartly. A young aide galloped along our front, gave some instructions to the Brigadier Hindman, who confided the same to his colonels, and presently we swayed forward in line, with shouldered arms. Newton Story, big, broad, and straight, bore our company banner of gay silk, at which the ladies of our neighborhood had labored.

As we tramped solemnly and silently through the thin forest, and over its grass, still in its withered and wintry hue, I noticed that the sun was not far from appearing, that our regiment was keeping its formation admirably, that the woods would have been a grand place for a picnic; and I thought it strange that a Sunday should have been chosen to disturb the holy calm of those woods.

Before we had gone five hundred paces, our serenity was disturbed by some desultory firing in front. It was then a quarter-past five. "They are at it already," we whispered to each other. "Stand by, gentlemen," — for we were all gentlemen volunteers at this time, — said our captain, L. G. Smith. Our steps became unconsciously brisker, and alertness was noticeable in everybody. The firing continued at intervals, deliberate and scattered, as at target-practice. We drew nearer to the firing, and soon a sharper rattling of musketry

was heard. "That is the enemy waking up," we said. Within a few minutes, there was another explosive burst of musketry, the air was pierced by many missiles, which hummed and pinged sharply by our ears, pattered through the tree-tops, and brought twigs and leaves down on us. "Those are bullets," Henry whispered with awe.

At two hundred yards farther, a dreadful roar of musketry broke out from a regiment adjoining ours. It was followed by another farther off, and the sound had scarcely died away when regiment after regiment blazed away and made a continuous roll of sound. "We are in for it now," said Henry; but as yet we had seen nothing, though our ears were tingling under the animated volleys.

"Forward, gentlemen, make ready!" urged Captain Smith. In response, we surged forward, for the first time marring the alignment. We trampled recklessly over the grass and young sprouts. Beams of sunlight stole athwart our course. The sun was up above the horizon. Just then we came to a bit of packland, and overtook our skirmishers, who had been engaged in exploring our front. We passed beyond them. Nothing now stood between us and the enemy.

"There they are!" was no sooner uttered than we cracked into them with leveled muskets. "Aim low, men!" commanded Captain Smith. I tried hard to see some living thing to shoot at, for it appeared absurd to be blazing away at shadows. But, still advancing, firing as we moved, I, at last, saw a row of little globes of pearly smoke streaked with crimson, breaking out, with spurtive quickness, from a long line of bluey figures in

front; and, simultaneously, there broke upon our ears an appalling crash of sound, the series of fusillades following one another with startling suddenness, which suggested to my somewhat moidered sense a mountain upheaved, with huge rocks tumbling and thundering down a slope, and the echoes rambling and receding through space. Again and again, these loud and quick explosions were repeated, seemingly with increased violence, until they rose to the highest pitch of fury, and in unbroken continuity. All the world seemed involved in one tremendous ruin!

This was how the conflict was ushered in — as it affected me. I looked around to see the effect on others, or whether I was singular in my emotions, and was glad to notice that each was possessed with his own thoughts. All were pale, solemn, and absorbed; but, beyond that, it was impossible for me to discover what they thought of it; but by transmission of sympathy, I felt that they would gladly prefer to be elsewhere, though the law of the inevitable kept them in line to meet their destiny. It might be mentioned, however, that at no time were we more instinctively inclined to obey the voice of command. We had no individuality at this moment, but all motions and thoughts were surrendered to the unseen influence which directed our movements. Probably few bothered their minds with self-questionings as to the issue to themselves. That properly belongs to other moments, to the night, to the interval between waking and sleeping, to the first moments of the dawn — not when every nerve is tense, and the spirit is at the highest pitch of action.

Though one's senses were preternaturally acute, and

engaged with their impressions, we plied our arms, loaded, and fired, with such nervous haste as though it depended on each of us how soon this fiendish uproar would be hushed. My nerves tingled, my pulses beat double-quick, my heart throbbed loudly, and almost painfully; but, amid all the excitement, my thoughts, swift as the flash of lightning, took all sound, and sight, and self, into their purview. I listened to the battle raging far away on the flanks, to the thunder in front, to the various sounds made by the leaden storm. I was angry with my rear rank, because he made my eyes smart with the powder of his musket; and I felt like cuffing him for deafening my ears! I knew how Captain Smith and Lieutenant Mason looked, how bravely the Dixie Grays' banner ruffled over Newton Story's head, and that all hands were behaving as though they knew how long all this would last. Back to myself my thoughts came, and, with the whirring bullet, they fled to the blue-bloused ranks afront. They dwelt on their movements, and read their temper, as I should read time by a clock. Through the lurid haze the contours of their pink faces could not be seen, but their gappy, hesitating, incoherent, and sensitive line revealed their mood clearly.

We continued advancing, step by step, loading and firing as we went. To every forward step, they took a backward move, loading and firing as they slowly withdrew. Twenty thousand muskets were being fired at this stage, but, though accuracy of aim was impossible, owing to our laboring hearts, and the jarring and excitement, many bullets found their destined billets on both sides.

After a steady exchange of musketry, which lasted some time, we heard the order: "Fix bayonets! On the double-quick!" in tones that thrilled us. There was a simultaneous bound forward, each soul doing his best for the emergency. The Federals appeared inclined to await us; but, at this juncture, our men raised a yell, thousands responded to it, and burst out into the wildest yelling it has ever been my lot to hear. It drove all sanity and order from among us. It served the double purpose of relieving pent-up feelings, and transmitting encouragement along the attacking line. I rejoiced in the shouting like the rest. It reminded me that there were about four hundred companies like the Dixie Grays, who shared our feelings. Most of us, engrossed with the musket-work, had forgotten the fact; but the wave after wave of human voices, louder than all other battle-sounds together, penetrated to every sense, and stimulated our energies to the utmost.

"They fly!" was echoed from lip to lip. It accelerated our pace, and filled us with a noble rage. Then I knew what the berserker passion was! It deluged us with rapture, and transfigured each Southerner into an exulting victor. At such a moment, nothing could have halted us.

Those savage yells, and the sight of thousands of racing figures coming towards them, discomfited the blue-coats; and when we arrived upon the place where they had stood, they had vanished. Then we caught sight of their beautiful array of tents, before which they had made their stand, after being roused from their Sunday-morning sleep, and huddled into line, at hearing their pickets challenge our skirmishers. The half-

dressed dead and wounded showed what a surprise our attack had been. We drew up in the enemy's camp, panting and breathing hard. Some precious minutes were thus lost in recovering our breaths, indulging our curiosity, and re-forming our line. Signs of a hasty rouse to the battle were abundant. Military equipments, uniform-coats, half-packed knapsacks, bedding, of a new and superior quality, littered the company streets.

Meantime, a series of other camps lay behind the first array of tents. The resistance we had met, though comparatively brief, enabled the brigades in rear of the advance camp to recover from the shock of the surprise; but our delay had not been long enough to give them time to form in proper order of battle. There were wide gaps between their divisions, into which the quick-flowing tide of elated Southerners entered, and compelled them to fall back lest they should be surrounded. Prentiss's brigade, despite their most desperate efforts, were thus hemmed in on all sides, and were made prisoners.

I had a momentary impression that, with the capture of the first camp, the battle was well-nigh over; but, in fact, it was only a brief prologue of the long and exhaustive series of struggles which took place that day.

Continuing our advance, we came in view of the tops of another mass of white tents, and, almost at the same time, were met by a furious storm of bullets, poured on us from a long line of blue-coats, whose attitude of assurance proved to us that we should have tough work here. But we were so much heartened by our first success that it would have required a good deal to have

halted our advance for long. Their opportunity for making a full impression on us came with terrific suddenness. The world seemed bursting into fragments. Cannon and musket, shell and bullet, lent their several intensities to the distracting uproar. If I had not a fraction of an ear, and an eye inclined toward my captain and company, I had been spell-bound by the energies now opposed to us. I likened the cannon, with their deep bass, to the roaring of a great herd of lions; the ripping, cracking musketry, to the incessant yapping of terriers; the windy whisk of shells, and zipping of minie bullets, to the swoop of eagles, and the buzz of angry wasps. All the opposing armies of gray and blue fiercely blazed at each other.

After being exposed for a few seconds to this fearful downpour, we heard the order to "Lie down, men, and continue your firing!" Before me was a prostrate tree, about fifteen inches in diameter, with a narrow strip of light between it and the ground. Behind this shelter a dozen of us flung ourselves. The security it appeared to offer restored me to my individuality. We could fight, and think, and observe, better than out in the open. But it was a terrible period! How the cannon bellowed, and their shells plunged and bounded, and flew with screeching hisses over us! Their sharp rending explosions and hurtling fragments made us shrink and cower, despite our utmost efforts to be cool and collected. I marveled, as I heard the unintermitting patter, snip, thud, and hum of the bullets, how any one could live under this raining death. I could hear the balls beating a merciless tattoo on the outer surface of the log, pinging vivaciously as they flew off at a tangent from it, and

thudding into something or other, at the rate of a hundred a second. One, here and there, found its way under the log, and buried itself in a comrade's body. One man raised his chest, as if to yawn, and jostled me. I turned to him, and saw that a bullet had gored his whole face, and penetrated into his chest. Another ball struck a man a deadly rap on the head, and he turned on his back and showed his ghastly white face to the sky.

"It is getting too warm, boys!" cried a soldier, and he uttered a vehement curse upon keeping soldiers hugging the ground until every ounce of courage was chilled. He lifted his head a little too high, and a bullet skimmed over the top of the log and hit him fairly in the center of his forehead, and he fell heavily on his face. But his thought had been instantaneously general; and the officers, with one voice, ordered the charge, and cries of "Forward! Forward!" raised us, as with a spring, to our feet, and changed the complexion of our feelings. The pulse of action beat feverishly once more; and, though overhead was crowded with peril, we were unable to give it so much attention as when we lay stretched on the ground.

Just as we bent our bodies for the onset, a boy's voice cried out, "Oh, stop, *please* stop a bit; I have been hurt, and can't move!" I turned to look, and saw Henry Parker, standing on one leg, and dolefully regarding his smashed foot. In another second, we were striding impetuously toward the enemy, vigorously plying our muskets, stopping only to prime the pan and ram the load down, when, with a spring or two, we would fetch up with the front, aim, and fire.

Our progress was not so continuously rapid as we

desired, for the blues were obdurate ; but at this moment we were gladdened at the sight of a battery galloping to our assistance. It was time for the nerve-shaking cannon to speak. After two rounds of shell and canister, we felt the pressure on us slightly relaxed; but we were still somewhat sluggish in disposition, though the officers' voices rang out imperiously. Newton Story at this juncture strode forward rapidly with the Dixies' banner, until he was quite sixty yards ahead of the foremost. Finding himself alone, he halted; and turning to us smilingly, said, "Why don't you come on, boys? You see there is no danger!" His smile and words acted on us like magic. We raised the yell, and sprang lightly and hopefully toward him. "Let's give them hell, boys!" said one. "Plug them plum-center, every time!"

It was all very encouraging, for the yelling and shouting were taken up by thousands. "Forward, forward; don't give them breathing time!" was cried. We instinctively obeyed, and soon came in clear view of the blue-coats, who were scornfully unconcerned at first; but, seeing the leaping tide of men coming on at a tremendous pace, their front dissolved, and they fled in double-quick retreat. Again we felt the "glorious joy of heroes." It carried us on exultingly, rejoicing in the spirit which recognizes nothing but the prey. We were no longer an army of soldiers, but so many schoolboys racing, in which length of legs, wind, and condition tell.

We gained the second line of camps, continued the rush through them, and clean beyond it. It was now about ten o'clock. My physical powers were quite

exhausted, and, to add to my discomfiture, something struck me on my belt-clasp, and tumbled me headlong to the ground.

I could not have been many minutes prostrated before I recovered from the shock of the blow and fall, to find my clasp deeply dented and cracked. My company was not in sight. I was grateful for the rest, and crawled feebly to a tree, and plunging my hand into my haversack, ate ravenously. Within half an hour, feeling renovated, I struck north in the direction which my regiment had taken, over a ground strewn with bodies and the débris of war. . . .

I overtook my regiment about one o'clock, and found that it was engaged in one of these occasional spurts of fury. The enemy resolutely maintained their ground, and our side was preparing for another assault. The firing was alternately brisk and slack. We lay down, and availed ourselves of trees, logs, and hollows, and annoyed their úpstanding ranks; battery pounded battery, and, meanwhile, we hugged our resting-places closely. Of a sudden, we rose and raced towards the position, and took it by sheer weight and impetuosity, as we had done before. About three o'clock, the battle grew very hot. The enemy appeared to be more concentrated, and immovably sullen. Both sides fired better as they grew more accustomed to the din; but, with assistance from the reserves, we were continually pressing them towards the river Tennessee, without ever retreating an inch.

About this time, the enemy were assisted by the gunboats, which hurled their enormous projectiles far beyond us; but, though they made great havoc among

the trees, and created terror, they did comparatively little damage to those in close touch with the enemy.

The screaming of the big shells, when they first began to sail over our heads, had the effect of reducing our fire; for they were as fascinating as they were distracting. But we became used to them, and our attention was being claimed more in front. Our officers were more urgent; and, when we saw the growing dike of white cloud that signaled the bullet-storm, we could not be indifferent to the more immediate danger. Dead bodies, wounded men writhing in agony, and assuming every distressful attitude, were frequent sights; but what made us heart-sick was to see, now and then, the well-groomed charger of an officer, with fine saddle, and scarlet and yellow-edged cloth, and brass-tipped holsters, or a stray cavalry or artillery horse, galloping between the lines, snorting with terror, while his entrails, soiled with dust, trailed behind him.

Our officers had continued to show the same alertness and vigor throughout the day; but, as it drew near four o'clock, though they strove to encourage and urge us on, they began to abate somewhat in their energy; and it was evident that the pluckiest of the men lacked the spontaneity and springing ardor which had distinguished them earlier in the day. Several of our company lagged wearily behind, and the remainder showed, by their drawn faces, the effects of their efforts. Yet, after a short rest, they were able to make splendid spurts. As for myself, I had only one wish, and that was for repose. The long-continued excitement, the successive tautening and relaxing of the nerves, the quenchless thirst, made more intense by the fumes of sulphurous powder,

and the caking grime on the lips, caused by tearing the paper cartridges, and a ravening hunger, all combined, had reduced me to a walking automaton, and I earnestly wished that night would come, and stop all further effort.

Finally, about five o'clock, we assaulted and captured a large camp; after driving the enemy well away from it, the front line was as thin as that of a skirmishing body, and we were ordered to retire to the tents. There we hungrily sought after provisions, and I was lucky in finding a supply of biscuits and a canteen of excellent molasses, which gave great comfort to myself and friends. The plunder in the camp was abundant. There were bedding, clothing, and accouterments without stint; but people were so exhausted they could do no more than idly turn the things over. Night soon fell, and only a few stray shots could now be heard, to remind us of the thrilling and horrid din of the day, excepting the huge bombs from the gunboats, which, as we were not far from the blue-coats, discomfited only those in the rear. By eight o'clock, I was repeating my experiences in the region of dreams, indifferent to columbiads and mortars, and the torrential rain which, at midnight, increased the miseries of the wounded and tentless.

An hour before dawn, I awoke from a refreshing sleep; and, after a hearty replenishment of my vitals with biscuit and molasses, I conceived myself to be fresher than on Sunday morning. While awaiting daybreak, I gathered from other early risers their ideas in regard to the events of yesterday. They were under the impression that we had gained a great victory, though we had not, as we had anticipated, reached the Tennessee River.

Van Dorn, with his expected reinforcements for us, was not likely to make his appearance for many days yet; and, if General Buell, with his twenty thousand troops, had joined the enemy during the night, we had a bad day's work before us. We were short of provisions and ammunition, General Sidney Johnston, our chief commander, had been killed; but Beauregard was safe and unhurt, and, if Buell was absent, we would win the day.

At daylight, I fell in with my company, but there were only about fifty of the Dixies present. Almost immediately after, symptoms of the coming battle were manifest. Regiments were hurried into line, but, even to my inexperienced eyes, the troops were in ill-condition for repeating the efforts of Sunday. However, in brief time, in consequence of our pickets being driven in on us, we were moved forward in skirmishing order. With my musket on the trail I found myself in active motion, more active than otherwise I would have been, perhaps, because Captain Smith had said, "Now, Mr. Stanley, if you please, step briskly forward!" This singling-out of me wounded my *amour-propre*, and sent me forward like a rocket. In a short time we met our opponents in the same formation as ourselves, and advancing most resolutely. We threw ourselves behind such trees as were near us, fired, loaded, and darted forward to another shelter. Presently I found myself in an open, grassy space, with no convenient tree or stump near; but, seeing a shallow hollow some twenty paces ahead, I made a dash for it, and plied my musket with haste. I became so absorbed with some blue figures in front of me, that I did not pay sufficient heed to my companion grays; the open space was too dangerous, perhaps, for their ad-

vance; for, had they emerged, I should have known they were pressing forward. Seeing my blues in about the same proportion, I assumed that the grays were keeping their position, and never once thought of retreat. However, as, despite our firing, the blues were coming uncomfortably near, I rose from my hollow; but, to my speechless amazement, I found myself a solitary gray, in a line of blue skirmishers! My companions had retreated! The next I heard was, "Down with that gun, Secesh, or I'll drill a hole through you! Drop it, quick!"

Half a dozen of the enemy were covering me at the same instant, and I dropped my weapon, incontinently. Two men sprang at my collar, and marched me, unresisting, into the ranks of the terrible Yankees. *I was a prisoner!*

THE FIRST READING OF THE EMANCIPATION PROCLAMATION

THE FIRST READING OF THE EMANCIPATION PROCLAMATION

BY FRANCIS BICKNELL CARPENTER

(*United States*, 1830–1900)

At the time of the memorable "first reading," Lincoln called his Cabinet together and spoke as follows: —

"Gentlemen, I have, as you are aware, thought a great deal about the relation of this war to slavery; and you all remember that, several weeks ago, I read to you an order I had prepared on this subject, which, on account of objections made by some of you, was not issued. Ever since then my mind has been much occupied with this subject, and I have thought, all along, that the time for acting on it might probably come. I think the time has come now. I wish it was a better time. I wish that we were in better condition. The action of the army against the rebels has not been quite what I should have best liked. But they have been driven out of Maryland, and Pennsylvania is no longer in danger of invasion. When the rebel army was at Frederick, I determined, as soon as it should be driven out of Maryland, to issue a proclamation of emancipation, such as I thought most likely to be useful. I said nothing to any one, but I made the promise to myself and (hesitating a little) to my Maker. The rebel army is now driven out, and I am going to fulfill that promise. I have got you together to hear what I have written down. I do not wish your advice about the main matter, for that I have determined for myself. This I say without intending anything but respect for any one of you. . . . I am here; I must do the best I can, and bear the responsibility of taking the course which I feel I ought to take."

From left to right the persons seated are Stanton, the President, Welles, Seward, and Bates; those standing are Chase, Smith, and Blair.

BOSTON HYMN[1]

BY RALPH WALDO EMERSON

The word of the Lord by night
To the watching Pilgrims came,
As they sat by the seaside,
And filled their hearts with flame.

God said, I am tired of kings,
I suffer them no more;
Up to my ear the morning brings
The outrage of the poor.

Think ye I made this ball
A field of havoc and war,
Where tyrants great and tyrants small
Might harry the weak and poor?

My angel, — his name is Freedom, —
Choose him to be your king;
He shall cut pathways east and west
And fend you with his wing.

Lo! I uncover the land
Which I hid of old time in the West,
As the sculptor uncovers the statue
When he has wrought his best;

[1] Read in Music Hall, January 1, 1863, at a celebration of the passing of the Emancipation Proclamation.

THE UNITED STATES

I show Columbia, of the rocks
Which dip their foot in the seas
And soar to the air-borne flocks
Of clouds and the boreal fleece.

I will divide my goods;
Call in the wretch and slave:
None shall rule but the humble,
And none but toil shall have.

I will have never a noble,
No lineage counted great;
Fishers and choppers and ploughmen
Shall constitute a state.

Go, cut down trees in the forest
And trim the straightest boughs;
Cut down trees in the forest
And build me a wooden house.

Call the people together,
The young men and the sires,
The digger in the harvest-field,
Hireling and him that hires;

And here in a pine state-house
They shall choose men to rule
In every needful faculty,
In church and state and school.

Lo, now! if these poor men
Can govern the land and sea

And make just laws below the sun,
As planets faithful be.

And ye shall succor men;
'T is nobleness to serve;
Help them who cannot help again:
Beware from right to swerve.

I break your bonds and masterships,
And I unchain the slave:
Free be his heart and hand henceforth
As wind and wandering wave.

I cause from every creature
His proper good to flow:
As much as he is and doeth,
So much he shall bestow.

But, laying hand on another
To coin his labor and sweat,
He goes in pawn to his victim
For eternal years in debt.

To-day unbind the captive,
So only are ye unbound;
Lift up a people from the dust,
Trump of their rescue, sound!

Pay ransom to the owner
And fill the bag to the brim.
Who is the owner? The slave is owner,
And ever was. Pay him.

THE UNITED STATES

O North! give him beauty for rags,
And honor, O South! for his shame;
Nevada! coin thy golden crags
With Freedom's image and name.

Up! and the dusky race
That sat in darkness long, —
Be swift their feet as antelopes,
And as behemoth strong.

Come, East and West and North,
By races, as snowflakes,
And carry my purpose forth,
Which neither halts nor shakes.

My will fulfilled shall be,
For, in daylight or in dark,
My thunderbolt has eyes to see
His way home to the mark.

XI
THE TURNING-POINT

HISTORICAL NOTE

On May 1, 1863, General Hooker with 105,000 men attacked the Confederate army of 57,000 men at Chancellorsville, and suffered the worst defeat experienced by the North during the war. During the battle Stonewall Jackson was mortally wounded by the mistake of his own men. Lee again attempted to invade the North, but was met at Gettysburg on July 1, by the Union army under General Meade. After three days of the most desperate fighting of modern times the Confederates were forced to retreat. On the day after this great battle, Vicksburg, the strongest and most important Confederate position in the West, was captured by General Grant after a long siege, and the entire Mississippi was henceforth in the hands of the Unionists.

These two victories mark the turning-point of the war. While the wealthy and populous Northern States could continue the struggle indefinitely, the resources of the South were rapidly nearing exhaustion, and it would soon be a question merely of how long the South could continue its resistance.

Grant's almost uniform success in the West had been in such contrast with the Union operations in the East that in March, 1864, he was made commander-in-chief of all the Northern armies. Having given command of the Western army to Sherman, he advanced with the Army of the Potomac directly toward Richmond. Undeterred by the terrible slaughter of his men at the Wilderness, Spottsylvania, and Cold Harbor, he pushed forward and invested Petersburg, where he was held at bay by Lee until the following spring. A force detached from the Confederate army to threaten Washington was defeated by Sheridan, and the fertile Shenandoah Valley was devastated.

In the mean time General Sherman, after a brilliant campaign against Johnston, captured Atlanta and started on his march to the sea.

"STONEWALL" JACKSON BY THE RIVER

[1863]

BY MARY JOHNSTON

[The battle of Chancellorsville was one of the most important engagements of the whole war. An exceedingly brilliant part of the battle was the flank movement of Jackson, which is described as follows: "Lee ordered Jackson, who had been stationed on his extreme right, with thirty thousand men, to make a wide détour, and, swinging round to the extreme right of the Federal position, make an unexpected assault upon the enemy's flank. The direction of this movement was not apparent to the Federals, who began to regard it in the nature of a retreat. About 6 P.M., after a march of some fifteen miles, Jackson fell suddenly upon the flank and rear of Howard's corps, which constituted the right flank of the Federal army, and, taking it by surprise, stampeded it. Jackson, while in advance of his troops, was fired upon and mortally wounded by his own men, who mistook his escort for a detachment of Federals."

The Editor.]

A very few yards from Chancellorsville he checked Little Sorrel. The horse stood, fore feet planted. Horse and rider, they stood and listened. Hooker's reserves were up. About the Chancellor House, on the Chancellorsville ridge, they were throwing up intrenchments. They were digging the earth with bayonets; they were heaping it up with their hands. There was a ringing of axes. They were cutting down the young spring growth; they were making an abattis. Tones of command could be heard. "Hurry! hurry — hurry! They mean to rush us. Hurry — hurry!" A dead creeper mantling a dead

tree, caught by some flying spark, suddenly flared throughout its length, stood a pillar of fire, and showed redly the enemy's guns. Stonewall Jackson sat his horse and looked. "Cut them off from the ford," he said. "Never let them get out of Virginia." He jerked his hand into the air.

Turning Little Sorrel, he rode back along the Plank Road toward his own lines. The light of the burning brush had sunken. The cannon smoke floating in the air, the very thick woods, made all things obscure.

"There are troops across the road in front," said an aide.

"Yes. Lane's North Carolinians awaiting their signal."

A little to the east and south broke out in the Wilderness a sudden rattling fire, sinking, sinking again, the blue and gray skirmishers now in touch. All through the vast, dark, tangled beating heart of the place, sprang into being a tension. The gray lines listened for the word *Advance!* The musket rested on the shoulder, the foot quivered, eyes front tried to pierce the darkness. Sound was unceasing; and yet the mind found a stillness, a lake of calm. It was the moment before the moment.

Stonewall Jackson came toward the Carolinians. He rode quickly, past the dark shell of a house sunken among pines. There were with him seven or eight persons. The woods were deep, the obscurity great. Suddenly out of the brush rang a shot, an accidentally discharged rifle. Some gray soldier among Lane's tensely waiting ranks, dressed in the woods to the right of the road, spoke from the core of a fearful dream: "Yankee cavalry!"

"*Fire!*" called an officer of the Eighteenth North Carolina.

The volley, striking diagonally across the road, emptied several saddles. Stonewall Jackson, the aides and Wilbourne, wheeled to the left, dug spur, and would have plunged into the wood. "*Fire!*" said the Carolinians, dressed to the left of the road, and fired.

Little Sorrel, maddened, dashed into the wood. An oak bough struck his rider, almost bearing him from the saddle. With his right hand from which the blood was streaming, in which a bullet was embedded, he caught the bridle, managed to turn the agonized brute into the road again. There seemed a wild sound, a wild confusion of voices. Some one had stopped the firing. "My God, men! You are firing into *us!*" In the road were the aides. They caught the rein, stopped the horse. Wilbourne put up his arms. "General, General! you are not hurt? — Hold there! — Morison — Leigh! —"

They laid him on the ground beneath the pines and they fired the brushwood for a light. One rode off for Dr. McGuire, and another with a penknife cut away the sleeve from the left arm through which had gone two bullets. A mounted man came at a gallop and threw himself from his horse. It was A. P. Hill. "General, General! you are not much hurt?"

"Yes, I think I am," said Stonewall Jackson. "And my wounds are from my own men."

Hill drew off the gauntlets that were all blood-soaked, and with his handkerchief tried to bind up the arm, shattered and with the main artery cut. A courier came up. "Sir, sir! a body of the enemy is close at hand —"

The aides lifted the wounded general. "No one," said

Hill, "must tell the troops who was wounded." The other opened his eyes. "Tell them simply that you have a wounded officer. General Hill, you are in command now. Press right on."

With a gesture of sorrow Hill went, returning to the front. The others rested at the edge of the road. At that moment the Federal batteries opened, a hissing storm of shot and shell, a tornado meant measurably to retard that anticipated, gray onrush. The range was high. Aides and couriers laid the wounded leader on the earth and made of their bodies a screen. The trees were cut, the earth was torn up; there was a howling as of unchained fiends. There passed what seemed an eternity and was but ten minutes. The great blue guns slightly changed the direction of their fire. The storm howled away from the group by the road, and the men again lifted Jackson. He stood now on his feet; and because troops were heard approaching, and because it must not be known that he was hurt, all moved into the darkness of the scrub. The troops upon the road came on — Pender's brigade. Pender, riding in advance, saw the group and asked who was wounded. "A field officer," answered one, but there came from some direction a glare of light and by it Pender knew. He sprang from his horse. "Don't say anything about it, General Pender," said Jackson. "Press on, sir, press on!"

"General, they are using all their artillery. It is a very deadly fire. In the darkness it may disorganize —"

The forage cap was gone. The blue eyes showed full and deep. "You must hold your ground, General Pender. You must hold out to the last, sir." "I will, General, I will," said Pender.

A litter was found and brought, and Stonewall Jackson was laid upon it. The little procession moved toward Dowdall's Tavern. A shot pierced the arm of one of the bearers, loosening his hold of the litter. It tilted. The general fell heavily to the ground, injuring afresh the wounded limb, striking and bruising his side. They raised him, pale, now, and silent, and at last they struggled through the wood to a little clearing, where they found an ambulance. Now, too, came the doctor, a man whom he loved, and knelt beside him. "I hope that you are not badly hurt, General?"

"Yes, I am, Doctor. I am badly hurt. I fear that I am dying."

In the ambulance lay also his chief of artillery, Colonel Crutchfield, painfully injured. Crutchfield pulled the doctor down to him. "He is n't badly hurt?"

"Yes, badly hurt."

Crutchfield groaned. "Oh, my God!"

Stonewall Jackson heard and made the ambulance stop. "You must do something for Colonel Crutchfield, Doctor. Don't let him suffer."

A. P. Hill, riding back to the front, was wounded by a piece of shell. Boswell, the chief engineer, to whom had been entrusted the guidance through the night of the advance upon the roads to the fords, was killed. That was a fatal cannonade from the ridge of Chancellorsville, fatal and fateful! It continued. The Wilderness chanted a battle chant, indeed, to the moon, the moon that was pale and wan as if wearied with silvering battlefields. Hill, lying in a litter, just back of his advanced line, dispatched couriers for Stuart. Stuart was far toward Ely's Ford, riding through the night in plume

and fighting jacket. The straining horses, the recalling order, reached him.

"General Jackson badly wounded! A. P. Hill badly wounded! I in command! My God, man! all changed like that? *Right about face! Forward! March!*"

There was, that night, no gray assault. But the dawn broke clear and found the gray lines waiting. The sky was a glory, the Wilderness rolled in emerald waves, the redbirds sang. Lee and the Second Corps were yet two miles apart. Between was Chancellorsville, and all the strong intrenchments and the great blue guns, and Hooker's courageous men.

Now followed Jeb Stuart's fight. In the dawn the Second Corps swung from the right by a masterhand, struck full against the Federal center, struck full against Chancellorsville. In the clear May morning broke a thunderstorm of artillery. It raged loudly, peal on peal, crash on crash! The gray shells struck the Chancellor House. They set it on fire. It went up in flames. A fragment of shell struck and stunned fighting Joe Hooker. He lay senseless for hours and Couch took command. The gray musketry, the blue musketry, rolled, rolled! The Wilderness was on fire. In places it was like a prairie. The flames licked their way through the scrub; the wounded perished. Ammunition began to fail; Stuart ordered the ground to be held with the bayonet. There was a great attack against his left. His three lines came into one and repulsed it. His right and Anderson's left now touched. The Army of Northern Virginia was again a unit.

Stuart swung above his head the hat with the black feather. His beautiful horse danced along the gray

lines, the lines that were very grimly determined, the lines that knew now that Stonewall Jackson was badly wounded. They meant, the gray lines, to make this day and the Wilderness remembered. "*Forward! Charge!*" cried Jeb Stuart. "Remember Jackson!" He swung his plumed hat. *Yaaaii! Yaaaaaaiihhh! Yaaaaaii! Yaaaiiiihhh!* yelled the gray lines, and charged. Stuart went at their head, and as he went he raised in song his golden, ringing voice. "*Old Joe Hooker, won't you come out of the Wilderness?*"

By ten o'clock the Chancellor ridge was taken, the blue guns silenced, Hooker beaten back toward the Rappahannock. The Wilderness, after all, was Virginian. She broke into a war-song of triumph. Her flowers bloomed, her birds sang, and then came Lee to the front. Oh, the Army of Northern Virginia cheered him! "Men, men!" he said, "you have done well, you have done well! Where is General Jackson?"

He was told. Presently he wrote a note and sent it to the field hospital near Dowdall's Tavern.

General: — I cannot express my regret. Could I have directed events I should have chosen for the good of the country to be disabled in your stead. I congratulate you upon the victory, which is due to your skill and energy. Very respectfully, your obedient servant, R. E. Lee.

An aide read it to Stonewall Jackson where he lay, very quiet, in the deeps of the Wilderness. For a minute he did not speak, then he said, "General Lee is very kind, but he should give the praise to God."

For four days yet they fought, in the Wilderness, at Salem Church, at the Fords of the Rappahannock, again at Fredericksburg. Then they rested, the Army

of the Potomac back on the northern side of the Rappahannock, the Army of Northern Virginia holding the southern shore and the road to Richmond — Richmond no nearer for McDowell, no nearer for McClellan, no nearer for Pope, no nearer for Burnside, no nearer for Hooker, no nearer after two years of war! In the Wilderness and thereabouts Hooker lost seventeen thousand men, thirteen guns, and fifteen hundred rounds of cannon ammunition, twenty thousand rifles, three hundred thousand rounds of infantry ammunition. The Army of Northern Virginia lost twelve thousand men.

On the 5th of May, Stonewall Jackson was carefully moved from the Wilderness to Guiney's Station. Here was a large old residence — the Chandler House — within a sweep of grass and trees; about it one or two small buildings. The great house was filled, crowded to its doors with wounded soldiers, so they laid Stonewall Jackson in a rude cabin among the trees. The left arm had been amputated in the field hospital. He was thought to be doing well, though at times he complained of the side which, in the fall from the litter, had been struck and bruised.

At daylight on Thursday he had his physician called. "I am suffering great pain," he said. "See what is the matter with me." And presently, "Is it pneumonia?"

That afternoon his wife came. He was roused to speak to her, greeted her with love, then sank into something like stupor. From time to time he awakened from this, but there were also times when he was slightly delirious. He gave orders in a shadow of the old voice. "You must hold out a little longer, men; you must hold out a little longer! . . . Press forward — press forward

—press forward! . . . Give them canister, Major Pelham!"

Friday went by, and Saturday. The afternoon of this day he asked for his chaplain, Mr. Lacy. Later, in the twilight, his wife sang to him, old hymns that he loved. "Sing the fifty-first psalm in verse," he said. She sang, —

> "Show pity, Lord! O Lord, forgive —"

The night passed and Sunday the 10th dawned. He lay quiet, his right hand on his breast. One of the staff came for a moment to his bedside. "Who is preaching at headquarters to-day?" He was told, and said, "Good! I wish I might be there."

The officer's voice broke. "General, General! the whole army is praying for you. There 's a message from General Lee."

"Yes, yes. Give it."

"He sends you his love. He says that you must recover; that you have lost your left arm, but that he would lose his right arm. He says tell you that he prayed for you last night as he had never prayed for himself. He repeats what he said in his note that for the good of Virginia and the South he could wish that he were lying here in your place —"

The soldier on the bed smiled a little and shook his head. "Better ten Jacksons should lie here than one Lee."

It was sunny weather, fair and sweet with all the bloom of May, the bright trees waving, the long grass rippling, the waters flowing, the sky azure, bees about the flowers, the birds singing piercingly sweet, mother

earth so beautiful, the sky down-bending, the light of the sun so gracious, warm, and vital!

A little before noon, kneeling beside him, his wife told Stonewall Jackson that he would die. He smiled and laid his hand upon her bowed head. "You are frightened, my child! Death is not so near. I may yet get well."

The doctor came to him. "Doctor, Anna tells me that I am to die to-day. Is it so?"

"Oh, General, General! — it is so."

He lay silent a moment, then he said, "Very good, very good! It is all right."

Throughout the day his mind was now clouded, now clear. In one of the latter times he said there was something he was trying to remember. There followed a half-hour of broken sleep and wandering, in the course of which he twice spoke a name, "Deaderick." Once he said "Horse Artillery," and once "White Oak Swamp."

The alternate clear moments and the lapses into stupor or delirium were like the sinking or rising of a strong swimmer, exhausted at last, the prey at last of a shoreless sea. At times he came head and shoulders out of the sea. In such a moment he opened his gray-blue eyes full on one of his staff. All the staff was gathered in grief about the bed. "When Richard Cleave," he said, "asks for a court of enquiry, let him have it. Tell General Lee —" The sea drew him under again.

It hardly let him go any more; moment by moment now, it wore out the strong swimmer. The day drew on to afternoon. He lay straight upon the bed, silent for the most part, but now and then wandering a little. His wife bowed herself beside him; in a corner wept the

old man Jim. Outside the windows there seemed a hush as of death.

"Pass the infantry to the front!" ordered Stonewall Jackson. "Tell A. P. Hill to prepare for action!" The voice sank; there came a long silence; there was only heard the old man crying in the corner. Then, for the last time in this phase of being, the great soldier opened his eyes. In a moment he spoke, in a very sweet and calm voice, "Let us cross over the river, and rest under the shade of the trees." He died.

A THREE-HOURS TRUCE AT VICKSBURG

[1863]

BY W. H. TUNNARD, OF THE CONFEDERATE ARMY

THE report of a single gun within the breastworks was the signal for a concentrated fire of the enemy's batteries, which poured a perfect storm of shot and shell upon the fated point, resulting, usually, in the destruction of the battery, and killing and wounding numbers of the artillerymen. No less than five cannoniers were shot in an attempt to apply a lighted fuse to the vent of a loaded gun. Nearly all the artillery along the lines was dismounted by the furious bombardment of the 22d. General Grant sent in a flag of truce, asking permission to bury his dead, which were lying unburied in thick profusion outside of the intrenchments, where the enemy had assaulted the lines. General Pemberton refused to grant the request, replying that the battle was not yet decided. The enemy commenced undermining our parapet, with the intention of blowing it up. As the sound of their voices could be distinctly heard, our brave boys began to annoy them by hurling upon them every species of deadly missile which human ingenuity could invent. Twelve-pounder shells were dropped over the breastworks among them, and kegs filled with powder, shells, nails, and scraps of iron. A more deadly, vindictive, and determined species of warfare was never waged. The chief aim of both combatants seemed to be concentrated in the invention of apparatus for taking

human life. In the afternoon of May 25, a flag of truce was sent into the lines, requesting a cessation of hostilities for the purpose of burying the dead, and the request was granted for three hours.

Now commenced a strange spectacle in this thrilling drama of war. Flags were displayed along both lines, and the troops thronged the breastworks, gayly chatting with each other; discussing the issues of the war; disputing over the differences of opinion, losses in the fights, etc. Numbers of the Confederates accepted invitations to visit the enemy's lines, where they were hospitably entertained and warmly welcomed. They were abundantly supplied with provisions and supplies of various kinds.

Of course, there were numerous laughable and interesting incidents resulting from these visits. The foe were exultant, confident of success, and in high spirits; the Confederates defiant, undaunted in soul, and equally well assured of a successful defense. The members of the Third Regiment found numerous acquaintances and relatives among the Ohio, Illinois, and Missouri regiments, and there were mutual regrets that the issues of the war had made them antagonistic in a deadly struggle. Captain F. Gallagher, the worthy commissary of the regiment, had been enjoying the hospitalities of a Yankee officer, imbibing his fine liquors and partaking of his choice viands, and as they separated, the Federal remarked: "Good-day, Captain; I trust we shall meet soon again in the Union of old." Captain G., with a peculiar expression on his pleasant face, and an extra side poise of his head, quickly replied: "I cannot return your sentiment. The only union which you and

I will enjoy, I hope, will be in kingdom come; good-bye, sir."

At the expiration of the appointed time, the men were all back in their places. The stillness which had superseded the uproar of battle seemed strange and unnatural. The hours of peace had scarcely expired ere those who so lately intermingled in friendly intercourse were once again engaged in the deadly struggle. Heavy mortars, artillery of every caliber, and small arms, once more with thunder-tones awakened the slumbering echoes of the hills surrounding the heroic city of Vicksburg.

UNION GUNBOATS ON THE MISSISSIPPI

UNION GUNBOATS ON THE MISSISSIPPI

FROM AN ENGRAVING

Early in 1863 New Orleans and the Mississippi River above Vicksburg were in the hands of the Union. If Vicksburg and Port Hudson could be taken, the whole river would be under the control of the Federal Government; but it was not easy to take Vicksburg. The city stood on a bluff so high that shot could not be thrown to it from vessels on the river, while the city guns could easily sink any ship that attempted to pass. For three months General Grant and General Sherman tried to get into a position to attack the town. At last they succeeded, and the siege of seven weeks began. Day and night the shells were falling. People dug caves into the side of the hill to be safe from flying fragments. A lady who lived in one of the caves wrote that even the mules in the town seemed wild, and the dogs howled madly whenever a shell exploded. By and by the cornbread and bacon failed, and mules, rats, and mice were eaten; but finally the brave, suffering, starving people surrendered. The Confederate flag was hauled down, and the banner of the Union run up. The whole Union army witnessed the scene, but not a cheer was given, says General Grant, so deeply were the courage and endurance of the people respected. A few days later Port Hudson yielded; and the Mississippi was now controlled by the Union.

A DRUMMER-BOY AT GETTYSBURG

[1863]

BY HARRY M. KIEFFER

"Harry, I'm getting tired of this thing. It's becoming monotonous, this thing of being roused every morning at four, with orders to pack up and be ready to march at a moment's notice, and then lying around here all day in the sun. I don't believe we are going anywhere, anyhow."

We had been encamped for six weeks, of which I need give no special account, only saying that in those "summer quarters," as they might be called, we went on with our endless drilling, and were baked and browned, and thoroughly hardened to the life of a soldier in the field.

The monotony of which Andy complained did not end that day, nor the next. For six successive days we were regularly roused at four o'clock in the morning, with orders to "pack up and be ready to move immediately!" only to unpack as regularly about the middle of the afternoon. We could hear our batteries pounding away in the direction of Fredericksburg, but we did not then know that we were being held well in hand till the enemy's plan had developed itself into the great march into Pennsylvania, and we were let off in hot pursuit.

So, at last, on the 12th of June, 1863, we started, at five o'clock in the morning, in a northwesterly direction. My journal says: "Very warm, dust plenty, water

scarce, marching very hard. Halted at dusk at an excellent spring, and lay down for the night with aching limbs and blistered feet."

I pass over the six days' continuous marching that followed, steadily on toward the north, pausing only to relate several incidents that happened by the way.

On the 14th we were racing with the enemy — we being pushed on to the utmost of human endurance — for the possession of the defenses of Washington. From five o'clock of that morning till three the following morning, — that is to say from daylight to daylight, — we were hurried along under a burning June sun, with no halt longer than sufficient to recruit our strength with a hasty cup of coffee at noon and nightfall. Nine, ten, eleven, twelve o'clock at night, and still on! It was almost more than flesh could endure. Men fell out of line in the darkness by the score, and tumbled over by the roadside, asleep almost before they touched the ground.

I remember how a great tall fellow in our company made us laugh along somewhere about one o'clock that morning, — "Pointer," we called him, — an excellent soldier, who afterward fell at his post at Spottsylvania. He had been trudging on in sullen silence for hours, when all of a sudden, coming to a halt, he brought his piece to "order arms" on the hard road with a ring, took off his cap, and, in language far more forcible than elegant, began forthwith to denounce both parties to the war, "from A to Izzard," in all branches of the service, civil and military, army and navy, artillery, infantry, and cavalry, and demanded that the enemy should come on in full force here and now, "and I'll fight them all,

single-handed and alone, the whole pack of 'em! I'm tired of this everlasting marching, and I want to fight!"

"Three cheers for Pointer!" cried some one, and we laughed heartily as we toiled doggedly on to Manassas, which we reached at 3 A.M., June 15. I can assure you, we lost no time in stretching ourselves at full length in the tall summer grass.

"James McFadden, report to the adjutant for camp guard! James McFadden! Anybody know where Jim McFadden is?"

Now that was rather hard, was n't it? To march from daylight to daylight, and lie down for a rest of probably two hours before starting again, and then to be called up to stand throughout those precious two hours on guard duty!

I knew very well where McFadden was, for was n't he lying right beside me in the grass? But just then I was in no humor to tell. The camp might well go without a guard that night, or the orderly might find McFadden in the dark if he could.

But the rules were strict, and the punishment was severe, and poor McFadden, bursting into tears of vexation, answered like a man: "Here I am, orderly; I'll go." It was hard.

Two weeks later, both McFadden and the orderly went where there is neither marching nor standing guard any more.

Now comes a long rest of a week, in the woods near the Potomac; for we have been marching parallel with the enemy, and dare not go too fast, lest, by some sudden and dexterous move in the game, he should sweep past our rear in upon the defenses of Washington. And after

this sweet refreshment, we cross the Potomac on pontoons, and march, perhaps with a lighter step, since we are nearing home, through the smiling fields and pleasant villages of "Maryland, my Maryland." At Poolesville, a little town on the north bank of the Potomac, we smile as we see a lot of children come trooping out of the village school, — a merry sight to men who have seen neither woman nor child these six months and more, and a touching sight to many a man in the ranks as he thinks of his little flaxen heads in the far-away home. Aye, think of them now, and think of them full tenderly, too, for many a man of you shall never have child climb on his knee any more!

As we enter one of those pleasant little Maryland villages, — Jefferson by name, — we find on the outskirts of the place two young ladies and two young gentlemen, waving the good old flag as we pass, and singing, "Rally round the Flag, Boys!" The excitement along the line is intense. Cheer on cheer is given, by regiment after regiment, as we pass along, we drummer-boys beating, at the colonel's express orders, the old tune, "The Girl I left behind me," as a sort of response. Soon we are in among the hills again, and still the cheering goes on in the far distance to the rear.

Only ten days later, we passed through the same village again, and were met by the same young ladies and gentlemen, waving the same flag and singing the same song. But though we tried twice, and tried hard, we could not cheer at all; for there's a difference between five hundred men and one hundred, — is there not? So, that second time, we drooped our tattered flags, and raised our caps in silent and sorrowful salute. Through Middle-

town next, where a rumor reaches us that the enemy's forces have occupied Harrisburg, and where certain ladies, standing on a balcony and waving their handkerchiefs as we pass by, in reply to our colonel's greeting, that "we are glad to see so many Union people here," answer, "Yes; and we are glad to see the Yankee soldiers, too."

From Middletown, at six o'clock in the evening, across the mountain to Frederick, on the outskirts of which city we camp for the night. At half-past five next morning (June 29) we are up and away, in a drizzling rain, through Lewistown and Mechanicstown, near which latter place we pass a company of Confederate prisoners, twenty-four in number, dressed in well-worn gray and butternut, which makes us think that the enemy cannot be far ahead. After a hard march of twenty-five miles, the greater part of the way over a turnpike, we reach Emmittsburg at nightfall, some of us quite barefoot, and all of us footsore and weary. Next morning (June 30) at nine o'clock we were up and away again, "on the road leading towards Gettysburg," they say. After crossing the line between Maryland and Pennsylvania, where the colonel halts the column for a moment, in order that we may give three rousing cheers for the "Old Keystone State," we march perceptibly slower, as if there were some impediment in the way. There is a feeling among the men that the enemy is somewhere near. Toward noon we leave the public road, and taking across the fields, form in line of battle along the rear of a wood, and pickets are thrown out. There is an air of uncertainty and suspicion in the ranks as we look to the woods, and consider what our pickets may possibly

unmask there. But no developments have yet been made when darkness comes, and we bivouac for the night behind a strong stone wall.

Passing down along the line of glowing fires, in the gathering gloom, I come on one of my company messes squatting about a fire, cooking supper. Joe Gutelius, corporal and color-guard from our company, is superintending the boiling of a piece of meat in a tin can, while Sam Ruhl and his brother Joe are smoking their pipes near by.

"Boys, it begins to look a little dubious, don't it? Where is Jimmy Lucas?"

"He's out on picket, in the woods yonder. Yes, Harry, it begins to look a little as if we were about to stir the Johnnies out of the brush," says Joe Gutelius, throwing another rail on the fire.

"If we do," says Joe Ruhl, "remember that you have the post of honor, Joe, and 'if any man pulls down that flag, shoot him on the spot!'"

"Never you fear for that," answers Joe Gutelius. "We of the color-guard will look out for the flag. For my part, I'll stay a dead man on the field before the colors of the 150th are disgraced."

"You'll have some tough tussling for your colors, then," says Sam. "If the 'Louisiana Tigers' get after you once, look out!"

"Who's afraid of the 'Louisiana Tigers'? I'll back the 'Bucktails' against the 'Tigers' any day. Stay and take supper with us, Harry! We are going to have a feast to-night. I have the heart of a beef boiling in the can yonder; and it is done now. Sit up, boys, get out your knives, and fall to."

"We 're going to have boiled lion heart for supper, Harry," says Joek Ruhl, with mock apology for the fare, "but we could n't catch any lions. They seem to be scarce in these parts. Maybe, we can catch a tiger, to-morrow, though."

Little do we think, as we sit thus cheerily talking about the blazing fire behind the stone wall, that it is our last supper together, and that ere another nightfall two of us will be sleeping in the silent bivouac of the dead.

"Colonel, close up your men, and move on as rapidly as possible."

It is the morning of July 1, and we are crossing a bridge over a stream, as the staff officer, having delivered this order for us, dashes down the line to hurry up the regiments in the rear. We get up on a high range of hills, from which we have a magnificent view. The day is bright, the air is fresh and sweet with the scent of the newmown hay, and the sun shines out of an almost cloudless sky, and as we gaze away off yonder down the valley to the left — look! Do you see that? A puff of smoke in midair! Very small, and miles away, as the faint and long-coming "boom" of the exploding shell indicates; but it means that something is going on yonder, away down in the valley, in which, perhaps, we may have a hand before the day is done. See! another — and another! Faint and far away comes the long-delayed "boom!" "boom!" echoing over the hills, as the staff officer dashes along the lines with orders to "double-quick! double-quick!"

Four miles of almost constant double-quicking is no

light work at any time, least of all on such a day as this memorable 1st day of July, for it is hot and dusty. But we are in our own State now, boys, and the battle is opening ahead, and it is no time to save breath. On we go, now up a hill, now over a stream, now checking our headlong rush for a moment, for we *must* breathe a little. But the word comes along the line again, "double-quick," and we settle down to it with right good will, while the cannon ahead seem to be getting nearer and louder. There's little said in the ranks, for there is little breath for talking, though every man is busy enough thinking. We all feel, somehow, that our day has come at last — as indeed it has!

We get in through the outskirts of Gettysburg, tearing down fences of the town lots and outlying gardens as we go; we pass a battery of brass guns drawn up beside the Seminary, some hundred yards in front of which building, in a strip of meadow land, we halt, and rapidly form the line of battle.

"General, shall we unsling knapsacks?" shouts some one down the line to our division general, as he is dashing by.

"Never mind the knapsacks, boys; it's the State now!"

And he plunges his spurs into the flanks of his horse, as he takes the stake-and-rider fence at a leap, and is away.

"Unfurl the flags, color-guard!"

"Now, forward, double —"

"Colonel, we're not loaded yet!"

A laugh runs along the line as, at the command, "Load at will — load!" the ramrods make their merry music,

and at once the word is given, "Forward, double-quick!" and the line sweeps up that rising ground with banners gayly flying, and cheers that rend the air, — a sight, once seen, never to be forgotten.

I suppose my readers wonder what a drummer-boy does in time of battle. Perhaps they have the same idea I used to have, namely, that it is the duty of a drummer-boy to beat his drum all the time the battle rages, to encourage the men or drown the groans of the wounded! But if they will reflect a moment, they will see that amid the confusion and noise of battle, there is little chance of martial music being either heard or heeded. Our colonel had long ago given us our orders, —

"You drummer-boys, in time of an engagement, are to lay aside your drums and take stretchers and help off the wounded. I expect you to do this, and you are to remember that, in doing it, you are just as much helping the battle on as if you were fighting with guns in your hands."

And so we sit down there on our drums and watch the line going in with cheers. Forthwith we get a smart shelling, for there is evidently somebody else watching that advancing line besides ourselves; but they have elevated their guns a little too much, so that every shell passes quite over the line and ploughs up the meadow sod about *us* in all directions.

Laying aside our knapsacks, we go to the Seminary, now rapidly filling with the wounded. This the enemy surely cannot know, or they would n't shell the building so hard! We get stretchers at the ambulances, and start out for the line of battle. We can just see our regimental colors waving in the orchard, near a log house about

three hundred yards ahead, and we start out for it — I on the lead, and Daney behind.

There is one of our batteries drawn up to our left a short distance as we run. It is engaged in a sharp artillery duel with one of the enemy's, which we cannot see, although we can hear it plainly enough, and straight between the two our road lies. So, up we go, Daney and I, at a lively trot, dodging the shells as best we can, till, panting for breath, we set down our stretcher under an apple tree in the orchard, in which, under the brow of the hill, we find the regiment lying, one or two companies being out on the skirmish line ahead.

I count six men of Company C lying yonder in the grass — killed, they say, by a single shell. Close beside them lies a tall, magnificently built man, whom I recognize by his uniform as belonging to the "Iron Brigade," and therefore probably an Iowa boy. He lies on his back at full length, with his musket beside him — calm-looking as if asleep, but having a fatal blue mark on his forehead and the ashen pallor of death on his countenance. Andy calls me away for a moment to look after some poor fellow whose arm is off at the shoulder; and it was just time I got away, too, for immediately a shell plunges into the sod where I had been sitting, tearing my stretcher to tatters, and ploughing up a great furrow under one of the boys who had been sitting immediately behind me, and who thinks, "That was rather close shaving, was n't it, now?" The bullets whistling overhead make pretty music with their ever-varying "z-i-p! z-i-p!" and we could imagine them so many bees, only they have such a terribly sharp sting. They tell me, too, of a certain cavalryman, Dennis Buckley, Sixth Michi-

gan Cavalry, it was, as I afterwards learned — let history preserve the brave boy's name, who, having had his horse shot under him, and seeing that first-named shell explode in Company C with such disaster, exclaimed, "That is the company for me!" He remained with the regiment all day, doing good service with his carbine, and he escaped unhurt!

"Here they come, boys; we'll have to go in at them on a charge, I guess!" Creeping close around the corner of the log-house, I can see the long lines of gray sweeping up in fine style over the fields; but I feel the colonel's hand on my shoulder.

"Keep back, my boy; no use exposing yourself in that way."

As I get back behind the house and look around, an old man is seen approaching our line through the orchard in the rear. He is dressed in a long blue swallow-tailed coat and high silk hat, and coming up to the colonel, he asks, —

"Would you let an old chap like me have a chance to fight in your ranks, colonel?"

"Can you shoot?" inquires the colonel.

"Oh, yes, I can shoot, I reckon," says he.

"But where are your cartridges?"

"I've got 'em here, sir," says the old man, slapping his hand on his trousers pocket.

And so "old John Burns," of whom every schoolboy has heard, takes his place in the line, and loads and fires with the best of them, and is left wounded and insensible on the field when the day is done.

Reclining there under a tree while the skirmishing is going on in front, and the shells are tearing up the sod

around us, I observe how evidently hard-pressed is that battery yonder in the edge of the wood, about fifty yards to our right. The enemy's batteries have excellent range on the poor fellows serving it. And when the smoke lifts or rolls away, in great clouds, for a moment, we can see the men running, and ramming, and sighting, and firing, and swabbing, and changing position every few minutes, to throw the enemy's guns out of range a little. The men are becoming terribly few, but nevertheless their guns, with a rapidity that seems unabated, belch forth great clouds of smoke, and send the shells shrieking over the plain.

Meanwhile, events occur which give us something more to think of than mere skirmishing and shelling. Our beloved brigadier-general, Roy Stone, stepping out a moment to reconnoiter the enemy's position and movements, is seen by some sharpshooter off in a tree, and is carried, severely wounded, into the barn. Our colonel, Langhorne Wister, assumes command of the brigade. Our regiment, facing westward, while the line on our right faces to the north, is observed to be exposed to an enfilading fire from the enemy's guns, as well as from the long line of gray now appearing in full sight on our right. So our regiment must form in line and "change front forward," in order to come in line with the other regiments. Accomplished swiftly, this new movement brings our line at once face to face with the enemy's, which advances to within fifty yards, and exchanges a few volleys, but is soon checked and staggered by our fire.

Yet now, see! Away to our left, and consequently on our flank, a new line appears, rapidly advancing out of the woods a half mile away, and there must be some

quick and sharp work done now, boys, or, between the old foes in front and the new ones on our flank, we shall be annihilated. To clear us of these old assailants in front before the new line can sweep down on our flank, our brave colonel, in a ringing command, orders a charge along the whole line. Then, before the gleaming and bristling bayonets of our "Bucktail" Brigade as it yells and cheers, sweeping resistlessly over the field, the enemy gives way, and flies in confusion. But there is little time to watch them fly, for that new line on our left is approaching at a rapid pace; and, with shells falling thick and fast into our ranks, and men dropping everywhere, our regiment must reverse the former movement by "changing front to rear," and so resume its original position, facing westward; for the enemy's new line is approaching from that direction, and if it takes us in flank we are done for.

To "change front to rear" is a difficult movement to execute even on drill, much more so under severe fire, but it is executed now, steadily and without confusion, yet not a minute too soon! For the new line of gray is upon us in a mad tempest of lead, supported by a cruel artillery fire, almost before our line can steady itself to receive the shock. However, partially protected by a post-and-rail fence, we answer fiercely, and with effect so terrific, that the enemy's line wavers, and at length moves off by the right flank, giving us a breathing space for a time.

During this struggle, there had been many an exciting scene all along the line, as it swayed backward and forward over the field, — scenes which we have had no time to mention yet.

See yonder, where the colors of the regiment on our right — our sister regiment, the 149th — have been advanced a little, to draw the enemy's fire, while our line sweeps on to the charge. There ensues about the flags a wild *mêlée* and close hand-to-hand encounter. Some of the enemy have seized the colors and are making off with them in triumph, shouting victory. But a squad of our own regiment dashes out swiftly, led to the rescue of the stolen colors by Sergeant John C. Kensill, of Company F, who falls to the ground before reaching them, and amid yells and cheers and smoke you see the battle flags rise and fall, and sway hither and thither upon the surging mass, as if tossed on the billows of a tempest, until, wrenched away by strong arms, they are borne back in triumph to the line of the 149th.

See yonder, again! Our colonel is clapping his hand to his cheek, from which a red stream is pouring; our lieutenant-colonel, Henry S. Huidekoper, is kneeling on the ground, and is having his handkerchief tied tight around his arm at the shoulder; Major Thomas Chamberlain and Adjutant Richard L. Ashurst both lie low, pierced with balls through the chest; one lieutenant is waving his sword to his men, although his leg is crushed at the knee; three other officers of the line are lying over there, motionless now forever. All over the field are strewn men, wounded or dead, and comrades pause a moment in the mad rush to catch the last words of the dying. Incidents such as these the reader must imagine for himself, to fill in these swift sketches of how the day was won — and lost!

Aye, lost! For the balls, which have so far come mainly from our front, begin now to sing in from our

left and right, which means that we are being flanked. Somehow, away off to our right, a half-mile or so, our line has given way, and is already on retreat through the town, while our left is being driven in, and we ourselves may shortly be surrounded and crushed — and so the retreat is sounded.

Back now along the railroad cut we go, or through the orchard and the narrow strip of woods behind it, with our dead scattered around on all sides, and the wounded crying piteously for help.

"Harry! Harry!" It is a faint cry of a dying man yonder in the grass, and I *must* see who it is.

"Why, Willie! Tell me where you are hurt," I ask, kneeling down beside him; and I see the words come hard, for he is fast dying.

"Here in my side, Harry. Tell — mother — mother —"

Poor fellow, he can say no more. His head falls back, and Willie is at rest forever!

On, now, through that strip of woods, at the other edge of which, with my back against a stout oak, I stop and look at a beautiful and thrilling sight. Some reserves are being brought up; infantry in the center, the colors flying and officers shouting; cavalry on the right, with sabers flashing and horses on a trot; artillery on the left, with guns at full gallop sweeping into position to check the headlong pursuit, — it is a grand sight, and a fine rally; but a vain one, for in an hour we are swept off the field, and are in full retreat through the town.

Up through the streets hurries the remnant of our shattered corps, while the enemy is pouring into the town only a few squares away from us. There is a tem-

pest of shrieking shells and whistling balls about our ears. The guns of that battery by the woods we have dragged along, all the horses being disabled. The artillery men load as we go, double-charging with grape and canister.

"Make way there, men!" is the cry, and the surging mass crowds close up on the sidewalks to right and left, leaving a long lane down the center of the street, through which the grape and canister go rattling into the ranks of the enemy's advance guard.

And so, amid scenes which I have neither space nor power to describe, we gain Cemetery Ridge toward sunset, and throw ourselves down by the road in a tumult of excitement and grief, having lost the day through the overwhelming force of numbers, and yet somehow having gained it, too, although as yet we know it not, for the sacrifice of our corps has saved the position for the rest of the army, which has been marching all day, and which comes pouring in over Cemetery Ridge all night long.

Aye, the position is saved; but where is our corps? Well may our division general, Doubleday, who early in the day succeeded to the command, when our brave Reynolds had fallen, shed tears of grief as he sits there on his horse and looks over the shattered remains of that First Army Corps, for there is but a handful of it left. Of the five hundred and fifty men that marched under our regimental colors in the morning, but one hundred remain. All our field and staff officers are gone. Of some twenty captains and lieutenants, but one is left without a scratch, while of my own company only thirteen out of fifty-four sleep that night on Cemetery Ridge, under the open canopy of heaven. There is no

roll call, for Sergeant Weidensaul will call the roll no more; nor will Joe Gutelius, nor Joe Ruhl, nor McFadden, nor Henning, nor many others of our comrades whom we miss, ever answer to their names again until the world's last great reveillé.

JOHN BURNS OF GETTYSBURG

[1863]

BY BRET HARTE

Have you heard the story that gossips tell
Of Burns of Gettysburg? — No? Ah, well:
Brief is the glory that hero earns,
Briefer the story of poor John Burns.
He was the fellow who won renown, —
The only man who did n't back down
When the rebels rode through his native town;
But held his own in the fight next day,
When all his townsfolk ran away.
That was in July, sixty-three,
The very day that General Lee,
Flower of Southern chivalry,
Baffled and beaten, backward reeled
From a stubborn Meade and a barren field.

I might tell how but the day before
John Burns stood at his cottage door,
Looking down the village street,
Where, in the shade of his peaceful vine,
He heard the low of his gathered kine,
And felt their breath with incense sweet;
Or I might say, when the sunset burned
The old farm gable, he thought it turned
The milk that fell like a babbling flood
Into the milk-pail red as blood!
Or how he fancied the hum of bees

Were bullets buzzing among the trees.
But all such fanciful thoughts as these
Were strange to a practical man like Burns,
Who minded only his own concerns,
Troubled no more by fancies fine
Than one of his calm-eyed, long-tailed kine, —
Slow to argue, but quick to act.
That was the reason, as some folk say,
He fought so well on that terrible day

And it was terrible. On the right
Raged for hours the heady fight,
Thundered the battery's double bass, —
Difficult music for men to face;
While on the left — where now the graves
Undulate like the living waves
That all that day unceasing swept
Up to the pits the rebels kept —
Round shot ploughed the upland glades,
Sown with bullets, reaped with blades;
Shattered fences here and there
Tossed their splinters in the air;
The very trees were stripped and bare;
The barns that once held yellow grain
Were heaped with harvests of the slain;
The cattle bellowed on the plain,
The turkeys screamed with might and main,
And brooding barn-fowl left their rest
With strange shells bursting in each nest.

Just where the tide of battle turns,
Erect and lonely stood old John Burns.

How do you think the man was dressed?
He wore an ancient long buff vest,
Yellow as saffron, — but his best;
And buttoned over his manly breast
Was a bright blue coat, with a rolling collar,
And large gilt buttons, — size of a dollar, —
With tails that the country-folk called "swaller."
He wore a broad-brimmed, bell-crowned hat,
White as the locks on which it sat.
Never had such a sight been seen
For forty years on the village green,
Since old John Burns was a country beau,
And went to the "quiltings" long ago.

Close at his elbows all that day,
Veterans of the Peninsula,
Sunburnt and bearded, charged away;
And striplings, downy of lip and shin, —
Clerks that the Home Guard mustered in, —
Glanced, as they passed, at the hat he wore,
Then at the rifle his right hand bore,
And hailed him, from out their youthful lore,
With scraps of a slangy *répertoire:*
"How are you, White Hat?" "Put her through!"
"Your head 's level!" and "Bully for you!"
Called him "Daddy," — begged he'd disclose
The name of the tailor who made his clothes,
And what was the value he set on those;
While Burns, unmindful of jeer and scoff,
Stood there picking the rebels off, —
With his long brown rifle and bell-crown hat,
And the swallow-tails they were laughing at.

'T was but a moment, for that respect
Which clothes all courage their voices checked;
And something the wildest could understand
Spake in the old man's strong right hand,
And his corded throat, and the lurking frown
Of his eyebrows under his old bell-crown;
Until, as they gazed, there crept an awe
Through the ranks in whispers, and some men saw,
In the antique vestments and long white hair,
The Past of the Nation in battle there;
And some of the soldiers since declare
That the gleam of his old white hat afar,
Like the crested plume of the brave Navarre,
That day was their oriflamme of war.

So raged the battle. You know the rest:
How the rebels, beaten and backward pressed,
Broke at the final discharge and ran.
At which John Burns — a practical man —
Shouldered his rifle, unbent his brows,
And then went home to his bees and cows.

That is the story of old John Burns;
This is the moral the reader learns:
In fighting the battle, the question's whether
You'll show a hat that's white, or a feather!

THE GETTYSBURG ADDRESS

BY ABRAHAM LINCOLN

[DELIVERED at the dedication of the Gettysburg National Cemetery, November 19, 1863.]

FOURSCORE and seven years ago our fathers brought forth upon this continent a new nation, conceived in liberty, and dedicated to the proposition that all men are created equal.

Now we are engaged in a great civil war, testing whether that nation or any nation so conceived and so dedicated, can long endure. We are met on a great battle-field of that war. We have come to dedicate a portion of that field as a final resting-place for those who here gave their lives that that nation might live. It is altogether fitting and proper that we should do this.

But in a larger sense we cannot dedicate — we cannot consecrate — we cannot hallow — this ground. The brave men, living and dead, who struggled here, have consecrated it, far above our power to add or detract. The world will little note, nor long remember, what we say here, but it can never forget what they did here. It is for us the living, rather, to be dedicated here to the unfinished work which they who fought here have thus far nobly advanced. It is rather for us to be here dedicated to the great task remaining before us — that from these honored dead we take increased devotion to that cause for which they gave the last full measure of devo-

tion — that we here highly resolve that these dead shall not have died in vain — that this nation, under God, shall have a new birth of freedom — and that government of the people, by the people, for the people, shall not perish from the earth.

ALABAMA DRESSMAKING IN THE DAYS OF THE BLOCKADE

[1861–1865]

BY PARTHENIA ANTOINETTE HAGUE

Before the war there were in the South but few cotton mills. These were kept running night and day, as soon as the Confederate army was organized, and we were ourselves prevented by the blockade from purchasing clothing from the factories at the North, or clothing imported from France or England. The cotton which grew in the immediate vicinity of the mills kept them well supplied with raw material. Yet notwithstanding the great push of the cotton mills, they proved totally inadequate, after the war began, to our vast need for clothing of every kind. Every household now became a miniature factory in itself, with its cotton, cards, spinning-wheels, warping-frames, looms, and so on. Wherever one went, the hum of the spinning wheel and the clang of the batten of the loom was borne on the ear.

Great trouble was experienced, in the beginning, to find dyes with which to color our stuffs; but in the course of time, both at the old mills and at smaller experimental factories which were run entirely by hand, barks, leaves, roots, and berries were found containing coloring properties. I was well acquainted with a gentleman in southwestern Georgia who owned a small cotton mill, and who, when he wanted coloring substances, used to send his wagons to the woods and freight them with a shrub

GENERAL ORDER NUMBER 11

GENERAL ORDER NUMBER 11

BY G. C. BRIGHAM

DURING the Civil War it was in the border States that the struggle was waged with the greatest ferocity. Missouri had been with difficulty retained by the North, but it was the scene of the operations of several guerrilla bands of Southern sympathizers. In August, 1863, Quantrell, the most notorious of the guerrilla leaders, with a company of three hundred men swept across the Kansas border into the "abolition town" of Lawrence, pillaged and burned the settlement, and killed one hundred and forty of its inhabitants.

When news of this raid reached Schofield, the Union commander, he wrote General Ewing that since these deeds were connived at by Confederate sympathizers in certain parts of Missouri: "It is therefore ordered that the disloyal people of Jackson, Cass, and Bates counties will be given until the —— day of —— to remove from those counties, with such of their personal property as they may choose to carry away. At the end of the time named, all houses, barns, provisions, and other property belonging to such disloyal persons, and which can be used to shelter, protect, or support the bands of robbers and murderers which infest those counties, will be destroyed, or seized and appropriated to the use of the Government. Property situated at or near military posts, and in or near towns which can be protected by troops so as not to be used by the bands of robbers, will not be destroyed, but will be appropriated to the use of such loyal or innocent persons as may be made homeless by the acts of guerrillas or by the execution of this order. The commanding general is aware that some innocent persons must suffer from these extreme measures, but such suffering is unavoidable, and will be made as light as possible. A district of country inhabited almost solely by rebels cannot be permitted to be made a hiding-place for robbers and murderers, from which to sally forth on their errands of rapine and death."

"General Order Number 11," to this effect was immediately issued by Brigadier-General Ewing, to be carried out within fifteen days.

known as myrtle, that grew teeming in low moist places near his mill. This myrtle yielded a nice gray for woolen goods.

That the slaves might be well clad, the owners kept, according to the number of slaves owned, a number of negro women carding and spinning, and had looms running all the time. Now and then a planter would be so fortunate as to secure a bale or more of white sheeting and osnaburgs from the cotton mills, in exchange for farm products, which would be quite a lift, and give a little breathing-spell from the almost incessant whirr, hum, and clang of the spinning wheel and loom.

Wide unbleached sheeting was also used for making dresses, and when dyed a deep solid color and tastefully made up the effect was quite handsome. On one occasion, when Mr. G—— had been fortunate in getting a bale of unbleached factory sheeting, Mrs. G—— gave to me, to her two oldest daughters, and a niece of hers, who was as one of the family, enough of the sheeting to make each one of us a dress. We had to hie us to the woods for coloring matter, to dye as each one pleased.

I have often joined with neighbors, when school hours for the day were over, in gathering roots, barks, leaves, twigs, sumach berries, and walnuts, for the hulls, which dyed wool a beautiful dark brown. Such was the variety we had to choose from, to dye our cloth and thread. We used to pull our way through the deep tangled woods, by thickly shaded streams, through broad fields, and return laden with the riches of the Southern forest! Not infrequently clusters of grapes mingled with our freight of dyes. The pine-tree's roots furnished a beautiful dye, approximating very closely to garnet, which color I

chose for the sheeting for my dress. A strong decoction of the roots of the pine tree was used. Copperas of our own production was used as the mordant. A cask or some small vessel was set convenient to the dwelling-house and partly filled with water, in which a small quantity of salt and vinegar had been mingled; then pieces of rusty, useless iron, such as plows too much worn to be used again, rusty broken rails, old horse-shoes, and bits of old chains were picked up and cast into the cask. The liquid copperas was always ready, and a very good substance we found it to fix colors in cloth or thread. The sheeting for the dress was folded smoothly and basted slightly so as to keep the folds in place. It was first thoroughly soaked in warm soapsuds, then dipped into the dye, and afterwards into a vessel containing liquid lye from wood ashes; then it went again into the dye, then the lye, and so on till the garnet color was the required shade. By varying the strength of the solution any shade desirable could be obtained. My garnet-colored dress of unbleached sheeting was often mistaken for worsted delaine.

Many of the planters in southern Alabama began to grow wool on quite a large scale, as the war went on and no woolen goods could be had. All the woolen material that could be manufactured at the cotton mills was used to clothe our soldiers, so that all the varied kinds of woolen goods that hitherto had been used with us had now to be of home hand-make. In this we achieved entire success. All kinds of woolen goods — flannels both colored and white, plaids of bright colors, which we thought equal to the famed Scotch plaids; balmorals, which were then in fashion — were woven, with grave

or gay borders as suited our fancy. Woolen coverlets and blankets were also manufactured. The woolen blankets were at first woven with the warp of cotton thread, but a woman of our settlement improved on that by weaving some blankets on the common house loom, both warp and woof of wool, spun by her own hands. The borders were bright red and blue, of texture soft and yielding; they were almost equal to those woven at a regular woolen mill. The process of weaving all-wool blankets with warp and woof hand-spun was quite tedious, yet it was accomplished. Various kinds of twilled woolen cloth were also woven. In weaving coverlets, the weaver had the "draught" before her, to guide her in tramping the pedals and throwing the design of flower, vine, leaf, square, or diamond on the right side. Beautiful carpets also were made on the same plan as coverlets.

Many of the planters, after the shearing of their sheep, used to carry the wool to the nearest cotton mill and have it carded into rolls, to facilitate the making of woolen cloth; and often large quantities of lint cotton were hauled to the factories, to be carded into rolls to be spun at home. But carding rolls by common hand-cards was a rather slow and tiresome process.

There was some pleasant rivalry as to who should be the most successful in producing the brightest and clearest tinge of color on thread or cloth. Most of the women of southern Alabama had small plats of ground for cultivating the indigo bush, for making "indigo blue," or "indigo mud," as it was sometines called. The indigo weed also grew abundantly in the wild state in our vicinage. Those who did not care to bother with

indigo cultivation used to gather, from the woods, the weed in the wild state when in season. Enough of the blue was always made either from the wild or cultivated indigo plant. We used to have our regular "indigo churnings," as they were called. When the weed had matured sufficiently for making the blue mud, which was about the time the plant began to flower, the plants were cut close to the ground, our steeping vats were closely packed with the weed, and water enough to cover the plant was poured in. The vat was then left eight or nine days undisturbed for fermentation, to extract the dye. Then the plant was rinsed out, so to speak, and the water in the vat was churned up and down with a basket for quite a while; weak lye was added as a precipitate, which caused the indigo particles held in solution to fall to the bottom of the vat; the water was poured off, and the "mud" was placed in a sack and hung up to drip and dry. It was just as clear and bright a blue as if it had passed through a more elaborate process.

The woods, as well as being the great storehouse for all our dye-stuffs, were also our drug-stores. The berries of the dogwood-tree were taken for quinine, as they contained the alkaloid properties of cinchona and Peruvian bark. A soothing and efficacious cordial for dysentery and similar ailments was made from blackberry roots; but ripe persimmons, when made into a cordial, were thought to be far superior to blackberry roots. An extract of the barks of the wild cherry, dogwood, poplar, and wahoo trees was used for chills and agues. For coughs and all lung diseases a syrup made with the leaves and roots of the mullein plant, globe flower, and wild-

cherry tree bark was thought to be infallible. Of course the castor-bean plant was gathered in the wild state in the forest, for making castor oil.

Many also cultivated a few rows of poppies in their garden to make opium, from which our laudanum was created; and this at times was very needful. The manner of extracting opium from poppies was of necessity crude, in our hedged-round situation. It was, indeed, simple in the extreme. The heads or bulbs of the poppies were plucked when ripe, the capsules pierced with a large-sized sewing-needle, and the bulbs placed in some small vessel (a cup or saucer would answer) for the opium gum to exude and to become inspissated by evaporation. The soporific influence of this drug was not excelled by that of the imported article.

Bicarbonate of soda, which had been in use for raising bread before the war, became "a thing of the past" soon after the blockade began; but it was not long ere some one found out that the ashes of corncobs possessed the alkaline property essential for raising dough. Whenever "soda" was needed, corn was shelled, care being taken to select all the red cobs, as they were thought to contain more carbonate of soda than white cobs. When the cobs were burned in a clean swept place, the ashes were gathered up and placed in a jar or jug, and so many measures of water were poured in, according to the quantity of ashes. When needed for bread-making, a teaspoonful or tablespoonful of the alkali was used to the measure of flour or meal required.

Another industry to which the need of the times gave rise was the making of pottery, which, although not food or clothing, was indispensable. Of course, our earthen-

ware was rough, coarse, and brown; and its enameling would have caused a smile of disdain from the ancient Etruscans. Nevertheless, we found our brown-glazed plates, cups, and saucers, washbowls and pitchers, and milk crocks exceedingly convenient and useful as temporary expedients, as no tin pans could be had; and we were thankful that we could make this homely ware.

All in our settlement learned to card, spin, and weave, and that was the case with all the women of the South when the blockade closed us in. Now and then, it is true, a steamer would run the blockade, but the few articles in the line of merchandise that reached us served only as a reminder of the outside world and of our once great plenty, now almost forgotten, and also more forcibly to remind us that we must depend upon our own ingenuity to supply the necessities of existence. Our days of novitiate were short. We soon became very apt at knitting and crocheting useful as well as ornamental woolen notions, such as capes, sacques, vandykes, shawls, gloves, socks, stockings, and men's suspenders. The clippings of lambs' wool were especially used by us for crocheting or knitting shawls, gloves, capes, sacques, and hoods. Our needles for such knitting were made of seasoned hickory or oakwood a foot long, or even longer. Lambs' wool clippings, when carded and spun fine by hand and dyed bright colors, were almost the peer of the zephyr wool now sold. To have the hanks spotted or variegated, they were tightly braided or plaited, and so dyed; when the braids were unfolded a beautiful dappled color would result. Sometimes corn husks were wrapped around the hanks at regular or irregular spaces and made fast with strong thread, so that when

placed in the dye the incased parts, as was intended, would imbibe little or no dye, and when knit, crocheted, or woven would present a clouded or dappled appearance. Handsome mittens were knit or crocheted of the same lambs' wool dyed jet black, gray, garnet, or whatever color was preferred; a bordering of vines, with green leaves and rosebuds of bright colors, was deftly knitted in on the edge and top of the gloves. Various designs of flowers or other patterns were used for gloves, and were so skillfully knitted in that they formed the exact representation of the copy from which they were taken. For the bordering of capes, shawls, gloves, hoods, and sacques the wool yarn was dyed red, blue, black, and green. Of course, intermediate colors were employed in some cases. The juice of poke berries dyed a red as bright as aniline, but this was not very good for wash stuffs. A strong decoction of the bark of the hickory tree made a clear, bright green on wool, when alum could be had as a mordant; sometimes there were those who, by some odd chance, happened to have a bit of alum.

There grew in some spots in the woods, though very sparsely, a weed about a foot and a half high, called "the queen's delight," which dyed a jet black on wool. We have frequently gone all of two miles from our home, and, after a wide range of the woods, would perhaps secure only a small armful of this precious weed. We did not wonder at the name, it was so scarce and rare, as well as the only one of all the weeds, roots, bark, leaves, or berries that would dye jet black. The indigo blue of our make would dye blue of any shade required, and the hulls of walnuts a most beautiful brown; so that we were not lacking for bright and deep colors for borderings.

Here again a pleasant rivalry arose, as to who could form the most unique bordering for capes, shawls, and all such woolen knit or crocheted clothing. There were squares, diamonds, crosses, bars, and designs of flowers formed in knitting and in crocheting.

We were our own wool-sorters, too, and after the shearing, had first choice of the fleeces. All the fine, soft, silky locks of wool were selected for use in knitting and crocheting.

Our shoes, particularly those of women and children, were made of cloth, or knit. Some one had learned to knit slippers, and it was not long before most of the women in our settlement had a pair of slippers on the knitting needles. They were knit of our homespun thread, either cotton or wool, which was, for slippers, generally dyed a dark brown, gray, or black. When taken off the needles, the slippers or shoes were lined with cloth of suitable texture. The upper edges were bound with strips of cloth, of color to blend with the hue of the knit work. A rosette was formed of some stray bits of ribbon, or scraps of fine bits of merino or silk, and placed on the uppers of the slippers; then they were ready for the soles.

We explored the seldom-visited attic and lumber-room, and overhauled the contents of old trunks, boxes, and scrap-bags for pieces of cassimere, merino, broad-cloth, or other heavy fine twilled goods, to make our Sunday shoes, as we could not afford to wear shoes of such fine stuff every day; home-woven jeans and heavy, plain cloth had to answer for every-day wear. When one was so fortunate as to get a bolt of osnaburgs, scraps of that made excellent shoes when colored. What is now

called the "baseball shoe" always reminds me of our war-time colored osnaburgs, but ours did not have straps of leather like those which cross the baseball shoe. Our slippers and shoes, which were made of fine bits of cloth, cost us a good deal of labor in binding and stitching with colors and thread to blend with the material used, before they were sent to the shoemaker to have them soled.

Sometimes we put on the soles ourselves by taking wornout shoes, whose soles were thought sufficiently strong to carry another pair of uppers, ripping the soles off, placing them in warm water to make them more pliable and to make it easier to pick out all the old stitches, and then in the same perforations stitching our knit slippers or cloth-made shoes. We also had to cut out soles for shoes from our home-tanned leather, with the sole of an old shoe as our pattern, and with an awl perforate the sole for sewing on the upper. I was often surprised at the dexterity with which we could join soles and uppers together, the shoes being reversed during the stitching, and when finished turned right side out again; and I smile even now when I remember how we used to hold our self-made shoe at arm's length and say, as they were inspected: "What is the blockade to us, so far as shoes are concerned, when we can not only knit the uppers, but cut the soles and stitch them on? Each woman and girl her own shoemaker; away with bought shoes; we want none of them!" But alas, we really knew not how fickle a few months would prove that we were.

Our sewing-thread was of our own make. Spools of "Coats's" thread, which was universally used in the South before the war, had long been forgotten. For very

fine sewing-thread great care had to be used in drawing the strand of cotton evenly, as well as finely. It was a wearisome task, and great patience had to be exercised, as there was continual snapping of the fine hand-spun thread. From broaches of such spun sewing-thread balls of the cotton were wound from two to three strands double, according as coarse or fine thread was needed. The ball was then placed in a bowl of warm soapsuds and the thread twisted on to a bobbin of corn husks placed on the spindle of the wheel. During the process of twisting the thread a miniature fountain would be set playing from the thread as it twirled upon the spindle. Bunch thread from the cotton mill, number twelve, made very strong sewing-thread, but little could we afford of that; it was exceedingly scarce. When the web of cloth, especially that of factory bunch thread, had been woven as closely up as the sley and harness would permit the warp opening for the shuttle to pass through, the ends of the weaver's threads, or thrums, generally a yard long when taken from around the large cloth beam, would be cut from the cloth and made into sewing-thread. We spent many evenings around the fire, if winter time, or lamp if summer weather, drawing the threads singly from the bunch of thrums and then tying together two or three strands, as the thread was to be coarse or fine. It was also wound into balls and twisted in the same manner as other sewing-thread. The ball would be full of knots, but a good needleful of thread, perhaps more, could always be had between the knots.

There were rude frames in most people's yards for making rope out of cotton thread spun very coarse, and quite a quantity of such rope was made on these

roperys. A comical incident occurred at one of the rope-makings which I attended. One afternoon, I had gone out in the yard with several members of the household, to observe the method of twisting the long coil of rope by a windlass attached to one end of the frame, after it had been run off the broaches on to the frame. Two of the smaller girls were amusing themselves running back and forth under the rope while it was being slowly twisted, now and again giving it a tap with their hands as they ducked under it, when, just as it was drawn to its tightest tension, it parted from the end of the frame opposite the windlass, and in its curved rebound caught one of the little girls by the hair of her head. There was "music in the air" for some little time, for it was quite a task to free her hair from the hard twisted coils of rope.

Our hats and bonnets were of our own manufacture, for those we had at the beginning of the war had been covered anew, made over, turned, and changed till none of the original remained. As we had no "flowers of sulphur" to bleach our white straw bonnets and hats, we colored those we had with walnut hulls, and made them light or dark brown, as we wished. Then we ripped up our tarlatan party-dresses of red, white, blue, or buff, some all gold and silver bespangled, to trim hats with. Neighbor would divide with neighbor the tarlatan for trimming purposes, and some would go quite a distance for only enough to trim a hat. For the plumes of our hats or bonnets the feathers of the old drake answered admirably, and were often plucked, as many will remember, for that very purpose. Quaker or Shaker bonnets were also woven by the women of Alabama out of the bulrushes that grew very tall in marshy places. These

rushes were placed in the opening of the threads of warp by hand, and were woven the same as if the shuttle had passed them through. Those the width of the warp were always used. The bonnets were cut in shape and lined with tarlatan.

The skirt of the Shaker was made of single-sleyed cloth, as we called it. In common woven heavy cloth two threads of warp were passed through the reeds of the sley. For the skirts of our bonnets we wanted the cloth soft and light, hence only one thread was passed through the reeds, and that was lightly tapped by the batten; it was then soft and yielding. When the cloth was dyed with willow bark, which colored a beautiful drab, we thought our bonnets equal to those we had bought in days gone by. There was variety enough of material to make hats for both men and women, palmetto taking the lead for hats for Sunday wear. The straw of oats or wheat and corn-husks were braided and made into hats. Hats which were almost everlasting, we used to think, were made of pine straw. Hats were made of cloth also. I remember one in particular of gray jeans, stitched in small diamonds with black silk thread. It was as perfect a hat as was ever moulded by the hatter, but the oddness of that hat consisted in its being stitched on the sewing-machine with silk thread. All sewing-machines in our settlement were at a standstill during the period of the war, as our home-made thread was not suited to machines, and all sewing had to be done by hand.

We became quite skilled in making designs of palmetto and straw braiding and plaiting for hats. Fans, baskets, and mats we made of the braided palmetto and

straw also. Then there was the "bonnet squash," known also as the "Spanish dish-rag," that was cultivated by some for making bonnets and hats for women and children. Such hats presented a fine appearance, but they were rather heavy. Many would make the frame for their bonnets or hats, then cover it with the small white feathers and down of the goose, color bright red with the juice of poke berries, or blue with indigo mud, some of the larger feathers, and on a small wire form a wreath or plume with bright-colored and white feathers blended together; or, if no wire was convenient, a fold or two of heavy cloth, or paper doubled, was used to sew the combination of feathers on for wreath, plume, or rosette. Tastefully arranged, this made a hat or bonnet by no means rustic looking.

XII

THE END OF THE STRUGGLE

HISTORICAL NOTE

In 1864, Lincoln was reëlected to the presidency by 212 votes as against 21 for McClellan, his opponent, whose platform declared that the war was a failure and should be ended. In his inaugural address, delivered in March, 1865, Lincoln said: —

"Neither party expected for the war the magnitude or the duration which it has already attained. Neither anticipated that the cause of the conflict might cease with, or even before, the conflict itself should cease. Each looked for an easier triumph, and a result less fundamental and astounding.

"With malice towards none, with charity for all, with firmness in the right, as God gives us to see the right, let us strive on to finish the work we are in, to bind up the nation's wounds, to care for him who shall have borne the battle, and for his widow and his orphans, to do all which may achieve and cherish a just and lasting peace among ourselves and with all nations."

The end of the war was close at hand. Sherman, with sixty thousand men, had marched from Atlanta to Savannah, cutting a swath sixty miles wide and three hundred in length, and destroying the last resources of the Confederacy. Lee's ranks were thinning, for in the utter hopelessness of his cause men were deserting by scores. He could no longer protect Richmond, and he withdrew, pursued by Grant. At Appomattox Court House, a little village west of Richmond, Lee surrendered on April 9, 1865. Two weeks later, Johnston surrendered to Sherman in North Carolina. Thus ended the war. But the heartfelt joy throughout the North was turned into mourning by the assassination of President Lincoln on the 14th of April.

THE BATTLE OF THE CRATER, PETERSBURG

THE BATTLE OF THE CRATER, PETERSBURG

BY J. D. WOODWARD

After his bloody repulse at Cold Harbor, Grant ordered an advance upon Petersburg, as the capture of that city would force the evacuation of Richmond. The Unionists moved slowly, the Confederates quickly, and when the former reached Petersburg they found it strongly fortified. After losing 10,000 men in several assaults Grant settled down for a siege. A mine, 520 feet long, was dug under the Confederate works and exploded on July 30 with terrific force. An officer who witnessed the explosion thus describes its effect: —

"It was a magnificent spectacle. As the mass of earth went up into the air, carrying with it men, guns, carriages, and timbers, and spread out like an immense cloud as it reached its altitude, so close were the Union lines that the mass appeared as if it would descend immediately upon the troops waiting to make the charge. . . . Little did those men anticipate what they would see upon arriving there (at the crater) an enormous hole in the ground about 30 feet deep, 60 feet wide, and 170 feet long, filled with dust, great blocks of clay, guns, broken carriages, projecting timbers, and men buried in various ways — some up to their necks, others to their waists, and some with only their feet and legs protruding from the earth."

A regiment of Confederates was destroyed by the explosion, but the Union troops, who poured into the crater, expecting that the works could now be easily taken, were signally disappointed, as the Confederates quickly rallied and drove them back after a desperate struggle, with a loss of more than 4000 men.

From "Battles and Leaders," by permission of the Century Co.

THE DAY OF THE EVACUATION OF RICHMOND

[1865]

BY MORRIS SCHAFF

SUNDAY, — and the bells were calling the people to worship. Old and noted Richmond families uncovered at the door and reverently sought their pews at St. Paul's, seven out of ten of the women in mourning. In the solemn quiet sat the aged fathers, their hair falling white, and many a mother with high-bred face, sorrowing for the boys who would never come home. There in the subdued light of the sanctuary they sat, while the bells, which had clanged so joyfully at the birth of the Confederacy, reluctantly and sadly boomed their final notes, as if they already knew, what the congregation little expected, that when they should ring again on the next Sunday, at that very hour, the Confederacy would be on its deathbed, breathing its last.

Jefferson Davis, President of the ill-fated cause, above middle height, lithe, distinguished, neatly arrayed in gray, came up the center aisle with modest, dignified quietude of manner, entered his pew on the right and bowed his head in prayer. His spare austere face showed the effect of four years of care, as well it might, for who ever faced a longer and fiercer tempest? but he carried with him to St. Paul's, as everywhere, his habitual atmosphere of invincible courage and the never-failing

bloom of urbanity. The organ droned the last of the colorless *Venite*, and the service began.

Along the sunshiny side of the empty streets, here and there, convalescents from the hospitals sauntered, pale, some armless and some on crutches. On its staff above the roof of the nearby capitol, the flag of the Confederacy drooped in the mild sunshine, the stars of its blue saltier shining from its folds above steeple and chimney and over the spring-time gladness of the fields. Out in Holywood, where Stuart lay with so many of the best and the bravest, and where Mr. Davis's dust is now resting, the robins, sparrows, catbirds, redbirds, turtle-doves and mocking-birds were building their nests among the evergreens and native trees.

Over the rapids, at the foot of the knolls of Holywood, the stately James flowed murmuring, by the shores of Belle Isle, and the baleful walls of Libby Prison, from whose drearily grated windows looked hollow-eyed, half-starved Northern prisoners of war, who, as they heard the bells of Richmond ringing, no doubt recalled the bells of home and longed for release and peace.

It was Communion Sunday, and the sacred elements covered with a white cloth were on the table. Doctor Charles Minnegerode, the rector of St. Paul's, a diminutive, fervid transplanted German, was delivering his usual tense, extempore address, when the sexton, a portly man, with ruffles at his wrists and bosom, and polished brass buttons on a faded suit of blue, advanced up the aisle with soft but stately tread, and after touching the President on the shoulder with solemnity becoming his station and his one-day-in-the-week lofty importance, condescendingly handed him a message. Mr.

Davis threw his blue-gray eyes rapidly over the fatal dispatch; he grasped his soft, creamy-white hat, rose, and withdrew calmly.

Hardly had he left the door before the sexton again marched up the aisle and, bending, spoke to General Joseph Anderson, who at once took his leave. Then followed two more grand entries — and I think the Confederacy, though wan her cheek, smiled faintly; for like everything born in America, she must have had a sense of humor. Heaven be blessed for the gift, and I hope they buried the dignified sexton in his ruffled shirt and suit of blue with brass buttons in due pomp; peace to his clay wherever it lies! At his fourth presageful march up the aisle, again with a message to a prominent official, anxiety seized the congregation, and like alarmed birds they rose at once and left the church; and not until the bewildered people cleared the door and mingled with the throng that had already gathered in the modest vestibule and on the pavement, was the purport of the message to Mr. Davis revealed. There in consternation they saw government employees of a department that occupied an opposite building frantically carrying bundles of public documents out into the middle of the street and setting them on fire. Then the appalling significance of it all broke on them, and they melted away to their homes in dread and anguish. The smoke of the burning records soon became the breath of panic, and by the time the sun went down and twilight came on, the city was in tragic confusion. Lee's lines were broken, and Richmond was to be evacuated that night.

CARRYING A MESSAGE TO GENERAL LEE

BY JOHN S. WISE

On the morning of April 6 [1865], mounted upon as fine a mare as there was in the Confederacy, I sallied forth in search of General Lee. I started northward for the Southside Railroad. It was not long before I heard cannon to the northeast. Thinking that the sounds came from the enemy in the rear of Lee, I endeavored to bear sufficiently westward to avoid the Union forces. Seeing no sign of either army, I was going along leisurely, when a noise behind me attracted my attention. Turning in my saddle, I saw at a distance of several hundred yards the head of a cavalry command coming from the east, and turning out of a crossroad that I had passed into the road that I was traveling. They saw me, and pretended to give chase; but their horses were jaded, and my mare was fresh and swift. The few shots they fired went wide of us, and I galloped out of range quickly and safely. My filly, after her spin, was mettlesome, and as I held her in hand, I chuckled to think how easy it was to keep out of harm's way on such a beast.

But this was not to be my easy day. I was rapidly approaching another road, which came into my road from the east. I saw another column of Union cavalry filing into my road, and going in the same direction that I was going. Here was a pretty pickle! We were in the woods. Did they see me? To be sure they did. Of course they knew of the parallel column of their own

troops which I had passed, and I think they first mistook me for a friend. But I could not ride forward: I should have come upon the rear of their column. I could not turn back: the cavalry force behind was not a quarter of a mile away. I stopped, thus disclosing who I was. Several of them made a dart for me; several more took shots with their carbines; and once more the little mare and I were dashing off, this time through the woods to the west.

What a bird she was, that little mare! At a low fence in the woods she did not make a pause or blunder, but cleared it without turning a hair. I resolved now to get out of the way, for it was very evident that I was trying to reach General Lee by riding across the advance columns of Sheridan, who was on Lee's flank. Going at a merry pace, just when my heart was ceasing to jump and I was congratulating myself upon a lucky escape, I was "struck flat aback," as sailors say. From behind a large oak a keen, racy-looking fellow stepped forth, and, leveling his cavalry carbine, called "Halt!" He was not ten feet away.

Halt I did. It is all over now, thought I, for I did not doubt that he was a Jesse scout. (That was the name applied by us to Union scouts who disguised themselves in our uniform.) He looked too neat and clean for one of our men. The words, "I surrender," were on my lips, when he asked, "Who are you?" I had half a mind to lie about it, but I gave my true name and rank. "What the devil are you doing here, then?" he exclaimed, his whole manner changing. I told him. "If that is so," said he, lowering his gun, to my great relief, "I must help to get you out. The Yankees are all around us.

Come on." He led the way rapidly to where his own horse was tied behind some cedar bushes, and, mounting, bade me follow him. He knew the woods well. As we rode along, I ventured to inquire who he was. "Curtis," said he, — "one of General Rooney Lee's scouts. I have been hanging on the flank of this cavalry for several days. They are evidently pushing for the High Bridge, to cut the army off from crossing there."

After telling him of my adventure, I added: "You gave me a great fright. I thought you were a Yankee, sure, and came near telling you that I was one."

"It is well you did not. I am taking no prisoners on this trip," he rejoined, tapping the butt of his carbine significantly.

"There they go," said he, as we came to an opening and saw the Union cavalry winding down a red-clay road to the north of us, traveling parallel with our own route. "We must hurry, or they'll reach the Flat Creek ford ahead of us. Fitz Lee is somewhere near here, and there'll be fun when he sees them. There are not many of them, and they are pressing too far ahead of their main column."

After a sharp ride through the forest, we came to a wooded hill overlooking the ford of Flat Creek, a stream which runs northward, entering the Appomattox near High Bridge.

"Wait here a moment," said Curtis. "Let me ride out and see if we are safe." Going on to a point where he could reconnoiter, he turned back, rose in his stirrups, waved his hand, and crying, "Come on, quick!" galloped down the hill to the ford.

I followed; but he had not accurately calculated the

distance. The head of the column of Union cavalry was in sight when he beckoned to me and made his dash. They saw him and started toward him. As I was considerably behind him, they were much nearer to me than to him. He crossed safely; but the stream was deep, and by the time I was in the middle, my little mare doing her best with the water up to her chest, the Yankees were in easy range, making it uncomfortable for me. The bullets were splashing in the water all around me. I threw myself off the saddle, and, nestling close under the mare's shoulder, I reached the other side unharmed. Curtis and a number of pickets stationed at the ford stood by me manfully. The road beyond the ford ran into a deep gully and made a turn. Behind the protection of this turn, Curtis and the pickets opened fire upon the advancing cavalry, and held them in check until I was safely over. When my horse trotted up with me, wet as a drowned rat, it was time for us all to move on rapidly. In the afternoon, I heard Fitz Lee pouring hot shot into that venturesome body of cavalry, and I was delighted to learn afterward that he had given them severe punishment.

Curtis advised me to go to Farmville, where I would be beyond the chance of encountering more Union cavalry, and then to work eastward toward General Lee. I had been upset by the morning's adventures, and I was somewhat demoralized. About a mile from Farmville, I found myself to the west of a line of battle of infantry, formed on a line running north and south, moving toward the town. Not doubting they were Union troops, I galloped off again, and when I entered Farmville I did not hesitate to inform the commandant that the

Yankees were approaching. The news created quite a panic. Artillery was put in position and preparations were made to resist, when it was discovered that the troops I had seen were a reserve regiment of our own, falling back in line of battle to a position near the town. I kept very quiet when I heard men all about me swearing that any cowardly, panic-stricken fool who would set such a report afloat ought to be lynched.

I had now very nearly joined our army, which was coming directly toward me. Early in the afternoon, the advance of our troops appeared. How they straggled, and how demoralized they seemed! Eastward, not far from the Flat Creek ford, a heavy fire opened and continued for an hour or more. As I afterward learned, Fitz Lee had collided with my cavalry friends of the morning, and, seeing his advantage, had availed himself of it by attacking them fiercely. To the north, about four o'clock, a tremendous fire of artillery and musketry began, and continued until dark. I was riding toward this firing, with my back to Farmville. Very heavy detonations of artillery were followed time and again by crashes of musketry. It was the battle of Sailors' Creek, the most important of those last struggles of which Grant said, "There was as much gallantry displayed by some of the Confederates in these little engagements as was displayed at any time during the war, notwithstanding the sad defeats of the past weeks." My father's command was doing the best fighting of that day. When Ewell and Custis Lee had been captured, when Pickett's division broke and fled, when Bushrod Johnson, his division commander, left the field ingloriously, my fearless father, bareheaded and desperate, led his brigade into

action at Sailors' Creek, and, though completely surrounded, cut his way out, and reached Farmville at daylight with the fragments of his command.

It was long after nightfall when the firing ceased. We had not then learned the particulars, but it was easy to see that the contest had gone against us. The enemy had, in fact, at Sailors' Creek, stampeded the remnant of Pickett's division, broken our lines, captured six general officers, including Generals Ewell and Custis Lee, and burned a large part of our wagon trains. As evening came on, the road was filled with wagons, artillery, and bodies of men, hurrying without organization and in a state of panic toward Farmville. I met two general officers, of high rank and great distinction, who seemed utterly demoralized, and they declared that all was lost. That portion of the army which was still unconquered was falling back with its face to the foe, and bivouacked with its right and left flanks resting upon the Appomattox to cover the crossings to the north side, near Farmville. Upon reaching our lines, I found the divisions of Field and Mahone presenting an unbroken and defiant front. Passing from camp to camp in search of General Lee, I encountered General Mahone, who told me where to find General Lee. He said that the enemy had "knocked hell out of Pickett." "But," he added savagely, "my fellows are all right. We are just waiting for 'em." And so they were. When the army surrendered, three days later, Mahone's division was in better fighting trim and surrendered more muskets than any other division of Lee's army.

It was past midnight when I found General Lee. He was in an open field north of Rice's Station, and east of

the High Bridge. A camp-fire of fence-rails was burning low. Colonel Charles Marshall sat in an ambulance, with a lantern and a lap-desk. He was preparing orders at the dictation of General Lee, who stood near, with one hand resting on a wheel and one foot upon the end of a log, watching intently the dying embers as he spoke in a low tone to his amanuensis.

Touching my cap as I rode up, I inquired, "General Lee?"

"Yes," he replied quietly, and I dismounted and explained my mission. He examined my autograph order from Mr. Davis, and questioned me closely concerning the route by which I had come. He seemed especially interested in my report of the position of the enemy at Burkeville and westward, to the south of his army. Then, with a long sigh, he said: "I hardly think it is necessary to prepare written dispatches in reply. They may be captured. The enemy's cavalry is already flanking us to the south and west. You seem capable of bearing a verbal response. You may say to Mr. Davis that, as he knows, my original purpose was to adhere to the line of the Danville Road. I have been unable to do so, and am now endeavoring to hold the Southside Road as I retire in the direction of Lynchburg."

"Have you any objective point, General, — any place where you contemplate making a stand?" I ventured timidly.

"No," said he slowly and sadly, "no; I shall have to be governed by each day's developments." Then, with a touch of resentment, and raising his voice, he added, "A few more Sailors' Creeks and it will all be over — ended — just as I have expected it would end from the first."

I was astonished at the frankness of this avowal to one so insignificant as I. It made a deep and lasting impression on me. It gave me an insight into the character of General Lee which all the books ever written about him could never give. It elevated him in my opinion more than anything else he ever said or did. It revealed him as a man who had sacrificed everything to perform a conscientious duty against his judgment. He had loved the Union. He had believed secession was unnecessary; he had looked upon it as hopeless folly. Yet at the call of his State he had laid his life and fame and fortune at her feet, and served her faithfully to the last.

After another pause, during which, although he spoke not a word and gave not a sign, I could discern a great struggle within him, he turned to me and said: "You must be very tired, my son. You have had an exciting day. Go rest yourself, and report to me at Farmville at sunrise. I may determine to send a written dispatch." The way in which he called me "my son" made me feel as if I would die for him.

Hesitating a moment, I inquired, "General, can you give me any tidings of my father?"

"Your father?" he asked. "Who is your father?"

"General Wise."

"Ah!" said he, with another pause. "No, no. At nightfall, his command was fighting obstinately at Sailors' Creek, surrounded by the enemy. I have heard nothing from them since. I fear they were captured, or — or — worse." To these words, spoken with genuine sympathy, he added: "Your father's command has borne itself nobly throughout this retreat. You may well feel proud of him and of it."

My father was not dead. At the very moment when we were talking, he and the remnant of his brigade were tramping across the High Bridge, feeling like victors, and he, bareheaded and with an old blanket pinned around him, was chewing tobacco and cursing Bushrod Johnson for running off and leaving him to fight his own way out.

I found a little pile of leaves in a pine thicket, and lay down in the rear of Field's division for a nap. Fearing that somebody would steal my horse, I looped the reins around my wrist, and the mare stood by my side. We were already good friends. Just before daylight, she gave a snort and a jerk which nearly dislocated my arm, and I awoke to find her alarmed at Field's division, which was withdrawing silently and had come suddenly upon her. Warned by this incident, I mounted, and proceeded toward Farmville, to report, as directed, to General Lee for further orders. North of the stream at Farmville, in the forks of the road, was the house then occupied by General Lee. On the hill behind the house, to the left of the road, was a grove. Seeing troops in this grove, I rode in, inquiring for General Lee's headquarters. The troops were lying there more like dead men than live ones. They did not move, and they had no sentries out. The sun was shining upon them as they slept. I did not recognize them. Dismounting, and shaking an officer, I awoke him with difficulty. He rolled over, sat up, and began rubbing his eyes, which were bloodshot and showed great fatigue.

"Hello, John!" said he. "In the name of all that is wonderful, where did you come from?" It was Lieutenant Edmund R. Bagwell, of the 46th. The men, a few hundred in all, were the pitiful remnant of my father's brigade.

"Have you seen the old general?" asked Ned. "He's over there. Oh, we have had a week of it! Yes, this is all that is left of us. John, the old man will give you thunder when he sees you. When we were coming on last night in the dark, he said, 'Thank God, John is out of this!' Dick? Why, Dick was captured yesterday at Sailors' Creek. He was riding the general's old mare, Maggie, and she squatted like a rabbit with him when the shells began to fly. She always had that trick. He could not make her go forward or backward. You ought to have seen Dick belaboring her with his sword. But the Yanks got him!" and Ned burst into a laugh as he led me where my father was. Nearly sixty years old, he lay, like a common soldier, sleeping on the ground among his men.

We aroused him, and when he saw me, he exclaimed: "Well, by great Jehoshaphat, what are you doing here? I thought you, at least, were safe." I hugged him, and almost laughed and cried at the sight of him safe and sound, for General Lee had made me very uneasy. I told him why I was there.

"Where is General Lee?" he asked earnestly, springing to his feet. "I want to see him again. I saw him this morning about daybreak. I had washed my face in a mud-puddle, and the red mud was all over it and in the roots of my hair. I looked like a Comanche Indian; and when I was telling him how we cut our way out last night, he broke into a smile and said, 'General, go wash your face!'" The incident pleased him immensely, for at the same time General Lee made him a division commander, — a promotion he had long deserved for gallantry, if not for military knowledge.

"No, Dick is not captured. He got out, I'm sure," said he, as we walked down the hill together. "He was separated from me when the enemy broke our line. He was not riding Maggie. I lent her to Frank Johnson. He was wounded, and, remembering his kindness to your brother Jennings the day he was killed, I tried to save the poor fellow, and told him to ride Maggie to the rear. Dick was riding his black horse. I know it. When the Yankees advanced, a flock of wild turkeys flushed before them and came sailing into our lines. I saw Dick gallop after a gobbler and shoot him and tie him to his saddle-bow. He was coming back toward us when the line broke, and, mounted as he was, he has no doubt escaped, but is cut off from us by the enemy.

"Yes, the Yanks got the bay horse, and my servants Joshua and Smith, and all my baggage, overcoats, and plunder. A private soldier pinned this blanket around me last night, and I found this hat when I was coming off the field."

He laughed heartily at his own plight. I have never since seen a catch-pin half so large as that with which his blanket was gathered at the throat. As we passed down the road to General Lee's headquarters, the roads and the fields were filled with stragglers. They moved looking behind them, as if they expected to be attacked and harried by a pursuing foe. Demoralization, panic, abandonment of all hope, appeared on every hand. Wagons were rolling along without any order or system. Caissons and limber-chests, without commanding officers, seemed to be floating aimlessly upon a tide of disorganization. Rising to his full height, casting a glance around him like that of an eagle, and sweeping the horizon with his

long arm and bony forefinger, my father exclaimed, "This is the end!" It is impossible to convey an idea of the agony and the bitterness of his words and gestures.

We found General Lee on the rear portico of the house that I have mentioned. He had washed his face in a tin basin, and stood drying his beard with a coarse towel as we approached. "General Lee," exclaimed my father, "my poor, brave men are lying on yonder hill more dead than alive. For more than a week they have been fighting day and night, without food, and, by God, sir, they shall not move another step until *somebody* gives them something to eat!"

"Come in, General," said General Lee soothingly. "They deserve something to eat, and shall have it; and meanwhile you shall share my breakfast." He disarmed everything like defiance by his kindness.

It was but a few moments, however, before my father launched forth in a fresh denunciation of the conduct of General Bushrod Johnson in the engagement of the 6th. I am satisfied that General Lee felt as he did; but, assuming an air of mock severity, he said, "General, are you aware that you are liable to court-martial and execution for insubordination and disrespect toward your commanding officer?"

My father looked at him with lifted eyebrows and flashing eyes, and exclaimed: "Shot! You can't afford to shoot the men who fight for cursing those who run away. Shot! I wish you would shoot me. If you don't, some Yankee probably will within the next twenty-four hours."

Growing more serious, General Lee inquired what he thought of the situation.

"Situation?" said the bold old man. "There is no

situation! Nothing remains, General Lee, but to put your poor men on your poor mules and send them home in time for spring ploughing. This army is hopelessly whipped, and is fast becoming demoralized. These men have already endured more than I believed flesh and blood could stand, and I say to you, sir, emphatically, that to prolong the struggle is murder, and the blood of every man who is killed from this time forth is on your head, General Lee."

This last expression seemed to cause General Lee great pain. With a gesture of remonstrance, and even of impatience, he protested: "Oh, General, do not talk so wildly. My burdens are heavy enough. What would the country think of me, if I did what you suggest?"

"Country be d——d!" was the quick reply. "There is no country. There has been no country, General, for a year or more. You are the country to these men. They have fought for you. They have shivered through a long winter for you. Without pay or clothes, or care of any sort, their devotion to you and faith in you have been the only things which have held this army together. If you demand the sacrifice, there are still left thousands of us who will die for you. You know the game is desperate beyond redemption, and that, if you so announce, no man or government or people will gainsay your decision. That is why I repeat that the blood of any man killed hereafter is upon your head."

General Lee stood for some time at an open window, looking out at the throng now surging by upon the roads and in the fields, and made no response. Then, turning his attention to me, he said cheerfully that he was glad my father's plight was not so bad as he had thought it

might be, at the time of our conversation the night before. After a pause, he wrote upon a piece of paper a few words to the effect that he had talked with me, and that I would make a verbal report. If occasion arose, he would give further advices. "This," said he, "you will deliver to the President. I fear to write, lest you be captured, for those people are already several miles above Farmville. You must keep on the north side to a ford eight miles above here, and be careful about crossing even there." He always referred to the enemy as "those people." Then he bade me adieu, and asked my father to come in and share his breakfast.

I hugged my father in the presence of General Lee, and I saw a kindly look in his eyes as he watched us. Remembering that my father had no horse, I said, "Take my mare. I can easily get another."

"What!" said he, laughing, "a dispatch-bearer giving away his horse! No, sir. That is too pretty a little animal to make a present to a Yankee. I know they will bag us all, horse, foot, and dragoons, before long. No. I can walk as well as anybody. Have you any chewing tobacco?"

I was immensely flattered at this request, and gave him a plug of excellent tobacco. It was the first time that he had recognized me as entitled to the possession of all the "modern improvements" of a soldier.

And so I left them. As I rode along in search of the ford to which General Lee had directed me, I felt that I was in the midst of the wreck of that immortal army which, until now, I had believed to be invincible.

LEE'S SURRENDER

[1865]

BY MORRIS SCHAFF

CONVERSATION between Longstreet and Lee as to Grant's prospective terms continued in broken sentences till Babcock was seen approaching, and then, as Lee still seemed apprehensive of humiliating demands, Longstreet suggested to him that in that event he should break off the interview and tell Grant to do his worst. The thought of another round seemed to brace him, and he rode with Colonel Marshall to meet the Union commander. So closes Longstreet's account of that incident.

Lee directed Marshall to find a suitable house for the conference, and he chose McLean's, the best in the town, a brick building with elms and locusts about it, and rose-bushes blooming on the lawn. With a cool, inviting veranda, it stood facing west, the last in the village.

Marshall sent his orderly back to notify Lee, and he and Babcock soon were seated in the parlor, the left-hand room as you enter the hall. Meanwhile, Traveler's humane groom removed his bit, and he began to nip the fresh springing grass in the dooryard, while Babcock's orderly sat mounted out in the road, to notify Grant on his arrival. Ord, Sheridan, Custer, Griffin, and with him my friend Merrill, and their staffs,

were up the road, only a few hundred yards away, and in full view.

Grant, after dispatching Babcock, mounted at once and followed the Walker's Church Road till he came to the La Grange Road. This he took to the left, and then struck down across Plain Run to the Lynchburg Road. As he passed the left of the First New York Dragoons, some one shouted, "There comes General Grant."

He rode directly to Sheridan's group, saying as he drew rein, "How are you, Sheridan?"

"First-rate, thank you, how are you?" replied Sheridan, with an expressive smile; and then he told Grant what had happened, and that he believed it was all a ruse on the part of the Confederates to get away.

But Grant answered that he had no doubt of the good faith of Lee, and asked where he was.

"In that brick house," responded Sheridan.

"Well, then, we'll go over," said Grant; and asked them all to go along with him.

This must have been about one o'clock, for Lyman says that "at 2.20 Colonel Kellogg, Sheridan's chief commissary, accompanied by a member of Lee's staff, brought a note from Grant to Meade to suspend hostilities."

Cincinnati, sired by the King of the Turf, Lexington, with his delicate ears, high and thoroughbred port, led the way, and at his side was Rienzi, carrying Sheridan. For some reason or other, perhaps because as a boy I played with the colts on the old home farm, those horses, from the day I saw Grant on Cincinnati and Sheridan on Rienzi in the Wilderness, have seemed like acquaintances to me; and now it pleases my fancy to

put them with Traveler in a pasture, far, far beyond the reach of thundering guns or lamenting bugles, — a pasture that remains eternally green.

As Grant mounted the steps and entered the hall, Babcock, who had seen his approach, opened the door. Sheridan, Ord, and the other officers remained outside and took seats on two benches, one on either side of the door, and the steps of the veranda.

Grant, about five feet eight inches tall, his square shoulders inclined to stoop, was without a sword, wore a soldier's dark-blue flannel, displaying a waistcoat of like material, and ordinary top-boots with trousers inside. Boots and clothing were spattered with mud, and, in his memoirs, with his usual unstudied frankness, he says, "In my rough traveling suit, the uniform of a private, with the straps of a lieutenant-general [bullion-bordered rectangles, holding on their ground of black velvet one large and two smaller stars], I must have contrasted strangely with a man so handsomely dressed, six feet high, and of faultless form. But this was not a matter that I thought of until afterwards."

Never was a great man less self-conscious than he, though, as I have observed elsewhere, while at the head of the Army of the Potomac, he maintained his dignity day in and day out, without charging the air of his headquarters with the usual pompous military fuss. This I know from experience, and although I was a mere boy, had he shown any affectations I believe I should have noticed them.

The kind and cut of his beard, deep-brown in shade, the way his hair lay, and the outline of his face, are familiar; but his eyes, so charitably direct, and his

voice, so softly vibrant, veracious and sweet, must have been seen and heard to be duly appreciated. Under the depths of his quiet and modest reserve, lay a persistent and intense doggedness of purpose, as prompt and unconquerable as Lee's pride and burning enthusiasm. And thus strangely balanced, stood those types and creations of American society of their generation, facing each other.

"Grant greeted Lee very civilly," says Marshall; and I have no doubt that he and his superb kinsman and chief at once felt the charm of that gentle, inflexible composure which every crowned head of the world, who afterward met him, felt and remarked upon.

Lee said to Grant, with his customary urbanity, that he remembered him well in the old army; to which Grant, with his usual modesty, replied that he remembered *him* perfectly, but thought it unlikely that he had attracted Lee's attention sufficiently to be remembered after such a long interval.

Lee soon found himself in a stream of pleasant reminiscences with Grant about the Mexican War; and it could not have been otherwise, for there was something so quietly companionable in Grant's manner that every one whom he met informally and socially always joined him in his unpremeditated talk. And I think I can see Lee's brown, vigilant eyes kindle with inquisitive wonder as, in the course of their conversation, they fell on him. The same wonder had been in Meade's and every old officer's eyes, save Sherman's, since Grant's star broke through its dark eclipse. Here stood the man whose marvelous career had started wave after wave of camp-gossip in both armies, — the hero of Fort Donel-

son, Vicksburg, and Chattanooga, — now about to receive the surrender of the Army of Northern Virginia, and leave a name shining unchallenged, and unclouded at the climax of the war; and yet, in the full glow of this impending fame, mild, unconscious of self, and unpretentious.

It was Lee who finally had to remind Grant of the object of their meeting and suggest that he put his terms in writing — another proof of Grant's inherent delicacy, which made him reluctant to broach a painful subject.

Grant asked for his manifold orderly book, and on receiving it, took a seat at the little center-table and rapidly, with only a single momentary pause, wrote his terms. He says that when he put his pen to its task, he did not know the first word he should make use of in writing. The terms were as follows: —

APPOMATTOX CT. H., VA., *April* 9, 1865.

GENERAL R. E. LEE,
Commanding C.S.A.

GENERAL, — In accordance with the substance of my letter to you of the 8th inst., I propose to receive the surrender of the Army of Northern Virginia on the following terms, to wit: Rolls of all the officers and men to be made in duplicate, one copy to be given to an officer to be designated by me, the other to be retained by such officer or officers as you may designate. The officers to give their individual paroles not to take up arms against the Government of the United States until properly [exchanged], and each company or regimental commander to sign a like parole for the men of their

commands. The arms, artillery, and public property to be parked and stacked, and turned over to the officers appointed by me to receive them. This will not embrace the side-arms of the officers nor their private horses or baggage. This done, each officer and man will be allowed to return to his home, not to be disturbed by the United States authorities so long as they observe their paroles, and the laws in force where they may reside.

Very respectfully,

U. S. Grant, *Lieutenant-General.*

When he came to the end of the sentence closing with "appointed by me to receive them," he raised his eyes, and they fell on Lee's lion-headed, stately sword, and then he wrote, "This will not embrace the side-arms of the officers nor their private horses." Grant probably thought of Traveler, and the pang it would give him to part with Cincinnati were he in Lee's place.

It is needless for me to point out the significance of the last sentence, binding as it did the passions, and pledging the honor, of his country. In short it meant that there should be no judicial bloodshed, no gibbets, and no mourning exiles. These terms, in the light of all that might have happened after the assassination of Mr. Lincoln, which took place within five days of the surrender, lent elevation, repose, and dignity to humanity, and, I have no doubt, the eyes of the country's guardian angel welled with tears of joy.

Grant finishes the terms, rises, goes to Lee and hands him the open order-book. Remaining seated, Lee lays it on the table beside him and with deliberation takes

out his spectacles and adjusts them. Slowly and carefully he reads line after line. All eyes are on Lee. A hush, silent as death, prevails. . . .

When Lee came to the end he raised his eyes, looked at Grant, and remarked, "This will have a very happy effect upon my army."

Grant then said he would have the terms copied in ink, unless he had some suggestions to make. Lee replied, one only, — that the cavalry and artillerymen owned their own horses, and he would like to understand whether or not they would be allowed to retain them. Grant told him the terms as written would not allow of this, but, as he thought this was about the last of the war, he would instruct the officers in carrying them out to allow every one claiming to own a horse or a mule to take the animal to his home, so that they could put in a crop to tide them through the next winter, which he feared might be one of want and suffering, owing to the wide devastation.

Lee is reported to have said then, "This will have the best possible effect upon the men. It will be very gratifying, and will do much toward conciliating our people. . . ."

While the terms were being copied, Lee told Grant that he had a number of prisoners whom he should be glad to release, as he had no provisions for them or his own men, who had been living for the last few days on parched corn and what they could gather along the route. Grant asked him to send the prisoners within his lines, and said that he would take steps at once to have Lee's army supplied, but was sorry to say that he was entirely out of forage for the animals. An inquiry as to the num-

ber of men to be fed Lee was unable to answer, and Grant asked, "Suppose I send over twenty-five thousand rations, will that be enough?"

"More than enough," replied Lee.

Grant directed Morgan, his chief commissary, to see that Lee's army was fed.

By this time the terms were copied, and when they were signed it was about half-past two or three o'clock. Lee shook hands with Grant, bowed to the other officers, and left the room. Colonel Paine of Ord's staff says: "As Lee came out of the room, and stopped for a moment in the doorway, those of us on the porch arose and complimented him with the usual salute to a superior officer. He seemed pleased at this mark of respect, and, looking to the right and the left, he raised his own hat in recognition of the attention. As he drew on a pair of apparently new gloves, he stood so close to me that his initials, worked in white silk on the guard of the gauntlet, were plainly observed."

Having signaled for his horse, Lee stood on the lowest step of the veranda while the groom was rebridling him, and from time to time, his eyes resting on the leaning fields spotted by the colors of the army he had just surrendered, he smote his gauntleted hands together unconsciously. When Traveler was led up, he mounted him at once. Grant then stepped down from the veranda and, as he passed Lee, touched his hat. Lee returned the salute and rode away. Marshall says that if General Grant and the officers who were present at the McLean house had studied how not to offend, they could not have borne themselves with more good breeding.

AMERICA AFTER THE CIVIL WAR

WILLIAM EWART GLADSTONE

If there be those in England who think that American democracy means public levity and intemperance, or a lack of skill and sagacity in politics, or the absence of self-command and self-denial, let them bear in mind a few of the most salient and recent facts of history which may profitably be recommended to their reflections. We emancipated a million of negroes by peaceful legislation; America liberated four or five millions by a bloody civil war; yet the industry and exports of the Southern States are maintained, while those of our negro colonies have dwindled; the South enjoys all its franchises, but we have, *proh pudor!* found no better method of providing for peace and order in Jamaica, the chief of our islands, than by the hard and vulgar, even where needful, expedient of abolishing entirely its representative institutions.

The Civil War compelled the States, both North and South, to train and embody a million and a half of men, and to present to view the greatest, instead of the smallest, armed forces in the world. Here, there was supposed to arise a double danger. First, that on a sudden cessation of the war, military life and habits could not be shaken off, and, having become rudely and widely predominant, would bias the country toward an aggressive policy, or, still worse, would find vent on predatory or revolutionary operations. Secondly, that a military

caste would grow up with its habits of exclusiveness and command, and would influence the tone of politics in a direction adverse to republican freedom. But both apprehensions proved to be wholly imaginary. The innumerable soldiery was at once dissolved. Cincinnatus, no longer an unique example, became the commonplace of every day, the type and mould of a nation. The whole enormous mass quietly resumed the habits of social life. The generals of yesterday were the editors, the secretaries, and the solicitors of to-day. The just jealousy of the State gave life to the now forgotten maxim of Judge Blackstone, who denounced as perilous the erection of a separate profession of arms in a free country. The standing army, expanded by the heat of civil contest to gigantic dimensions, settled down into the framework of a miniature with the returning temperature of civil life, and became a power well-nigh invisible, from its minuteness, amidst the powers which sway the movements of a society exceeding forty millions.

More remarkable still was the financial sequel to the great conflict. The internal taxation for federal purposes, which before its commencement had been unknown, was raised, in obedience to an exigency of life and death, so as to exceed every present and every past example. It pursued and worried all the transactions of life. The interest of the American debt grew to be the highest in the world, and the capital touched five hundred and sixty millions sterling. Here was provided for the faith and patience of a people a touchstone of extreme severity.

In England, at the close of the great French war, the propertied classes, who were supreme in Parliament, at once rebelled against the Tory Government, and re-

fused to prolong the income tax even for a single year. We talked big, both then and now, about the payment of our national debt; but sixty-three years have since elapsed, all of them except two, called years of peace, and we have reduced the huge total by about one ninth; that is to say, by a little over one hundred millions, or scarcely more than one million and a half a year. This is the conduct of a State elaborately digested into orders and degrees, famed for wisdom and forethought, and consolidated by a long experience. But America continued not long to bear, on her unaccustomed and still smarting shoulders, the burden of the war taxation. In twelve years, she has reduced her debt by one hundred and fifty-eight millions sterling, or at the rate of thirteen millions for every year. In each twelve months she has done what we did in eight years; her self-command, self-denial, and wise forethought for the future have been, to say the least, eightfold ours. These are facts which redound greatly to her honor; and the historian will record with surprise that an enfranchised nation tolerated burdens which in England a selected class, possessed of the representation, did not dare to face, and that the most unmitigated democracy known to the annals of the world resolutely reduced of its own cost prospective liabilities of the State, which the aristocratic, and plutocratic, and monarchical government of the United Kingdom has been contented ignobly to hand over to posterity. And such facts should be told out. It is our fashion so to tell them, against as well as for ourselves; and the record of them may some day be among the means of stirring us up to a policy more worthy of the name and fame of England.

XIII
STORIES OF THE WESTERN INDIANS

HISTORICAL NOTE

Most of the "Indian outbreaks" of the last half-century have been caused by the governmental command to "Move on." During the presidency of Jackson, the Indians were bidden to remove to the country west of the Mississippi. Some made no resistance, but others opposed bitterly, and the Black Hawk War in Illinois and Wisconsin as well as the war in Florida were the result. As the number of white inhabitants increased, they called for more arable land. Then, too, silver and gold were discovered. To make desirable regions available for the whites, the Government forced the Indians, not once, but again and again, to leave their homes and depart to some less valuable part of the country.

There is as much variety in Indian tribes and in individual Indians as in white folk. Some are fierce and warlike, others are inclined to be friendly. Some are industrious and eager to learn, while others are lazy and willingly ignorant. As a race, the Indians are rapidly disappearing. Within the last seventy years of the nineteenth century, the Pawnees, for instance, decreased from twelve thousand to fewer than seven hundred. The native California Indians have almost entirely died out. Twenty tribes on the Oregon coast have dwindled to four hundred and thirty-seven persons.

A CHOCTAW HOLIDAY

[About 1850]

GEORGE CATLIN

Whilst I was staying at the Choctaw Agency in the midst of their nation, it seemed to be a sort of season of amusements, a kind of holiday; when the whole tribe almost were assembled around the establishment, and from day to day we were entertained with some games or feats that were exceedingly amusing: horse-racing, dancing, wrestling, foot-racing, and ball-playing, were amongst the most exciting; and of all the catalogue, the most beautiful was decidedly that of ball-playing. This wonderful game, which is the favorite one amongst all the tribes, and with these Southern tribes played exactly the same, can never be appreciated by whose who are not happy enough to see it.

It is no uncommon occurrence for six or eight hundred or a thousand of these young men to engage in a game of ball, with five or six times that number of spectators, of men, women, and children, surrounding the ground and looking on. And I pronounce such a scene, with its hundreds of Nature's most beautiful models denuded, and painted of various colors, running and leaping into the air, in all the most extravagant and varied forms, in the desperate struggles for the ball, a school for the painter or sculptor, equal to any of those that ever inspired the hand of the artist in the Olympian games or the Roman forum.

I have made it a uniform rule whilst in the Indian country, to attend every ball-play I could hear of, if I could do it by riding a distance of twenty or thirty miles; and my usual custom has been on such occasions to straddle the back of my horse, and look on to the best advantage. In this way I have sat, and oftentimes reclined, and almost dropped from my horse's back, with irresistible laughter at the succession of droll tricks and kicks and scuffles which ensue, in the almost superhuman struggle for the ball. These plays generally commence at nine o'clock, or near it, in the morning; and I have more than once balanced myself on my pony from that time till near sundown, without more than one minute of intermission at a time, before the game has been decided.

While at the Choctaw Agency, it was announced that there was to be a great play on a certain day, within a few miles, on which occasion I attended, and made three sketches; and also the following entry in my notebook, which I literally copy out: —

"Monday afternoon, at three o'clock, I rode out with Lieutenants S. and M. to a very pretty prairie, about six miles distant, to the ball playground of the Choctaws, where we found several thousand Indians encamped. There were two points of timber about half a mile apart, in which the two parties for the play, with their respective families and friends, were encamped; and lying between them, the prairie on which the game was to be played. My companions and myself, although we had been apprized that to see the whole of a ball-play, we must remain on the ground all the night previous, had brought nothing to sleep upon, resolving to keep our

eyes open, and see what transpired during the night. During the afternoon, we loitered about amongst the different tents and shanties of the two encampments, and afterwards, at sundown, witnessed the ceremony of measuring out the ground, and erecting the 'byes' or goals which were to guide the play. Each party had their goal made with two upright posts, set firm in the ground, with a pole across at the top. These goals were about forty or fifty rods apart; and at a point just half-way between was another small stake, driven down, where the ball was to be thrown up at the firing of a gun, to be struggled for by the players. All this preparation was made by some old men, who were it seems selected to be the judges of the play, who drew a line from one bye to the other; to which directly came from the woods, on both sides, a great concourse of women and old men, boys and girls, and dogs and horses, where bets were to be made on the play. The betting was all done across this line, and seemed to be chiefly left to the women who seemed to have marshaled out a little of everything that their houses and their fields possessed. Goods and chattels — knives — dresses — blankets — pots and kettles — dogs and horses and guns; and all were placed in the possession of *stakeholders*, who sat by them, and watched them on the ground all night preparatory to the play.

"The sticks with which this tribe play are bent into an oblong hoop at the end, with a sort of slight web of small thongs tied across, to prevent the ball from passing through. The players hold one in each hand, and by leaping into the air they catch the ball between the two nettings and throw it, without being allowed to strike it, or catch it in their hands.

"In every ball-play of these people, it is a rule of the play, that no man shall wear moccasins on his feet, or any other dress than his breech-cloth around his waist, with a beautiful bead belt, and a '*tail*,' made of white horsehair or quills, and a '*mane*' on the neck, of horsehair dyed of various colors.

"This game had been arranged and 'made up' three or four months before the parties met to play it, and in the following manner: — The two champions who led the two parties, and had the alternate choosing of the players through the whole tribe, sent runners, with the ball-sticks most fantastically ornamented with ribbons and red paint to be touched by each one of the chosen players; who thereby agreed to be on the spot at the appointed time and ready for the play. The ground having been all prepared, and preliminaries of the game all settled, and the bettings all made, and goods all 'staked,' night came on without the appearance of any players on the ground. But soon after dark, a procession of lighted flambeaux was seen coming from each encampment to the ground, where the players assembled around their respective byes; and at the beat of the drums and chants of the women, each party of players commenced the 'ball-play dance.' Each party danced for a quarter of an hour around their respective byes, in their ball-play dress; rattling their ball-sticks together in the most violent manner, and all singing as loud as they could raise their voices; whilst the women of each party, who had their goods at stake, formed into two rows on the line between the two parties of players, and danced also in a uniform step, and all their voices joined in chants to the Great Spirit; in which they were

soliciting his favor in deciding the game to their advantage; and also encouraging the players to exert every power they possessed, in the struggle that was to ensue. In the mean time, four old medicine men, who were to have the starting of the ball, and who were to be judges of the play, were seated at the point where the ball was to be started; and busily smoking to the Great Spirit for their success in judging rightly and impartially, between the parties in so important an affair.

"This dance was one of the most picturesque scenes imaginable, and was repeated at intervals of every half hour during the night, and exactly in the same manner; so that the players were certainly awake all the night and arrayed in their appropriate dress, prepared for the play, which was to commence at nine o'clock the next morning. In the morning, at the hour, the two parties and all their friends were drawn out and over the ground; when at length the game commenced, by the judges throwing up the ball at the firing of a gun; when an instant struggle ensued between the players, who were some six or seven hundred in numbers, and were mutually endeavoring to catch the ball in their sticks, and throw it home and between their respective stakes; which, whenever successfully done, counts one for game. In this game all the players were dressed alike, that is, *divested* of all dress, except the girdle and the tail, which I have before described; and in these desperate struggles for the ball, when it is *up* (where hundreds are running together and leaping, actually over each others' heads, and darting between their adversaries' legs, tripping and throwing, and foiling each other in every possible manner, and every voice raised to the highest key, in

shrill yelps and barks), there are rapid successions of feats, and of incidents, that astonish and amuse far beyond the conception of any one who has not had the singular good luck to witness them. In these struggles, every mode is used that can be devised to oppose the progress of the foremost, who is likely to get the ball; and these obstructions often meet desperate individual resistance, which terminates in violent scuffle, and sometimes in fisticuffs; when their sticks are dropped, and the parties are unmolested, whilst they are settling it between themselves; unless it be a general *stampedo*, to which they are subject who are down, if the ball happens to pass in their direction. Every weapon, by a rule of all ball-plays is laid by in their respective encampments, and no man allowed to go for one; so that the sudden broils that take place on the ground are presumed to be as suddenly settled without any probability of much personal injury; and no one is allowed to interfere in any way with the contentious individuals.

"There are times, when the ball gets to the ground, and such a confused mass rushing together around it, and knocking their sticks together, without the possibility of any one getting or seeing it, for the dust that they raise, that the spectator loses his strength, and everything else but his senses; when the condensed mass of ball-sticks, and shins, and bloody noses, is carried around the different parts of the ground, for a quarter of an hour at a time, without any one of the mass being able to see the ball; and which they are often thus scuffling for, several minutes after it has been thrown off, and played over another part of the ground.

"For each time that the ball was passed between the

stakes of either party, one was counted for their game, and a halt of about one minute; when it was again started by the judges of the play, and a similar struggle ensued; and so on until the successful party arrived to one hundred, which was the limit of the game, and accomplished at an hour's sun, when they took the stakes; and then by a previous agreement, produced a number of jugs of whiskey, which gave all a wholesome drink, and sent them all off merry and in good humor, but not drunk.

"After this exciting day, the concourse was assembled in the vicinity of the agency house, where we had a great variety of dances and other amusements; the most of which I have described on former occasions. One, however, was new to me, and I must say a few words of it; this was the Eagle Dance, a very pretty scene, which is got up by their young men in honor of that bird, for which they seem to have a religious regard. This picturesque dance was given by twelve or sixteen men, whose bodies were chiefly naked and painted white with white clay, and each one holding in his hand the tail of the eagle, while his head was also decorated with an eagle's quill. Spears were stuck in the ground, around which the dance was performed by four men at a time, who had, simultaneously at the beat of the drum, jumped up from the ground, where they had all sat in rows of four, one row immediately behind the other, and ready to take the place of the first four when they left the ground fatigued, which they did by hopping or jumping around behind the rest, and taking their seats, ready to come up again in their turn, after each of the other sets had been through the same forms.

"In this dance, the steps, or rather jumps, were different from anything I had ever witnessed before, as the dancers were squat down, with their bodies almost to the ground, in a severe and most difficult posture."

I have already, in a former letter, while speaking of the ancient custom of flattening the head, given a curious tradition of this interesting tribe, accounting for their having come from the West, and I here insert another or two, which I had, as well as the former one, from the lips of Peter Pinchlin, a very intelligent and influential man in the tribe.

The Deluge. "Our people have always had a tradition of the Deluge, which happened in this way; — there was total darkness for a great time over the whole of the earth; the Choctaw doctors or mystery men looked out for daylight for a long time, until at last they despaired of ever seeing it, and the whole nation were very unhappy. At last a light was discovered in the North, and there was great rejoicing, until it was found to be great mountains of water rolling on, which destroyed them all, except a few families who had expected it and built a great raft, on which they were saved."

Future State. "Our people all believe that the spirit lives in a future state — that it has a great distance to travel after death towards the West — that it has to cross a dreadful deep and rapid stream, which is hemmed in on both sides by high and rugged hills — over this stream from hill to hill, there lies a long and slippery pine log, with the bark peeled off, over which the dead have to pass to the delightful hunting-grounds. On the other side of the stream there are six persons of the good hunting-grounds, with rocks in their hands, which they

throw at them all when they are on the middle of the log. The good walk on safely to the good hunting-grounds, where there is one continual day — where the trees are always green — where the sky has no clouds — where there are continual fine and cooling breezes — where there is one continual scene of feasting, dancing, and rejoicing — where there is no pain or trouble, and people never grow old, but for ever live young and enjoy the youthful pleasures.

"The wicked see the stones coming, and try to dodge, by which they fall from the log, and go down thousands of feet to the water, which is dashing over the rocks, and is smelling of dead fish, and animals, where they are carried around and brought continually back to the same place in whirlpools — where the trees are all dead, and the waters are full of toads and lizards, and snakes — where the dead are always hungry, and have nothing to eat — are always sick, and never die — where the sun never shines, and where the wicked are continually climbing up by thousands on the sides of a high rock from which they can overlook the beautiful country of the good hunting-grounds, the place of the happy, but never can reach it."

WHAT THE INDIANS THOUGHT OF THE WHITE MEN

BY GEORGE BIRD GRINNELL

Knowledge of the white man came to the different tribes of the west at different times, but a century ago most of them knew little of him, and there are many tribes which have had a real intercourse with the whites for a still shorter time. Long before this the Spaniards in the southwest and on the Pacific Coast had made their presence felt, but the Indians usually do not consider that Spaniards are of the same race with the people of European origin who came to them from the east, and often they have a special name for them.

Even after the Indians had learned of the existence of the white people, they did not at once come into contact with them. It was often quite a long time before they even began to trade with them, and when they did so, it was in a very small way. The first articles traded for were arms, beads, blankets, and the gaudy finery that the savage loves. Horses — which transformed the Indian from a mild and peaceful seeker after food to a warrior and a raider — were by many tribes first obtained not directly from the whites, but by barter from those of their own race.

Most tribes still preserve traditions of the time when they first met the white men, as well as of the time when they first saw horses; but in many cases this was so long ago that all details of the occurrence have been lost. It

is certain that the Spaniards and their horses had worked their way up the Pacific Slope into Oregon and Washington long before there was any considerable influx of white trappers into the plains country and the Rocky Mountains; and that of the western tribes, those which in miles were farthest from Mexico were the last to learn of the whites and their wonderful powers. One of these peoples was the Blackfeet, of whom I have been told by men still living in the tribe that fifty years ago no Blackfoot could count up to ten, and that a little earlier the number of horses in all three tribes of that confederation was very small. Then they had but few guns, and many of them even used still the stone arrowheads and hatchets and the bone knives of their primitive ancestors.

A people whose intercourse with the whites has been so short and, until recent times, so limited, ought to retain some detailed account of their earliest meeting with civilized men, and such a tradition has come to me from John Monroe, a half-breed Piegan, now nearly seventy years old. It tells of the first time the Blackfeet saw white people — a party of traders from the east, either Frenchmen from Montreal, or one of the very earliest parties of Hudson Bay men which ascended the Saskatchewan River. John Monroe first heard the narrative when a boy from a Blood Indian named Sútane, who was then an old man, and Sútane's grandfather was one of the party who met the white people. The occurrence probably took place during the latter half of the eighteenth century.

When this people lived in the north, a party of the Blackfeet started out to war. They traveled on, always going southward, until they came to a big water. While

passing through a belt of timber on the north bank of this river, they came upon what they took for strange beaver work, where these animals had been cutting down the trees. But on looking closely at the cuttings, they saw that the chips were so large, that it must have been an animal much bigger than a beaver that could open its mouth wide enough to cut such chips. They did not understand what this could be, for none of them had ever seen anything like it before. Each man expressed his mind about this, and at last they concluded that some great under-water animal must have done it. At one place they saw that the trunk of a tree was missing, and found the trail over the ground where it had been dragged away from the stump. They followed this trail, so as to see where the animals had taken the log, and what they had done with it, and as they went on, they found many other small trails like this one, all leading into one larger main trail. They then saw the footprints of persons, but they were prints of a foot shaped differently from theirs. There was a deep mark at the heel; the tracks were not flat like those made by people.

They followed the trail, which kept getting larger and wider as it went. Every little while, another trail joined it. When they came to where they could look through the timber, they saw before them a little open spot on the bank of the river. They looked through the underbrush, and saw what they at first thought were bears, and afterward took to be persons, lifting logs and putting them up in a large pile. They crept closer, to where they could see better, and then concluded that these were not people. They were very woolly on the face. Long masses of hair hung down from their chins. They

were not clothed — wore no robes. The Blackfeet said: "Why, they have nothing on! They are naked!" Some of them said, "Those are *Sûye tuppi*" (water people). They stole around to another point of the timber, still nearer, where they could see better. There they came close to one of these people alone. He was gathering sticks and putting them in a pile. They saw that the skin of his hands and face was white. This one had no hair on his face. So they said: "Well, this must be a she water animal. The he ones have hair on the face, and the she ones do not."

The oldest man of the party then said: "We had better go away. Maybe they will smell us or feel us here, and perhaps they will kill us, or do something fearful. Let us go." So they went away.

When they got back to their camp, they told what they had seen; that to the south they had found animals that were very much like people — water animals. They said that these animals were naked. That some of them had red bodies,[1] and some were black all over, except a red mark around the bodies and a fine red tail.[2] Moreover, these people wore no robes or leggings and no breech-clouts.

This description caused a great excitement in the camp. Some thought that the strange beings were water animals, and others that they were a new people. All the men of the camp started south to see what this could be. Before they left the camp, the head man told them to be very careful in dealing with the animals, not to interfere with them nor to get in their way, and not to try to hurt them nor to anger them.

[1] Wore red shirts. [2] The red sash worn by the old Hudson's Bay men.

The party started, and when they reached the opening, the animals were still there at work. After they had watched them for some time the head man of the party said to the others: "All you stay here, and I will go down to them alone. If they do nothing to me you wait here, but if they attack or hurt me, you rush on them, and we will fight hard, and try not to let them capture any of us." The man started, and when he came close to the corner of the houses he stood still. One of the men, who was working near by, walked up to him, looked him straight in the face, and stretched out his arm. The Indian looked at him, and did not know what he wanted. Some more of the men came up to him, and the Indian saw that all of them were persons like himself, except that they were of a different color and had a different voice. The hair on their faces was fair.

When the other Indians saw that no harm had been done to their leader, some of them went down to him, one by one, and by twos and threes, but most of the party remained hidden in the timber. They were still afraid of these strange new beings.

The whites spoke to them, and asked them to come into the house, making motions to them, but the Indians did not understand what was meant by these signs. The whites would walk away, and then come back and take hold of the Indians' robes and pull them. At last some of the Blackfeet followed the white men into the house. Those who had gone in came back and told the others strange stories of the wonderful things they had seen in this house. As they gained confidence, many others went in, while still others would not go in, nor would they go close to the new people.

The whites showed them a long and curious-looking piece of wood. They did not know of what kind of stone one part of it was made. It was hard and black. The white man took down from the wall a white cow's horn and poured out some black sand into his hand, and poured it down into a hole in this long stick. Then he took a little bunch of grass and pushed this into the hole with another stick, then measured with his fingers the length of the stick left out of the hole. Then he took a round thing out of a bag and put it into the hole, and put down some more fine grass. Then he poured out some more of the black sand into the side of the stick. The Indians stood around, taking great interest in the way the man was handling this stick. The white man now began to make all kinds of signs to the Indians, which they did not understand. Sometimes he would make a big sound with his mouth, and then point to the stick. He would put the stick to his shoulder, holding it out in front of him, and make a great many motions. Then he gave it to one of the Indians. He showed him the under parts, and put his finger there. The Indian touched the under part and the stick went off in the air and made a thundering sound, a terrible crash. The Indian staggered back, and the others were very much scared. Some dropped to the ground, while all the whites laughed and shook their heads at them. All laughed, and made many signs to the Blackfeet, none of which they understood. The white man took down the horn of black sand, and again did these things to the stick, but this time the Indians all stood back. They were afraid. When he had finished the motions, the white man invited them out of doors. Then he sat down, and took

aim at a log lying on the ground. The same great thunder sounded. He walked up to the log, showed the bullet hole, and pushed a little stick into it; then he loaded the gun again.

By this time the Indians were beginning to understand the power of the stick. After the white men had loaded it, he handed the gun to the Indian, took him close to the log, showed him how to aim the gun and how to pull the trigger. The Indian fired and hit the log.

The white men showed these Blackfeet their knives, whittling sticks with them, and showing them how well they could cut. The Indians were very much delighted with the power of these knives. Then they saw a big woolly white man standing out in front of the house, and he with his axe would cut a big log in two in only a short time. All these things were very strange to them. The white men looked closely at the Blackfeet war dresses and arms and wanted them, and gave their visitors some knives and copper cups for their dresses and the skins that they wore. The visitors stayed with the white men some days, camping near by. They kept wondering at these people, at how they looked, the things which they had, and what they did. The white men kept making signs to them, but they understood nothing of it all.

After a time the Blackfeet returned to their camp. Afterward, many others visited the whites, and this was the beginning of a friendly intercourse between the two peoples. After a time they came to understand each other a little, and trade relations were opened. The Indians learned that they could get the white man's things in exchange for the skins of small animals, and

they began to trade and to get guns. It was when they got these arms that they first began to take courage, and to go out of the timber on to the prairie toward the mountains.

THE INDIAN STORY OF THE CUSTER TRAGEDY

[1877]

BY JAMES McLAUGHLIN

In the first place Mrs. Spotted Horn Bull was there — which is more than can be said for some of the other ladies and gentlemen who have told of the events of that dreadful day when Custer led his gallant fellows into the jaws of death and worse. She was not then carried on the rolls of the Indian Department as Mrs. Spotted Horn Bull. A more imaginative sponsor than the Indian Agent had given her the more euphonious and, let us hope, more correctly descriptive appellation of Pte-San-Waste-Win. Twenty-eight years ago, when she first came to the agency at Standing Rock, when Spotted Horn Bull, who was killed with Sitting Bull, was still in the land of the living Dakotas, she was a strikingly good-looking Indian woman, and much esteemed by her neighbors for her intelligence and capacity. She had also the gift of eloquence, rare in an Indian woman, and a fluency in lanugage and readiness of gesture which placed her high in the esteem of her story-loving tribesmen.

And many a big man among the Sioux had been content to hold his peace when Pte-San-Waste-Win raised her voice. Not that the voice was raucous or that Beautiful White Cow (the English rendition of her name) was a scold. I have heard a story that she on one

occasion man-handled a big chief of the Sioux Nation who she learned had maligned her, and that the man-handling followed his remark: "Woman, be silent; you have the mouth of a white man." And knowing Mrs. Spotted Horn Bull as I do, I have never doubted the verity of the incident so far as her attack was concerned.

She is now a sturdy, upstanding woman of sixty to sixty-five years of age, born of the Hunkpapa Sioux, a band that has provided the nation with many of its noted men. She was handsome, according to the Indian canons of taste, in her youth, and indeed I am not sure that the Indian taste in these matters might not well be accepted by some more advanced peoples. She was married in early youth to Spotted Horn Bull, a chief of his band and a man of prominence as a warrior and adviser, but no orator. She appears to have brought to the family the attributes in which her husband was lacking, for she sat in council of her tribe — and I know of no other Indian woman of her nation who was so signally honored. Her voice was always listened to, for, in addition to her gift of eloquence, she was a clear thinker, and could make effective the ideas of her silent husband. Since she became a widow, and the Sioux no longer hold councils, her neighbors seek her advice in business matters. She has steadfastly refused to accept Christianity, though she has listened to all the arguments that have been made to her. She elects to cling to the beliefs of her fathers — a fact that does not at all detract from the esteem in which the missionaries hold her.

A few months ago I met Mrs. Spotted Horn Bull by

appointment at my son Harry's trading store, located at Oak Creek, on the Standing Rock Reservation. She had come in fifteen miles from her home on the Missouri River, near the mouth of Oak Creek, for the meeting. I was accompanied by a friend, and she greeted us with the effusive welcome of her people — as different as possible in its warmth and volubility from the greeting one not acquainted intimately with the Sioux might expect. She was a striking figure as she stood up to greet us.

This historian and poetess of the Sioux wore the ordinary costume of a woman of her people, but her gingham dress was of the Campbell plaid, her shawl-blanket of native make, her moccasins, neat, her jetty hair falling in two braids on each side of a smiling and expressive countenance. She looked a much younger woman than she really was — and by way of demonstrating that she still felt young, she danced a few steps, laughingly declaring that she had met and danced with many prominent people. It was after a substantial supper, to which Mrs. Spotted Horn Bull did full justice, that we sat down in my son's little parlor and listened to her story of the affair on the Little Big Horn.

I have always deplored the fact that English writers have never been able to render in their native elegance and appositeness the similes used by Indian orators and story-tellers. I now deplore the lack of that same capacity in myself. Mrs. Spotted Horn Bull exhausted the stores of her flowery vocabulary in the relation we listened to. She talked with great fluency, her voice pitched to a sort of breathless stage of excited feeling. I remember hearing a young woman declaim the Chorus

in "Henry V," put on by an American actor-manager a few years ago; the Sioux story-teller reminded me of the actress. She illustrated her every sentence in pantomime, and when she feared that she had not pictured the scene her memory brought up, she seized a pencil and paper and drew a sketch of the valley of the Little Big Horn, showing the location of the Indian village on the west bank, the distribution of the bands of the Sioux, the points of attack by Custer and Reno, and the fatal hill, now marked by a monument, where Custer fell. This sketch she used constantly to explain her meaning, and she was perfectly frank about the occurrences of June 25, 1876, except on one point. She ignored all questions as to the whereabouts of Sitting Bull during the fight. Skillfully avoiding the interrogation, or totally ignoring it, she made many excursions into Sioux history of that time; but Sitting Bull, her kinsman, who skulked in the hills while his people were carrying out the annihilation of the troops, she would not speak of. Once, exasperated by the questions of the third party to the hearing, she asked if he was a lawyer, and, being assured that he was not, she shook hands with him very solemnly and continued her relation. And this is the tale she told: —

"My brother, White Eyebrows, had been to a dance. All through the night he had been making glad the hearts of the maidens, for my brother was good to look upon and the women of the Hunkpapa know a good man. All the night he had danced with the other young people. It was not a war dance, but just a merrymaking of the younger people. A few days previous, our men had fought with the Crows and Shoshones [General

Crook's allies] and the enemies of my people had fallen as leaves when they turn yellow. We were not harmed, and there was no mourning in the village of the Sioux on the plateau beside the Greasy Grass, the river that the white men call the Little Big Horn. When my brother came to my tepee from the dance, I still slept. Late the night before I and the other women of the Hunkpapa had labored to make ready for the march that we were to take up that morning. Where we were going, I know not. Where the men of the Sioux go, there go the women; it is their duty and their pleasure. Our people were roaming through the country that had been given them before the coming of the whites. The country was good; there was rich grass for the ponies, and sweet water; the fields glowed with prairie flowers of yellow and red and blue; there were buffaloes in the valleys and Indian turnips on the hills for the digging. We were rich in provisions, and no man had a right to put out his hand and tell us that we should not roam. The village by the Greasy Grass was but the stopping-place for a day or two, and we had no thought of a fight with the white man. The Crows and Shoshones we had no fears of, for the lodges of the Sioux were many and their men brave as the lion of the mountains. But we were to move out to the northwest, and I had made many bundles of my store. Thus it was that I lay sleeping when my brother came to the tepee in the dawn and asked for food.

"I unpacked some of the bundles and prepared his breakfast, buffalo meat stewed with turnips, and set it before him; and as he ate, the people of the village awakened and the sun rose higher. I have said that our lodges

were many, but how many people there were, I know not. [There were about ten thousand Indians, including women and children, in the village.] But the women were all at work, and the ponies were being rounded up and preparations for leaving went on, that we might be away before the heat of the day became great, as it sometimes is in the country of my people and in the valleys near the big hills.

"The village was made along the Greasy Grass and between that river and the Big Horn, which flows north to the Yellowstone. The Blackfeet, who were not many, had the place at the south end of the village; next to the Blackfeet and closer to the river were my people, the Hunkpapa; down the river and next to the Hunkpapa were the Minniconjou; and below them the Sans Arc. Behind the Hunkpapa, away from the river, where the Ogallala and the Brule; and below the Minniconjou to the north were the Cheyennes. Up the river from the village of the Blackfeet there was thick timber, and through this we could not see.

"I have seen my people prepare for battle many times, and this I know: that the Sioux that morning had no thought of fighting. We expected no attack, and our young men did not watch for the coming of Long Hair [Custer] and his soldiers.

"Most of the women were occupied in packing their stores preparatory to breaking camp, and some of them were working along the bank of the river. On the east side of the river an old man had shot a buffalo that morning, and near where the buffalo lay dead some women and children were digging Indian turnips. These people first saw the soldiers, who then were far to the

east. They were on the little hills between the Greasy Grass and the Rosebud Rivers. They were six to eight miles distant when first seen, and some of the younger people hurried in from the place where the buffalo was killed to notify the camp. We could see the flashing of their sabers and saw that there were very many soldiers in the party. My people went on with their work, making ready to move across the Big Horn, but the tepees were not yet down. The men of the Sioux were much excited, and they watched the coming of Long Hair and hurried the women. The village was not made for a fight and they would move on. We had seen the soldiers marching along the high ridge on the east side of the river and were watching them, but had not seen these others approaching."

Mrs. Spotted Horn Bull halted in her story, and thought for a few moments. Then she struck her hands sharply together to imitate the rattling of carbine fire and continued: —

"Like that the soldiers were upon us. Through the tepee poles their bullets rattled. The sun was several hours high and the tepees were empty. Bullets coming from a strip of timber on the west bank of the Greasy Grass passed through the tepees of the Blackfeet and Hunkpapa. The broken character of the country across the river, together with the fringe of trees on the west side, where our camp was situated, had hidden the advance of a great number of soldiers, which we had not seen until they were close upon us and shooting into our end of the village, where, from seeing the direction taken by the soldiers we were watching, we felt comparatively secure.

"The women and children cried, fearing they would be killed, but the mèn, the Hunkpapa and Blackfeet, the Ogalala and Minniconjou, mounted their horses and raced to the Blackfeet tepees. We could still see the soldiers of Long Hair marching along in the distance, and our men, taken by surprise, and from a point whence they had not expected to be attacked, went singing the song of battle into the fight behind the Blackfeet village. And we women wailed over the children, for we believed that the Great Father had sent all his men for the destruction of the Sioux. Some of the women put loads on the travois and would have left, but that their husbands and sons were in the fight. Others tore their hair and wept for the fate that they thought was to be the portion of the Sioux, through the anger of the Great Father, but the men were not afraid, and they had many guns and cartridges. Like the fire that, driven by a great wind, sweeps through the heavy grass-land where the buffalo range, the men of the Hunkpapa, the Blackfeet, the Ogallala, and the Minniconjou rushed through the village and into the trees, where the soldiers of the white chief had stopped to fire. The soldiers [Reno's] had been sent by Long Hair to surprise the village of my people. Silently had they moved off around the hills, and keeping out of sight of the young men of our people, had crept in, south of what men now call Reno Hill; they had crossed the Greasy Grass and climbed the bench from the bank. The way from the river to the plateau upon which our tepees stood was level, but the soldiers were on foot when they came in sight of the Blackfeet. Then it was that they fired and warned us of their approach."

Mrs. Spotted Horn Bull stopped an instant, and then said: —

"If the soldiers had not fired until all of them were ready for the attack; if they had brought their horses and rode into the camp of the Sioux, the power of the Dakota nation might have been broken, and our young men killed in the surprise, for they were watching Long Hair only and had no thought of an attack anywhere while they could see his soldiers traveling along parallel with the river on the opposite side, and more than a rifle-shot back from the river. Long Hair had planned cunningly that Reno should attack in the rear while he rode down and gave battle from the front of the village looking on the river. But the Great Spirit was watching over his red children. He allowed the white chief [Reno] to strike too soon, and the braves of the Sioux ran over his soldiers and beat them down as corn before the hail. They fought a few minutes, and the men of the Hunkpapa, the Blackfeet, Ogallala, and the Minniconjou bore them down and slew many of them — all who did not get across the river were killed. And Long Hair was still three miles away when nearly all of the blue coats that came to kill the Sioux, at our end of the village, were dead; only those escaped who were mounted on horses and got across the river. Those who crossed the river got on a high hill to the east, where our young men did not attack them further until after Custer and his men were killed. Twoscore of the bluecoats lay dead on the field, and our people took their guns and many cartridges, and the mourning was in the houses afar off where the women of the white braves waited to hear of the victory they expected their young men to win.

"The shadow of the sun had not moved the width of a tepee pole's length from the beginning to the ending of the first fight; and while it was going on, the old man who had shot the buffalo east of the river, and some of the women and children who had been digging Indian turnips, and were cut off by the approach of Reno's men, came to the camp. They had seen the soldiers of Long Hair, and had heard the firing of Reno's men, and had secreted themselves in the timber along the river until the guns no longer spoke.

"Down the Greasy Grass River, three or four miles from where Reno's men had crossed the river, and over across from the camps of the Cheyennes and the Sans Arc, there is an easy crossing of the Greasy Grass. The crossing is near a butte, and around the butte there runs a deep ravine. From Long Hair's movements the Sioux warriors knew that he had planned to strike the camp of my people from the lower end as Reno struck it from the upper end. Even the women, who knew nothing of warfare, saw that Reno had struck too early, and the warriors who were generals in planning, even as Long Hair was, knew that the white chief would attempt to carry out his plan of the attack, believing that Reno had beaten our young men. There was wild disorder in our camp, the old women and children shrieked and got in the way of the warriors, and the women were ordered back out of the village, so that they might not be in the way of our soldiers. And our men went singing down the river, confident that the enemy would be defeated, even as we believed that all of Reno's men had been killed. And I wept with the women for the brave dead and exulted that our braves should gain a great

victory over the whites led by Long Hair, who was the greatest of their chiefs, and whose soldiers could then be plainly seen across the river. From a hill behind the camp, at first, and then from the bank of the river, I watched the men of our people plan to overthrow the soldiers of the Great Father; and before a shot was fired, I knew that no man who rode with Long Hair would go back to tell the tale of the fight that would begin when the soldiers approached the river at the lower end of the village."

The story-teller paused and was then asked the question: "Where was Sitting Bull during the fight?" She went on as though she had not heard the question.

"From across the river I could hear the music of the bugle and could see the column of soldiers turn to the left, to march down to the river to where the attack was to be made. All I could see was the warriors of my people. They rushed like the wind through the village, going down the ravine as the women went out to the grazing-ground to round up the ponies. It was done very quickly. There had been no council the night before — there was no need for one; nor had there been a scalp-dance: nothing but the merrymaking of the young men and the maidens. When we did not know there was to be a fight, we could not be prepared for it. And our camp was not pitched anticipating a battle. The warriors would not have picked out such a place for a fight with white men, open to attack from both ends and from the west side. No; what was done that day was done while the sun stood still and the white men were delivered into the hands of the Sioux. But no plan was necessary.

"Our chiefs and the young men rode quickly down to the end of the village, opposite to the hill upon which there now stands the great stone put up by the whites where Long Hair fell. Between that hill and the soldiers was a ravine which started from the river opposite the camp of the Sans Arc, and ran all the way across the butte. To get to the butte Long Hair must cross the ravine; but from where he was marching with his soldiers, he could not see into the ravine nor down to the banks of the river. The warriors of my people, of all the bands, the Sans Arc, the Cheyenne, the Brule, the Minniconjou, the Ogallala, the Blackfeet, all had joined with the Hunkpapa on our side of the Greasy Grass and opposite the opening into the ravine. Soon I saw a number of Cheyennes ride into the river, then some young men of my band, then others, until there were hundreds of warriors in the river and running up into the ravine. When some hundreds had passed the river and gone into the ravine, the others who were left, still a very great number, moved back from the river and waited for the attack. And I knew that the fighting men of the Sioux, many hundreds in number, were hidden in the ravine behind the hill upon which Long Hair was marching, and he would be attacked from both sides. And my heart was sad for the soldiers of Long Hair, though they sought the lives of our men; but I was a woman of the Sioux, and my husband, my uncles, and cousins, and brothers, all taking part in the battle, were men who could fight and plan, and I was satisfied.

"Pizi [Gall] and many of his young men had recrossed the Greasy Grass River after the white men had been

driven off or killed in the earlier engagement at the upper end of the village, where he with some of our warriors had been shooting at the soldiers, who were chased to the hill, and the soldiers had been shooting at them, but could not hit the Sioux. When Pizi [Gall] recrossed the river many women followed his party, and we heard him tell his men to frighten the horses of the soldiers, which were held in small bunches. With shoutings that we could hear across the river, the young men stampeded the horses and the women captured them and brought them to the village. The Indians fought the soldiers with bullets taken from the first party that attacked their village, and many rode the horses captured from the white men, who had fled to the hill. To the northwest a great many women and children were driving in the ponies of the Sioux, but I remained with many other women along the bank of Greasy Grass River. I saw Crazy Horse lead the Cheyennes into the water and up the ravine; Crow King and the Hunkpapa went after them; and then Gall, who had led his young men and killed the soldiers he had been fighting farther up the river, rode along the beach by the river to where Long Hair had stopped with his men.

"I cannot remember the time. When men fight and the air is filled with bullets, when the screaming of horses that are shot drowns the war-whoop of the warriors, a woman whose husband and brothers are in the battle does not think of the time. But the sun was no longer overhead when the war-whoop of the Sioux sounded from the river-bottom and the ravine surrounding the hill at the end of the ridge where Long Hair had taken his last stand. The river was in sight

from the butte, and while the whoop still rung in our ears and the women were shrieking, two Cheyennes tried to cross the river and one of them was shot and killed by Long Hair's men. Then the men of the Sioux Nation, led by Crow King, Hump, Crazy Horse, and many great chiefs, rose up on all sides of the hill, and the last we could see from our side of the river was a great number of gray horses. The smoke of the shooting and the dust of the horses shut out the hill, and the soldiers fired many shots, but the Sioux shot straight and the soldiers fell dead. The women crossed the river after the men of our village, and when we came to the hill there were no soldiers living and Long Hair lay dead among the rest. There were more than two hundred dead soldiers on the hill, and the boys of the village shot many who were already dead, for the blood of the people was hot and their hearts bad, and they took no prisoners that day."

The woman sat playing with the edge of her blanket. Of the dreadful things that took place on the hill after the command of the unfortunate Custer had been annihilated, she would, of course, say nothing. The women of her nation finished the work of the warriors on that awful field.

I asked her if there was any more fighting.

"Not much. The men on the hill [Reno's] were safe to stay there until they wanted water. Gall kept his men along the river. Some of the soldiers were shot as they tried to reach the water. There was some fighting, too, but none of our young men were killed.

"That night the Sioux, men, women, and children, lighted many fires and danced; their hearts were glad,

for the Great Spirit had given them a great victory. All along the valley of the Greasy Grass, fires were lighted, and the women laughed as they labored hard to bring in the fuel; for in the darkness they could see the gleam of the flames on the arms of the soldiers fastened in a trap on Reno Hill. The people had taken many guns, cartridges, horses, and much clothing from the soldiers, and they rejoiced, while the fires lit up the field on the hill across the river, where the naked bodies of the soldiers lay. We had much money, but did not know at the time what its real value was, and a lot of green-paper money was kept in my tepee for some time before being disposed of. All night the people danced and sang their songs of victory, and they were strong in their might and would have attacked the soldiers who lay through the night on what you call Reno Hill, but Gall and Crow King and Crazy Horse would waste no lives of the Sioux braves. They said: 'We will shoot at them occasionally, but not charge. They will fall into our hands when the thirst burns in their throats and makes them mad for drink.'

"This was the counsel of the chiefs, and the young men saw that it was good; so while many feasted, a few held the hill and the soldiers did not know it, for, of those who stole to the river to drink, none went back alive. There was fighting the next day, but the Sioux knew early in the day that many soldiers were coming up from the north, and preparations were made to leave for new hunting-grounds. And while our hearts were singing for the victory our braves had won, there were wailing women in the village, for they had their dead. Since the Sioux first fought the men who are our friends

now, they had not won so great a battle and at so little cost. Twenty-two dead were counted, and the price was not great; but what wife, or mother, or sister gives thought to victory when she finds her dead on the field? So it was that in the midst of the rejoicing, there was sorrowing among the women, who would not be comforted in knowing that their dead had gone to join the ghosts of the brave. The dead we took with us, laid on travois, and carried for many days, for among the white men were Crow and Shoshone scouts, who would desecrate our dead, and we would have no Sioux scalps dangling at their tepee-poles.

"So we went out from Greasy Grass River, and left Long Hair and his dead to their friends. The people scattered and the pursuit did not harm us. But I still remember the bitterness of the suffering of the Sioux that winter, after we had met and talked with Bear Coat [General Miles] on the Yellowstone, when we were on our way north into the land of the Red Coats, where we remained five winters, and were frequently very destitute, while we remained there.

"So it was that the Sioux defeated Long Hair and his soldiers in the valley of the Greasy Grass River, which my people remember with regret, but without shame. We are now living happily and in friendship with the whites, knowing that their hearts are good toward us. The great chiefs who led that fight are dead: Gall, Crow King, Crazy Horse, Big Road, and the other head men are dead and gone to the land of ghosts, but their deeds live, and we of the Sioux nation keep them in our memories, even as we keep in remembrance Long Hair and his men, whose bravery in battle makes the bravery

of their conquerors a thing that cannot be buried in the grave nor forgotten, because their ghosts are at peace."

And Mrs. Spotted Horn Bull put the corner of her shawl to her face and wiped away a tear, forced perhaps by the thought that the husband of her youth, whom she has not forgotten, — though she has had many offers from chief men of her people, — was with the ghosts of those others who fought with and against him on that June day, thirty-three years ago, in the valley of the Little Big Horn.

THE TEMECULA VALLEY, AN AMERICAN GRAND PRÉ[1]

[1869]

BY HELEN HUNT JACKSON

Most of the original Mexican grants included tracts of land on which Indians were living, sometimes large villages of them. In many of these grants, in accordance with the old Spanish law or custom, was incorporated a clause protecting the Indians. They were to be left undisturbed in their homes: the portion of the grant occupied by them did not belong to the grantee in any such sense as to entitle him to eject them. The land on which they were living, and the land they were cultivating at the time of the grant, belonged to them as long as they pleased to occupy it. In many of the grants the boundaries of the Indians' reserved portion of the property were carefully marked off; and the instances were rare in which Mexican grantees disturbed or in any way interfered with Indians living on their estates. There was no reason why they should. There was plenty of land and to spare, and it was simply a convenience and an advantage to have the skilled and docile Indian laborer on the ground.

But when the easy-going, generous, improvident Mexican needed or desired to sell his grant, and the sharp American was on hand to buy it, then was brought

[1] From *Glimpses of California and the Missions*. Copyright (U.S.A.), 1902, by Little, Brown and Company.

to light the helplessness of the Indians' position. What cared the sharp American for that sentimental clause, "without injury to the Indians"? Not a farthing. Why should he? His government, before him, had decided that all the lands belonging to the old missions, excepting the small portions technically held as church property, and therefore "out of commerce," were government lands. None of the Indians living on those lands at the time of the American possession were held to have any right — not even "color of right" — to them. That they and their ancestors had been cultivating them for three quarters of a century made no difference. Americans wishing to preëmpt claims on any of these so-called government lands did not regard the presence on them of Indian families or communities as any more of a barrier than the presence of so many coyotes or foxes. They would not hesitate to certify the land office that such lands were "unoccupied." Still less, then, need the purchaser of tracts covered by old Mexican grants hold himself bound to regard the poor cumberers of the ground, who, having no legal right whatever, had been all their years living on the tolerance of a silly, good-hearted Mexican proprietor. The American wanted every rod of his land, every drop of water on it; his schemes were boundless; his greed insatiable; he had no use for Indians. His plan did not embrace them, and could not enlarge itself to take them in. They must go. This is, in brief, the summing-up of the way in which has come about the present pitiable state of the California Mission Indians. . . . In some instances whole villages of them had been driven off at once by fraudulently procured and fraudulently enforced claims.

One of the most heartrending of these cases was that of the Temecula Indians.

The Temecula Valley lies in the northeast corner of San Diego County. It is watered by two streams and has a good soil. It was an appanage of the San Luis Rey Mission, and the two hundred Indians who were living there were the children and grandchildren of San Luis Rey neophytes. The greater part of the valley was under cultivation. They had cattle, horses, sheep. In 1865, a "special agent" of the United States Government held a grand Indian convention there. Eighteen villages were represented, and the numbers of inhabitants, stock, vineyards, orchards, were reported. The Indians were greatly elated at this evidence of the Government's good intentions toward them. They set up a tall liberty-pole, and bringing forth a United States flag, which they had kept carefully hidden away ever since the beginning of the Civil War, they flung it out to the winds in token of their loyalty. "It is astonishing," says one of the San Diego newspapers of the day, "that these Indians have behaved so well, considering the pernicious teachings they have had from the secessionists in our midst."

There was already anxiety in the minds of the Temecula Indians as to their title to their lands. All that was in existence to show that they had any was the protecting clause in an old Mexican grant. To be sure, the man was still alive who had assisted in marking off the boundaries of their part of this original Temecula grant; but his testimony could establish nothing beyond the letter of the clause as it stood. They earnestly implored the agent to lay the case before the Interior Department. Whether he did or not I do not know, but this is the

sequel: On April 15, 1869, an action was brought in the District Court, in San Francisco, by five men, against "Andrew Johnson, Thaddeus Stevens, Horace Greeley, and one thousand Indians, and other parties whose names are unknown." It was "a bill to quiet title," an "action to recover possession of certain real estate bounded thus and thus." It included the Temecula Valley. It was based on grants made by Governor Micheltorena in 1844. The defendants cited were to appear in court within twenty days.

The Indians appealed to the Catholic bishop to help them. He wrote to one of the judges an imploring letter, saying, "Can you not do something to save these poor Indians from being driven out?" But the scheme had been too skillfully plotted. There was no way — or, at any rate, no way was found — of protecting the Indians. The day came when a sheriff, bringing a posse of men and a warrant which could not be legally resisted, arrived to eject the Indian families from their houses and drive them out of the valley. The Indians' first impulse was as determined as it could have been if they had been white, to resist the outrage. But on being reasoned with by friends, who sadly and with shame explained to them that by thus resisting they would simply make it the duty of the sheriff to eject them by force, and, if necessary, shoot down any who opposed the executing of his warrant, they submitted. But they refused to lift hand to the moving. They sat down, men and women, on the ground, and looked on, some wailing and weeping, some dogged and silent, while the sheriff and his men took out of the neat little adobe houses their small stores of furniture, clothes, and food, and

piled them on wagons to be carried — where? — anywhere the exiles chose, so long as they did not chance to choose a piece of any white man's land.

A Mexican woman is now living in that Temecula Valley who told me the story of this moving. The facts I had learned before from records of one sort and another. But standing on the spot, looking at the ruins of the little adobe houses, and the walled graveyard full of graves, and hearing this woman tell how she kept her doors and windows shut, and could not bear to look out while the deed was being done, I realized how different a thing is history seen from history read.

It took three days to move them. Procession after procession, with cries and tears, walked slowly behind the wagons carrying their household goods. They took the tule roofs off the little houses, and carried them along. They could be used again. Some of these Indians, wishing to stay as near as possible to their old home, settled in a small valley, only three miles and a half away to the south. It was a dreary, hot little valley, bare, with low, rocky buttes cropping out on either side, and with scanty growths of bushes; there was not a drop of water in it. Here the exiles went to work again; built their huts of reeds and straw; set up a booth of boughs for the priest, when he came, to say mass in; and a rude wooden cross to consecrate their new graveyard on a stony hillside. They put their huts on barren knolls here and there, where nothing could grow. On the tillable land they planted wheat or barley or orchards, — some patches not ten feet square, the largest not over three or four acres. They hollowed out the base of one of the rocky buttes, sunk a well there, and found water.

I think none of us who saw the little refugee village will ever forget it. The whole place was a series of pictures; and knowing its history, we found in each low roof and paling the dignity of heroic achievement. Near many of the huts stood great round baskets woven of twigs, reaching half-way up to the eaves and looking like huge birds'-nests. These were their granaries, holding acorns and wheat. Women with red pottery jars on their heads and on their backs were creeping about, bent over, carrying loads of fagots that would have seemed heavy for a donkey; aged women sitting on the ground were diligently plaiting baskets, too busy or too old to give more than a passing look at us. A group of women was at work washing wool in great stone bowls, probably hundreds of years old. The interiors of some of the houses were exquisitely neat and orderly, with touching attempts at adornment, — pretty baskets and shelves hanging on the walls, and over the beds canopies of bright calico. On some of the beds the sheets and pillow-cases were trimmed with wide hand-wrought lace, made by the Indian women themselves. This is one of their arts which date back to the mission days. Some of the lace is beautiful and fine, and of patterns like the old church laces. It was pitiful to see the poor creatures in almost every one of the hovels bringing out a yard or two of their lace to sell; and there was hardly a house which had not the lace-maker's frame hanging on the wall, with an unfinished piece of lace stretched in it. The making of this lace requires much time and patience. It is done by first drawing out all the lengthwise threads of a piece of fine linen or cotton; then the threads which are left are sewed over and over into an endless variety of

intricate patterns. Sometimes the whole design is done in solid buttonhole stitch, or solid figures are filled in on an open network made of the threads. The baskets were finely woven, of good shapes, and excellent decorative patterns in brown and black on yellow or white.

Every face, except those of the very young, was sad beyond description. They were stamped indelibly by generations of suffering, immovable distrust also underlying the sorrow. It was hard to make them smile. To all our expressions of good-will and interest they seemed indifferent, and received in silence the money we paid them for baskets and lace.

The word "Temecula" is an Indian word, signifying "grief" or "mourning." It seems to have had a strangely prophetic fitness for the valley to which it was given.

XIV
THE SPANISH WAR

HISTORICAL NOTE

The Spanish rule in Cuba was so harsh that the Cubans tried many times to win their freedom. In 1895, they revolted again and fought with the utmost desperation. Spain could not suppress the revolt, but she treated all Cubans who fell into her hands with the greatest cruelty. On grounds of common humanity and also to protect American interests in the island, the United States was feeling the necessity of interference, when the Maine was blown up in the harbor of Havana. The belief that Spain was privy to the deed aroused the whole country to wrath, and in 1898 war against Spain was declared.

The first blow was struck in the Philippines by Commodore Dewey, who steamed into the harbor of Manila and destroyed ten Spanish warships and one transport without the loss of a man. Spain then sent a fleet across the Atlantic. The vessels went into Santiago de Cuba for coal, and were promptly "bottled up," and American troops were sent to capture the town. When the Spanish fleet attempted to leave "the bottle," the ships were destroyed by the American warships. By this battle Spain lost property valued at $13,000,000. She had no more warships, and without them she could not hold island possessions. Santiago was surrendered, Porto Rico was also given up, and in July Spain asked for peace, agreeing to free Cuba, and to surrender Porto Rico to the Americans, as well as Guam, a small island in the Ladrones. The Philippines she sold to the United States for twenty million dollars.

By this war of one hundred and thirteen days, Spain lost all her possessions in the West Indies and in the Pacific Ocean, and owns no longer a foot of the land in the Western world which her mariners discovered four centuries ago.

CUBA TO COLUMBIA

BY WILL CARLETON

[April, 1896.]

A VOICE went over the waters —
  A stormy edge of the sea —
Fairest of Freedom's daughters,
  Have you no help for me?
Do you not hear the rusty chain
  Clanking about my feet?
Have you not seen my children slain,
  Whether in cell or street?
Oh, if you were sad as I,
  And I as you were strong,
You would not have to call or cry —
  You would not suffer long!

Patience? — have I not learned it,
  Under the crushing years?
Freedom — have I not earned it,
  Toiling with blood and tears?
"Not of you?" — my banners wave
  Not on Egyptian shore,
Or by Armenia's mammoth grave —
  But at your very door!
Oh, if you were needy as I,
  And I as you were strong,
You should not suffer, bleed, and die,
  Under the hoofs of wrong!

THE UNITED STATES

Is it that you have never
  Felt the oppressor's hand,
Fighting, with fond endeavor,
  To cling to your own sweet land?
Were you not half dismayed,
  There in the century's night,
Till to your view a sister's aid
  Came, like a flash of light?
Oh, what gift could ever be grand
  Enough to pay the debt,
If out of the starry Western land
  Should come my Lafayette!

THE SINKING OF THE MAINE [1]

[1898]

WILLIS J. ABBOT

Humanitarian considerations, rather than regard for imperiled interests, brought the United States into a war which most emphatically their people did not desire. The great New York newspapers, day by day, printed circumstantial accounts of the frightful sufferings in Cuba. One journal secured a large number of photographs of scenes among the starving *reconcentrados*, which, greatly enlarged, were publicly exhibited in all parts of the Union. These pictures, showing the frightful distortions of the human body as the result of long starvation, showing little children, mere skeletons, looking mutely down on the dead bodies of their parents, brought home to the mind of the people the state of life in a neighboring land as no writing, however brilliant, could. A cry went up from every part of the United States that a Christian duty was imposed upon our nation to interfere for the alleviation of such horrible suffering. Charity came to the rescue with free contributions of provisions, and Congress made a heavy appropriation of money for the relief of the Cubans. But everywhere the opinion grew that philanthropy alone could not right this great wrong, but that the strong hand of the United States must reach forth to

[1] From *A Naval History of the United States*. Copyright (U.S.A.), 1886, 1887, 1888, 1896, by Dodd, Mead and Company.

pluck out the Spaniard from the land he ravaged. And when a number of Senators and Representatives in Congress made journeys to Cuba, and returning, described in formal addresses at the Capitol the scenes of starvation and misery, this opinion hardened into positive conviction.

Then, almost as if planned by some all-knowing power, came a great and inexplicable disaster, which made American intervention inevitable and immediate.

During the latter years of the Cleveland Administration the representatives of American interests in Cuba urged that a United States ship-of-war should be permanently stationed in Havana Harbor. The request was reasonable, the act in thorough accord with the custom of nations. But, fearing to offend Spain, President Cleveland avoided taking the step, and President McKinley for months imitated him. In time this act, which in itself could have no hostile significance, came to be regarded as an expression of hostility to Spain, and all the resources of Spanish diplomacy were exerted to prevent any American warship from entering Havana Harbor. Ultimately, however, the pressure of public opinion compelled the Executive to provide for representation of American authority in the disordered island, and the battleship Maine, a sister ship to the Iowa, was sent to Havana.

The night of February 15 the Maine lay quietly at her anchorage in Havana Harbor. Her great white hull, with lights shining brilliantly from the ports aft where the officers' quarters were, gleamed in the starlight. On the berth deck the men swung sleeping in their hammocks. The watch on deck breathed gratefully the cool

evening air after the long tropic day. Captain Sigsbee was at work in his cabin, and the officers in the wardroom were chatting over their games or dozing over their books. The lights of the town and of the ancient fortress of Morro shone brightly through the purpling light. Not far away the Spanish man-of-war Alfonso XIII lay at her moorings, and an American merchantman, brightly lighted, was near. The scene was peaceful, quiet, beautiful. True, in the minds of many officers and men on the American warship there was a lurking and indefinable sense of danger. Their coming had been taken by the Spaniards in Havana as a hostile act. Though all the perfunctory requirements of international courtesy had been complied with, salutes interchanged, visits of ceremony paid and returned, there was yet in the Spanish greeting an ill-concealed tone of anger. In the cafés Spanish officers cursed the Yankees and boasted of their purpose to destroy them. On the streets American blue-jackets, on shore leave, were jostled, jeered, and insulted. Yet the ill-temper of the Spaniards, though apparent, was so ill-defined that no apprehension of a positive attack was felt. As is the practice on men-of-war, however, the utmost vigilance was maintained. Only the employment of a boat patrol and the use of torpedo nettings were lacking to give the Maine the aspect of a ship in an enemy's harbor.

Then came the disaster that shocked the world. A disaster in which it is impossible not to suspect the element of treachery. A disaster which if purely accidental, occurring to a hated ship in a port surrounded by men who were enemies at heart, was the most extraordinary coincidence in history.

This much we know: At about half-past nine those on the Maine who lived to tell the tale heard a sudden dull explosion, with a slight shock, then a prolonged, deep, furious roar, which shook the ship to its very vitals. The people on the other ships in the harbor saw the whole forward portion of the Maine suddenly become a flaming volcano belching forth fire, men, huge pieces of steel, and bursting shells. Portions of the ship's hull rained down on decks a thousand yards away. When the first fierce shock of the explosion was past, it was seen that the Maine was on fire and was rapidly sinking.

How wonderful is the power of discipline on the human mind! On the great battleship, with hundreds of its men blown to pieces or penned down by steel débris to be drowned in the rapidly rising waters, there was no panic. Captain Sigsbee, rushing from his cabin door, is met by the sergeant of marines who serves him as orderly. Not a detail of naval etiquette is lacking. Sergeant William Anthony salutes: —

"I have to report, sir, that the ship is blown up and is sinking," he says, as he would report a pilot boat in the offing.

The captain reaches the deck to find his officers already at work, the men who have not been injured all at their stations. Boats are lowered and ply about the harbor to rescue survivors. Though the flames rage fiercely, and the part of the ship which they have not yet reached is full of high explosives, there is no panic. At the first alarm every man has done what years of drill and teaching have taught him to do. The after-magazines have been flooded, the boats' crews called away. Even preparations for a fight had been attempted.

Lieutenant Jenkins, hearing the first explosion, sprang so quickly for his station at a forward gun that he was caught in the second explosion and slain. Though a bolt from heaven or a shock from hell had struck the Maine, it brought death only — not fear nor panic.

The work of rescuing survivors and caring for the wounded was pushed apace, for the ship sunk rapidly, until only her after-superstructure was above the waters. Boats from the Spanish man-of-war joined in the work of mercy, and her officers, as though conscious that the suspicion of treachery was first in every man's mind, exerted themselves in every way to show solicitude for the wounded and sorrow for the disaster. When all was done that could be done, and the roll of the ship's company was called, it was found that two hundred and sixty-six brave Americans were lost in Havana Harbor — a friendly port.

[After the raising of the Maine, the American Board of Inquiry found that the destruction was caused by the explosion of a low form of explosive exterior to the ship. On March 16, 1912, the remains of the vessel were towed out to sea and sunk with all naval honors. The bodies of the crew which had been recovered were buried in the National Cemetery at Arlington.

The Editor.]

THE BATTLE OF SANTIAGO

[1898]

FROM THE ACCOUNT OF A NEWSPAPER CORRESPONDENT

[The following graphic account of this battle was written by a newspaper correspondent who was aboard the American battleship Texas during the encounter.

The Editor.]

Almost before the leading ship was clear of the shadow of Morro Castle the fight had begun. Admiral Cervera started it by a shell from the Almirante Oquendo, to which he had transferred his flag. It struck none of the American vessels. In a twinkling the big guns of the Texas belched forth their thunder, which was followed immediately by a heavy fire from our other ships. The Spaniards turned to the westward under full steam, pouring a constant fire on our ships, and evidently hoping to get away by their superior speed.

The Texas, still heading inshore, kept up a hot exchange of shots with the foremost ships, which gradually drew away to the westward under the shadow of the hills. The third of the Spanish vessels, the Vizcaya or Infanta Maria Teresa, was caught by the Texas in good fighting range, and it was she that engaged the chief attention of the first battleship commissioned in the American navy. The Texas steamed west with her adversary, and as she could not catch her with speed she did with her shells.

The din of the guns was so terrific that orders had to

THE CHARGE AT EL CANEY

THE CHARGE AT EL CANEY

BY FRANK T. MERRILL

While the Spanish fleet under Cervera was shut into the harbor of Santiago, it was decided to capture the town with a land force, and on the morning of July 1 a general attack was made against the Spanish intrenchments on the heights of El Caney and San Juan.

El Caney was held by about five hundred Spaniards, who made a gallant stand against a force of nearly ten times their number and did not retreat until more than half of them were killed or captured. "The (attacking) force was composed entirely of regulars, with the exception of the Second Massachusetts Regiment in Ludlow's brigade. These volunteers, never in action before, behaved extremely well, coming up steadily under fire, and taking their places in the firing-line. But the moment they opened with their archaic Springfields and black powder, which they owed to the narrow parsimony of Congress, and to the lack of energy and efficiency in the system of the War Department, they became not only an easy mark for the Spanish Mausers, but made the position of more peril to all the other troops. In consequence of this they had to be withdrawn from the firing-line, but not until they had suffered severely and displayed an excellent courage.

"The lack of artillery and the black powder made the assault on El Caney a work to which infantry should not have been forced. Yet they were forced to it, and supported by only four guns, but splendidly led by Parton, Chaffee, and Ludlow, they carried the position at heavy cost by sheer courage, discipline, and good fighting, manifesting these great qualities in a high degree and one worthy of very lasting honor and remembrance." —*Henry Cabot Lodge.*

This illustration shows the Second Massachusetts Volunteers charging up the hill at El Caney. It is from a painting made under the direction of Colonel Embury P. Clarke, Springfield, Massachusetts, commander of the regiment, and is reproduced through the courtesy of Mr. C. W. Girsch, of New York City, holder of the copyright.

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be yelled close to the messengers' ears, and at times the smoke was so thick that absolutely nothing could be seen. Once or twice the twelve-inch guns in the turrets were swung across the ship and fired. The concussion shook the great vessel as though she had been struck by a great ball, and everything movable was splintered. The men near the guns were thrown flat on their faces.

Meanwhile the Oregon had come in on the run. She passed the Texas and chased after Commodore Schley, on the Brooklyn, to head off the foremost of the Spanish ships. The Iowa also turned her course westward, and kept up a hot fire on the running enemy.

At 10.10 o'clock, the third of the Spanish ships, the one that had been exchanging compliments with the Texas, was seen to be on fire and a mighty cheer went up from our ships. The Spaniard headed for the shore and the Texas turned her attention to the one following. The Brooklyn and the Oregon, after a few parting shots, also left her contemptuously and made all steam and shell after the foremost two of the Spanish ships, the Almirante Oquendo and the Cristobal Colon.

Just then the two torpedo-boat destroyers Pluton and Furor were discovered. They had come out after the cruisers without being seen, and were boldly heading west down the coast. "All small guns on the torpedo boats" was the order on the Texas, and in an instant a hail of shot was pouring all about them. A six-pounder from the starboard battery of the Texas, under Ensign Gise, struck the foremost torpedo boat fairly in the boiler.

A rending sound was heard above the roar of battle.

A great spout of black smoke shot up from that destroyer, and she was out of commission. The Iowa, which was coming up fast, threw a few complimentary shots at the second torpedo-boat destroyer and passed on. The little Gloucester, formerly a yacht, then sailed in and finished the second boat.

Gun for gun and shot for shot the running fight was kept up between the Spanish cruisers and the four American vessels. At 10.30 o'clock the Infanta Maria Teresa and Vizcaya were almost on the beach, and were evidently in distress. As the Texas was firing at them a white flag was run up on the one nearest her. "Cease firing," called Captain Philip, and a moment later both the Spaniards were beached. Clouds of black smoke arose from each, and bright flashes of flame could be seen shining through the smoke. Boats were visible putting out from the cruisers to the shore. The Iowa waited to see that the two warships were really out of the fight, and it did not take her long to determine that they would never fight again. The Iowa herself had suffered some very hard knocks.

The Brooklyn, Oregon, and Texas pushed ahead after the Colon and Almirante Oquendo, which were now running the race of their lives along the coast. At 10.50 o'clock, when Admiral Cervera's flagship, the Almirante Oquendo, suddenly headed inshore, she had the Brooklyn and Oregon abeam and the Texas astern. The Brooklyn and Oregon pushed on after the Cristobal Colon, which was making fine time and which looked as if she might escape, leaving the Texas to finish the Almirante Oquendo. This work did not take long. The Spanish ship was already burning. At 11.05 o'clock down came

a yellow and red flag at her stern. Just as the Texas got abeam of her she was shaken by a mighty explosion.

The crew of the Texas started to cheer. "Don't cheer, the poor devils are dying," called Captain Philip, and the Texas left the Almirante Oquendo to her fate to join in the chase of the Cristobal Colon.

That ship in desperation was ploughing the waters at a rate that caused the fast Brooklyn trouble. The Oregon made great speed for a battleship, and the Texas made the effort of her life. Never since her trial trip had she made such time.

The Brooklyn might have proved a match to the Cristobal Colon in speed, but she was not supposed to be her match in strength.

It would never do to allow even one of the Spanish ships to get away. Straight into the west the strongest chase of modern times took place. The Brooklyn headed the pursuers. She stood well out from the shore in order to try to cut off the Cristobal Colon at a point jutting out into the sea far ahead. The Oregon kept a middle course about a mile from the cruiser. The desperate Don ran close along the shore, and now and then he threw a shell of defiance. The old Texas kept well up in the chase under forced draught for over two hours.

The fleet Spaniard led the Americans a merry chase, but she had no chance. The Brooklyn gradually forged ahead, so that the escape of the Cristobal Colon was cut off at the point above mentioned. The Oregon was abeam of the Colon then, and the gallant Don gave it up.

At 1.15 o'clock he headed for the shore, and five minutes later down came the Spanish flag. None of our ships was then within a mile of her, but her escape was

cut off. The Texas, Oregon, and Brooklyn closed in on her and stopped their engines a few hundred yards away.

Commodore Schley left the Brooklyn in a small boat and went aboard the Cristobal Colon and received the surrender. Meantime the New York, with Admiral Sampson on board, and the Vixen were coming up on the run. Commodore Schley signaled to Admiral Sampson: "We have won a great victory; details will be communicated."

Then for an hour after the surrender in that little cove under the high hills was a general Fourth of July celebration, though a little premature. Our ships cheered one another, the captains indulged in compliments through megaphones, and the Oregon got out its band, and the strains of the "Star-Spangled Banner" echoed over the lines of Spaniards drawn up on the deck of the last of the Spanish fleet, and up over the lofty green-tipped hills of the Cuban mountains.

THE FLAG GOES BY

BY HENRY HOLCOMB BENNETT

Hats off!
Along the street there comes
A blare of bugles, a ruffle of drums,
A flash of color beneath the sky:
Hats off!
The flag is passing by!

Blue and crimson and white it shines,
Over the steel-tipped, ordered lines.
Hats off!
The colors before us fly;
But more than the flag is passing by.

Sea-fights and land-fights, grim and great,
Fought to make and to save the State:
Weary marches and sinking ships;
Cheers of victory on dying lips;
Days of plenty and years of peace;
March of a strong land's swift increase;
Equal justice, right, and law,
Stately honor and reverend awe;

Sign of a nation great and strong
Toward her people from foreign wrong!
Pride and glory and honor, — all
Live in the colors to stand or fall.

THE UNITED STATES

Hats off!
Along the street there comes
A blare of bugles, a ruffle of drums;
And loyal hearts are beating high:
Hats off!
The flag is passing by!

XV
THE TWENTIETH CENTURY

HISTORICAL NOTE

The history of the first part of the twentieth century is almost startling in the rapid progress which it records. The numbers of discoveries and inventions which have reached their highest development and have come into general use within the twentieth century are countless. Comfort, convenience, and the extension of trade have been sought in numerous ways. Irrigation has enlarged the amount of arable land in the United States; pure food laws have made this country a more desirable place to live in and have given promise to its people of longer and more healthy lives; facilities for transportation of things and people have greatly increased; the parcel post has at last been introduced; the functions of the Red Cross have broadened until it is looked to as the first friend in any kind of public calamity; aviation has made amazing progress; the Panama Canal has been built; the various applications of electricity — electric cars, the telephone, wireless telegraphy, etc. — have become necessities of everyday life; and by no means should the little conveniences be forgotten, tiny, but most valuable aids to comfort and safety. Younger folk take all these things as a matter of course; older ones look at them half wonderingly, and peer forward in imagination to the twenty-first century, thinking of the power, the resources, and the problems of the country; but confident that a solution of the problems will be found, and that the power and resources will work for the happiness and the best good of those who will then be "the people of the United States," and citizens of "the blessed land of room enough."

THE ROMANCE OF THE REINDEER

[1905]

BY MARY GAY HUMPHREYS

[SOMETHING was known of the Alaskan coast in the sixteenth century, and during the eighteenth it was visited by explorers of Russian, English, and other nationalities. Russian colonies developed the fur trade, but as furs decreased, the country was looked upon as of small value; and when the United States, in 1867, bought Russian America, as it was then called, and paid $7,200,000, it was regarded by many as an exceedingly foolish purchase.

The Russians knew that both gold and copper existed in the land, but they made no attempt to develop the minerals, and even after the country came into the hands of the United States, there was for many years only a very moderate amount of mining done. In 1896, gold was found in the Canadian Klondike and soon after in several different parts of Alaska; and in a few months the lonely Northern country was full of eager miners. In 1898, there were more than forty thousand persons in the Klondike region alone, and in a single year the gold mines of this "worthless land of ice and snow" yielded more than double its purchase price.

In order that the agricultural possibilities of Alaska might be developed and the vast mineral wealth made accessible, Congress, in 1914, at the recommendation of President Wilson appropriated $40,000,000 for the construction of a railroad into the interior.

The Editor.]

A MISTRESS went to Castle Garden, when that was a port of entry, for a maid. She found a demure little Swede.

"Can you cook?" the mistress asked. "No, mem."

"Can you sweep and make beds?" "No, mem." "What, then, can you do?" she asked in desperation. "I can milk reindeer, mem."

In that day, to come to this country to milk reindeer was like going to Tahiti to cut ice. Now you can cut ice in Tahiti, and there are thousands of reindeer in this country waiting to be milked, and prepared to furnish butter and cheese and perform duties which they alone can perform. The civilization of Alaska by reindeer is one of the prettiest tales ever told of imagination justified by experience; one of the most convincing stories of the glance of the prophetic eye fully and speedily realized. It is also the story of discouragement, ridicule, persistence against overwhelming odds, and, what is more difficult, of the combat with skepticism, against which only the most enlivening faith, undaunted hope, and unconquerable energy can make way.

Until gold was found in Alaska, it was the neglected stepchild of the country. Except to the missionary and the seal-hunters of the coast, the inhabitants of the Arctic Circle had not even a place in the census.

The missionary is a curious person. He sees things through the eye of faith, as others see through knowledge. To this trait is due, as so many other vital but unrecognized acts are due, that machinery of the new civilization in Alaska now so successfully under way. Of this the reindeer is the motive power. It was the missionary that supplied it.

In 1890, Dr. Sheldon Jackson, making his inspecting tour among the Alaskan missions, became aware of an impending dangerous situation. The greed of the white men was devastating both land and sea. The whalers

had driven the whales to other seas. The walrus was nearly exterminated by steam and rapid-firing guns. The hunted seals no longer played about the coast-line. To find them the native had to go far out to sea. This meant that the inhabitants of northern Alaska were being deprived of their food, their clothing, light, implements, and their industries. Famine was depopulating them, and it was inevitable that the Government would soon have thousands of helpless persons dependent on its bounty for food.

Across the thirty miles of water we know as Bering's Straits was Siberia, with a people comfortably prosperous and living under almost the same natural conditions. The contrast was too striking not to excite attention and inquiry. To Dr. Jackson the answer seemed to lie in the possession of the Siberians of the domestic reindeer. To the Siberian the reindeer was food, clothing, beast of burden, and article of commerce. The reindeer is prolific. It costs nothing for its keep. Under the vast snow-fields of the frozen North lies the reindeer moss on which it feeds. Why, then, should the reindeer not be to the Alaskan what it is to his neighbor across Bering's Straits?

The proposition was so convincing that Dr. Jackson hastened to Washington to lay it before Congress and ask for a small appropriation to buy a few Siberian reindeer for the present emergency, and in the belief that they would secure Alaska against future catastrophes.

To Congress this was only one of those rainbow schemes for which it is so often called upon to provide. Senator Teller, indeed, urged the appropriation, but his voice was lost in this handsome opportunity for

oratorical satire and senatorial puns. Dr. Jackson did not get his appropriation; but a sufficient number of outside people were interested in the project to subscribe two thousand dollars as a venture, and the Government did allow the revenue cutter Thetis to take Dr. Jackson to Siberia to make his purchases.

But the Siberians did not want to sell. The Thetis sailed fifteen hundred miles before an owner could be found willing to part with his deer. Money he refused. What were bits of metal to him! At last he consented to barter for American goods. Thus sixteen deer only were secured. This was in 1891, a beginning so insignificant that it attracted no attention. Meanwhile Senator Teller continued to press the matter on the Senate, and at last senatorial courtesy prevailed.

"Teller has this at heart. He only asks six thousand dollars. It is a small sum. Let him have it."

So the Senators argued, and the first appropriation was made in 1894. In 1897, this was increased to twelve thousand dollars. In 1900, it was changed to twenty-five thousand dollars, and has since continued at this figure. In all, the Government has given one hundred and eighty-three thousand dollars for the propagation and purchase of reindeer for Alaska, with the following results. To-day there are eight thousand reindeer in Arctic and sub-Arctic Alaska. Of these the Government owns four thousand and the natives own four thousand. Any one of these is worth for the butcher alone fifty dollars. This is to say that for food merely the Government and the native have each two hundred thousand dollars in reindeer out of the original investment of one hundred eighty-three thousand dollars. It

would be interesting to know how many of the investments of the Government pay as well.

Satisfactory as the reindeer have been from a financial point of view, that is the least important result. The reindeer is so prolific that this modest beginning soon entailed a system of distribution, which has since been successfully followed. At first Siberian herders were brought over to care for the herd. To these Eskimos were apprenticed in order to learn the care of the deer, to train and break them to harness. They served five years, receiving food and clothes from the Government. They were also to have the loan of two female deer a year, and to regard these and their fawns as the nucleus of a future herd. After five years, if the apprentice was satisfactory, he was to receive a loan of enough deer to bring the number up to fifty. As a herder he was now obliged to support himself and family and could take apprentices himself. For twenty years the Government exercises supervision over these herders. If a herder should drink, or not take proper care of his herd, he can be dispossessed and his herd loaned to another person. On his part he agrees not to sell any female deer to any purchaser except the Government.

Deer were also loaned to the mission station, with the same provisions as to apprentices and sale, they agreeing to return to the Government, when called upon, the original number of deer loaned. One instance alone illustrates the value of these loans to the missions. In 1894 one hundred deer were loaned to the Congregational mission at Cape Prince of Wales. Since then the mission has repaid the loan, and now owns one thousand

head of deer. Such ownership means to the mission a permanence it could not otherwise have, since the natives, not being required to go afar for food, escape the demoralization of the mining camps. It also affords an opportunity of encouraging and rewarding worthy native families and promoting their material interests. It affords, moreover, a source of revenue in selling male deer to the miners for food and for transportation. A sledge deer is valued at one hundred and fifty dollars, and is superseding dogs for this purpose. A couple of deer in harness will haul seven hundred and fifty pounds, and find their own food in the reindeer moss beneath the snow. As food the deer afford a constant supply of fresh meat, which means much to people condemned to live on canned goods the greater part of the year.

Of the sixty owners of herds, two thirds are Eskimos who have secured their deer through apprenticeship, and have been trusted to become owners. Two are women, and one of these, with the exception of the mission at Cape Prince of Wales, is the foremost of what will yet come to be the reindeer aristocracy of Alaska — a class corresponding to the great cattle ranchers of the Plains. Mary Antisarlook, now Andrewuk, owns three hundred and fifty-eight deer and fawns. A woman who can neither read nor write, she speaks seven languages, and has been of great service to the Government as interpreter. If to her natural abilities as a linguist, woman of affairs, and executive ability, she had had the advantages of education, and been placed outside of the Arctic regions, she would have been "one of the women of our times." As it is, she is the "Reindeer Queen of Alaska."

This is what the reindeer has done in a few years for the material prosperity of the natives of Alaska. It is but the beginning of the future of the reindeer over a pasturage which will easily accommodate ten million head — a pasturage of perpetual snow, over which no other animal can graze. The reindeer is a timid animal. A sudden movement will put him to flight. Being timid, he is gregarious, and a herder can easily care for one thousand head. He is so gentle that, being domesticated he will eat out of hand and follow like a dog. He is so speedy that Paul du Chaillu tells of traveling one hundred and fifty miles in a day in a reindeer sledge. A pair can haul seven hundred and fifty pounds and can make thirty-five miles a day through the unbroken snow, finding their own food, and this for weeks at a time. The colder it is the better they thrive.

It is the reindeer that has transformed the postal facilities of Alaska. There are now semimonthly mails to the Yukon and Nome during the winter, where before there were none. The longest route is that to Point Barrow — the most northern post-office on the globe. Here are a whaling station and a mission that formerly received but one mail a year, and that sometimes failed. Now reindeer carry a winter mail over thirteen hundred miles without road or trail, the thermometer from twenty to sixty degrees below zero, to that faraway post on the Arctic Ocean.

There have been acts of beneficence accomplished through prolonged peril that deserve a place among the records of heroic deeds, which only the presence of the reindeer have made possible. In the autumn of 1897 eight whalers and two hundred and seventy-five men

were caught in the ice near Point Barrow, with only three months' provision. It would be at least a year before the ice released them, and starvation awaited them. No vessel with food could get within two thousand miles of them, nor was there any method of transporting food overland. But there were herds of deer at Cape Nome. Responding to a call for volunteers, Lieutenants Jarvis and Berthold and Surgeon Call, of the navy, made their way by dog-sleds to Cape Nome, to the Congregational mission. Here they secured five hundred deer, and aided by W. T. Lopp, the missionary in charge, and Eskimo herders, made their way over the unbeaten snow seven hundred and fifty miles in an Arctic winter, arriving at Point Barrow, after a journey of three months, just in time to save the starving men. Of the reindeer, two hundred and forty-six were used for food, and the remainder kept to form the nucleus of a herd at Point Barrow to provide against future emergencies. Five years before this, rescue could not possibly have been effected, and in this case it was due entirely to the prophetic eye which saw what reindeer might be to the frozen North.

In 1900, the soldiers employed in building the government telegraph on the Yukon were imprisoned by the winter storms. The rations were failing, and the mules had given out, when word reached a mission station. Dr. Gambrill and an assistant started immediately with deer, and the troops, with their camp equipage, were brought out in safety. Thereafter the deer were kept with them, meanwhile hauling telegraph poles until the work was done.

The discovery of gold and the influx of miners has

TOTEM POLES, ALASKA

TOTEM POLES, ALASKA

Among many savage nations there is a belief that certain groups of persons within the tribe are descended from certain animals. There is, then, the tribe of the wolf, the bear, or the turtle, for instance. The animal from which one thinks himself descended is sacred in his eyes, and he treats it with the utmost respect. He will not kill or eat it unless compelled by grievous necessity, and not then without expressing sincere sorrow at having to take the life of one of his friends. The totem is expected to return this allegiance, and even if it is a dangerous animal, it is believed to be harmless to its devoted friends, and even to aid them by every means in its power. Not only are there clan totems, but individuals have their own special totem, to which they must be faithful.

In Alaska, the totem is carved upon a great post, which is often brilliantly painted. This post is then set up in front of the house or in the burial-place. Sometimes a post is a genealogical record, exhibiting the totems of several generations.

given a new impetus to the reindeer industry. The miner must be fed, and he must be carried long distances prospecting. A dog team required to go a long distance can carry only its own supplies. With a reindeer team the miner can haul his own outfit and supplies, and the reindeer feeds himself. The mining interest alone, which in the beginning was not a factor to be considered, has opened an immense field to the reindeer industry, and helped to insure a livelihood for the Alaskan natives, who bade fair so short a time ago to be a national charge. The increase of the deer, and the ease with which the fawns are cared for — the herds doubling every three years — warrant the conservative estimate that in three decades there will be ten million reindeer in Alaska. There are also those who believe that within that time reindeer hams and tongues will be shipped to the United States, helping to feed our population.

LEARNING COAL-MINING

BY JOSEPH HUSBAND

[WITH a view to learning the "operating end" of soft-coal mining, the author of this article on the dangers of the mines, ten days after graduating from Harvard, took his place in a mine as an unskilled workman.

The Editor.]

To the ear accustomed to the constant sound of a living world, the stillness of a coal-mine, where the miles of cross-cuts and entries and the unyielding walls swallow up all sounds and echo, is a silence that is complete; but, as one becomes accustomed to the silence through long hours of solitary work, sounds become audible that would escape an ear less trained. The trickling murmur of the gas; the spattering fall of a lump of coal, loosened by some mysterious force from a cranny in the wall; the sudden knocking and breaking of a stratum far up in the rock above; or the scurry of a rat off somewhere in the darkness — strike on the ear loud and startlingly. The eye, too, becomes trained to penetrate the darkness; but the darkness is so complete that there is a limit, the limit of the rays cast by the pit-lamp.

There is a curious thing that I have noticed, and as I have never heard it mentioned by any of the other men, perhaps it is an idea peculiar to myself; but on days when I entered the mine with the strong yellow sunlight and the blue sky as a last memory of the world above, I carried with me a condition of fair weather that

seemed to penetrate down into the blackness of the entries and make my pit-lamp burn a little more brightly. On days when we entered the mine with a gray sky above, or with a cold rain beating in our faces, there was a depression of spirits that made the blackness more dense and unyielding, and the lights from the lamps seemed less cheerful.

Sometimes the roof was bad in the rooms, and I soon learned from the older miners to enter my room each morning testing gingerly with my pit-lamp for the presence of gas and reaching far up with my pick, tapping on the smooth stone roof to test its strength. If the steel rang clean against the stone, the roof was good; but if it sounded dull and drummy, it might be dangerous. Sometimes, when the roof was weak, we would call for the section boss and prop up the loosened stone; but more often, the men ran their risk. We worked so many days in safety that it seemed strange that death could come; and when it did come, it came so suddenly that there was a surprise, and the next day we began to forget.

I had heard much of the dangers that the miner is exposed to, but little has been said of the risks to which the men through carelessness subject themselves. Death comes frequently to the coal-miners from a "blown-out shot." When the blast is inserted in the drill-hole, several dummy cartridges are packed in for tamping. If these are properly made and tamped, the force of the explosion will tear down the coal properly, but if the man has been careless in his work, the tamps will blow out like shot from a gun-barrel, and igniting such gas or coal-dust as may be present, kill or badly burn the shot-firers. The proper tamping is wet clay, but it is impos-

sible to convince the men of it, and nine out of ten will tamp their holes with dummies filled with coal-dust (itself a dangerous explosive) scooped up from the side of the track. Again, powder-kegs are sometimes opened in a manner which seems almost the act of an insane man. Rather than take the trouble to unscrew the cap in the head of the tin powder-keg and pour out the powder through its natural opening, the miner will drive his pick through the head of the keg and pour the powder from the jagged square hole he has punched. And these are but two of the many voluntary dangers which a little care on the part of the men themselves would obviate.

A mine always seems more or less populated when the day-shift is down, for during the hours of the working day, in every far corner, at the head of every entry and room, there are men drilling, loading, and ever pushing forward its boundaries. At five o'clock the long line of blackened miners which is formed at the foot of the hoisting-shaft, begins to leave the mine; and by six o'clock, with the exception of a few inspectors and fire-bosses, the mine is deserted.

The night-shift began at eight, and it was as though night had suddenly been hastened forward, to step from the soft evening twilight on the hoist, and, in a brief second, leave behind the world and the day and plunge back into the darkness of the mine.

We were walking up the track from the mine-bottom toward Six West South, — Billy Wild, Pat Davis, two track-repairers, and I. As we turned the corner by the run-around, there came suddenly from far off in the thick stillness a faint tremor and a strong current of air. The "shooters" were at work. For a quarter of a mile

we walked on, stopping every once in a while to listen to the far-off "boom" of the blasts that came through the long tunnels, faint and distant, as though muffled by many folds of heavy cloth. We pushed open the big trappers' door just beyond where First and Second Right turn off from the main entry, and came into the faint yellow glow of a single electric lamp that hung from the low beamed roof.

Beside the track in a black niche cut in the wall of coal, two men were working. A safe twenty feet from them their lighted pit-lamps flared where they were hung by the hooks from one of the props. Round, black cans of powder tumbled together in the back of the alcove, a pile of empty paper tubes, and great spools of thick, white fuse lay beside them. We sat down on the track at a safe distance from the open powder, and watched them as they blew open the long, white tubes and with a battered funnel poured in the coarse grains of powder until the smooth, round cartridge was filled, a yard or two of white fuse hanging from its end. In fifteen minutes they had finished, and one of the men gathered in his arms the pile of completed cartridges and joined us in the main entry.

A few minutes later, as we neared the heading, a sudden singing "boom" came down strongly against the air-current and bent back the flames in our pit-lamps. Far off in the blackness ahead, a point of light marked the direction of the tunnel; another appeared. Suddenly from the thick silence, came the shrill whine of the air-drills. A couple of lamps, like yellow tongues of flame, shone dimly in the head of the tunnel and the air grew thick with a flurry of fine coal-dust. Then below the

bobbing lights appeared the bodies of two men, stripped to the waist, the black coating of dust that covered them moist with gleaming streaks of sweat.

"How many holes have you drilled?" yelled Wild, his voice drowned by the scream of the long air-drill as the writhing bit tore into the coal.

There was a final convulsive grind as the last inch of the six-foot drill sank home, then the sudden familiar absence of sound save for the hiss of escaping air.

"All done here."

Slowly the two men pulled the long screw blade from the black breast of the coal, the air-hose writhing like a wounded snake about their ankles. The driller who had spoken wiped his sweaty face with his hands, his eyes blinking with the dust. He picked up his greasy coat from beside the track and wrapped it around his wet shoulders.

"Look out for the gas," he shouted. "There is a bit here, up high."

He raised his lamp slowly to the jagged roof. A quick blue flame suddenly expanded from the lamp and puffed down at him as he took away his hand.

In the black end of the tunnel six small holes, each an inch and a half in diameter and six feet deep, invisible in the darkness and against the blackness of the coal, marked where the blasts were to be placed. On the level floor, stretching from one wall of the entry to the other, the undercut had been ground out with the chain-machines by the machine-men during the afternoon, and as soon as the blasts were in and the fuses lighted, the sudden wrench of these charges would tear down a solid block of coal six feet deep by the height and depth

of the entry, to fall crushed and broken into the sump-cut, ready for the loaders on the following morning.

Selecting and examining each cartridge, the shooters charged the drill-holes. Two cartridges of black powder, tamped in with a long copper-headed rod, then dummies of clay for wads, leaving hanging like a great white cord from each charged drill-hole a yard of the long, white fuse.

We turned and tramped down the tunnel and squatted on the track a safe fifty yards away. Down at the end of the tunnel we had just deserted bobbed the tiny flames of the lights in the shooters' pitcaps. There was a faint glow of sparks. "Coming!" they yelled out through the darkness, and we heard them running as we saw their lights grow larger. For a minute we silently waited. Then from the far end of the tunnel, muffled and booming like the breaking of a great wave in some vast cave, came a singing roar, now like the screech of metal hurled through the air, and the black end of the tunnel flamed suddenly defiant; a solid square of crimson flames, like the window of a burning house; and a roar of flying air drove past us, putting out our lights and throwing us back against the rails.

"It's a windy one," yelled Wild. "Look out for the rib-shots."

Like a final curtain in a darkened theater, a slow pall of heavy smoke sank down from the roof, and as it touched the floor, a second burst of flame tore it suddenly upward, and far down the entry, the trappers' door banged noisily in the darkness. Then we crept back slowly, breathing hard in an air thick with dust and the smell of the burnt black powder, to the end of

the tunnel, where the whole face had been torn loose — a great pile of broken coal against the end of the entry.

Often, bits of paper from the cartridges, lighted by the blast, will start a fire in the piles of coal-dust left by the machine-men; and before the shooters leave a room that has been blasted, an examination must be made in order to prevent the possibility of fire.

All night long we moved from one entry to another, blasting down in each six feet more of the tunnel, which would be loaded out on the following day; and it was four in the morning before the work was finished.

It was usually between four and five in the morning when we left the mine. As we stepped from the hoist and left behind us the confining darkness, the smoky air, and the sense of oppression and silence of the mine below, the soft, fresh morning air in the early dawn, or sometimes the cool rain, seemed never more refreshing. One does not notice the silence of a mine so much upon leaving the noise of the outer world and entering the maze of tunnels on the day's work, as when stepping off the hoist in the early morning hours when the world is almost still: the sudden sense of sound and of living things emphasizes, by contrast, the silence of the underworld. There is a noise of life, and the very motion of the air seems to carry sounds. A dog barking half a mile away in the sleeping town sounds loud and friendly, and there seems to be a sudden clamor that is almost bewildering.

We were walking down the north entry one early morning, and had just passed through the last brattice door when Joe Brass, one of the shot-firers, stopped,

suddenly alert and silent, and held up his hand. Sound means but little in a mine, and eyes can but rarely detect danger.

"Do you smell anything?" he asked.

We sniffed the cool air as it fanned past us through the door that we still held open. Almost imperceptible, a curious, foreign odor seemed to hang in the moving current.

"Wood-smoke," said one of the men.

We turned and walked back and closed the door behind us. The smell of the smoke defined itself as we walked forward. Through the next door it hung strong in the air, and with it the oily smell of burning coal. Then a light appeared down the entry, and from its jerky motion, we knew that the man was running before we heard his feet clumping over the rough ties.

"There's a fire in Room 26," he yelled, before we could see him. The word had already reached bottom and as we paused at the turning of the entry, trying to see whether to turn to the right or the left, there was a sudden roar behind us, and the glow of a locomotive headlight. As we waited, the locomotive came rattling down the tunnel, half a dozen men crouched low on its black frame, and behind it, on a single flat car, the great steel water-tank that was reserved for such emergencies. Shouting questions, we swung on behind. The motor followed the switch and turned sharply down to the right. Through the next door the smoke became suddenly thick. A strong smell, almost as of burning oil; the heavy, pungent smell of soft coal on fire. In the dead air of the entry it hung still and motionless, like yellow fog, and as we jumped off the truck and ran down

the entry behind the locomotive, we crouched low to keep our eyes clear, for there were still a couple of feet of clean air along the bottom of the tunnel. From ahead of us came the sound of voices and then, through the smoke, we saw the lights of the men, like yellow tongues of flame, detached from their bodies, which were hidden in the thick blanket of smoke. The coal in one of the rooms off the main entry which the shooters had blasted earlier in the night was on fire, and the heat and smoke were too intense to allow the men to reach it with the water. Shouting at each other in the blinding smoke and darkness, with the dull, steady heat of the invisible fire bringing the sweat in streams from our bodies, we worked to cut off the room from the rest of the mine by building across its broad mouth, where it joined the main entry, a solid stopping of wood and plaster. A dozen men, in minute relays, held a long strip of canvas against the roof, while the rest of us pushed and wedged into place between the floor and the low roof, a string of props or posts across the room mouth. As the smoke thickened and the heat grew more intense, the relays became shorter and we suddenly dived from the dense, choking air above, to lie flat along the floor, sucking in the cool, clean air that lay above the water beside the tracks. In half an hour we had erected a long line of posts, with the canvas nailed against it; and a temporary stopping was effected. By that time a dozen of the timbermen had arrived, and motors had dragged up from the mine-bottom piles of matched boards and sacks of wood-fiber plaster. An hour more and the stopping was reinforced with a solid fence of boards and then, mixing the plaster in the water beside the track and using our hands as

trowels, we caulked the seams, the plaster drying quickly against the hot boards. Three hours later the work was done, and the air-current moving steadily down the entry had blown away the last shreds of the thick and choking smoke. In the light of our lamps and lanterns, we again examined the long, white wall that we had erected across the room-mouth. A few more handfuls of plaster on cracks through which a thin trickle of smoke still puffed outward; and the work was done. Two months later, when the fire, cut off from the air of the mine, had smothered itself to extinction, the wall was torn down, the gas blown out, and work once more resumed.

THE SOCIAL VALUE OF THE TELEPHONE IN THE UNITED STATES

BY HERBERT N. CASSON

WHAT we might call the "telephonization" of city life, for lack of a simpler word, has remarkably altered our manner of living from what it was in the days of Abraham Lincoln. It has enabled us to be more social and coöperative. It has literally abolished the isolation of the separate family. It has become so truly an organ of the social body that we now enter into contracts by telephone, give evidence, try lawsuits, make speeches, propose marriage, confer degrees, appeal to voters, and do almost everything else that is a matter of speech.

In stores and hotels this wire traffic has grown to an almost bewildering extent. The one hundred largest hotels in New York City have twenty-one thousand telephones — nearly as many as the continent of Africa and more than the kingdom of Spain. In an average year they send six million messages. The Waldorf-Astoria alone tops all residential buildings with one thousand one hundred and twenty telephones and five hundred thousand calls a year; while merely the Christmas Eve orders that flash into Marshall Field's store, or John Wanamaker's, have risen as high as three thousand.

Whether the telephone concentrates population or scatters it is a question that has not yet been examined. It is certainly true that it has made the skyscraper possible, and thus helped to create an absolutely new

type of city, that was never imagined even in the fairy tales of ancient nations. The sky-scraper is ten years younger than the telephone. It is now generally admitted to be the ideal building for business offices. It is one of the few types of architecture that may fairly be called American. And its efficiency is largely, if not mainly, due to the fact that its inhabitants may run errands by telephone as well as by elevator.

There seems to be no activity which is not being made more convenient by the telephone. It is used to call the duck-shooters in western Canada when a flock of birds has arrived, and to direct the movements of the Dragon in Wagner's grand opera "Siegfried." At the last Yale-Harvard football game it conveyed the almost instantaneous news to fifty thousand people in various parts of New England. At the Vanderbilt Cup race its wires girdled the track and reported every gain or mishap of the racing autos. And at such extensive pageants as that of the Quebec Tercentenary, in 1908, where four thousand actors came and went upon a ten-acre stage, every order was given by a telephone.

Public officials, even in the United States, have been slow to change from the old-fashioned and more dignified use of written documents and uniformed messengers; but in the last ten years there has been a sweeping revolution in this respect. Government by telephone! This is the new idea that has already arrived in the more efficient departments of the federal service. And as for the present Congress, that body has gone so far as to plan for a special system of its own, in both houses, so that all official announcements may be heard by wire.

Garfield was the first among American Presidents to

possess a telephone. An exhibition instrument was placed in his house, without cost, in 1878, while he was still a member of Congress. Neither Cleveland nor Harrison, for temperamental reasons, used the magic wire very often. In their time, there was one lonely, idle telephone in the White House, used by the servants several times a week. But with McKinley came a new order of things. To him a telephone was more than a necessity. It was a pastime — an exhilarating sport. He was the one President who really reveled in the comforts of telephony. In 1895 he had sat in his Canton home and heard the cheers of the Chicago Convention. Later he sat there and ran the first presidential telephone campaign — talked to his managers in thirty-eight States. Thus he came to regard the telephone with a higher degree of appreciation than any of his predecessors, and eulogized it on many public occasions. "It is bringing us all closer together," was his favorite phrase.

To Roosevelt the telephone was mainly for emergencies. He used it to the full during the Chicago Convention of 1907 and the Peace Conference at Portsmouth. But with Taft the telephone became again the common avenue of conversation. He introduced at least one new telephonic custom — a long-distance talk with his family every evening when he is away from home. Instead of the solitary telephone of Cleveland-Harrison days, the White House has now a branch exchange of its own — "Main 6," — with a sheaf of wires that branch out into every room as well as to the nearest central.

Next to public officials bankers were perhaps the last to accept the facilities of the telephone. They were slow

to abandon the old fallacy that no business can be done without a written record. James Stillman, of New York, was first among bankers to foresee the telephone era. As early as 1875, while Bell was teaching his infant telephone to talk, Stillman risked two thousand dollars in a scheme to establish a crude dial system of wire communication, which later grew into New York's first telephone exchange. At the present time the banker who works closest to his telephone is probably George W. Perkins, of the J. P. Morgan group of bankers. "He is the only man," says Morgan, "who can raise twenty millions in twenty minutes." The Perkins plan of rapid transit telephony is to prepare a list of names, from ten to thirty, and to flash from one to another as fast as the operator can ring them up. Recently one of the other members of the Morgan bank proposed to enlarge its telephone equipment. "What will we gain by more wires?" asked the operator. "If we were to put in a six hundred-pair cable, Mr. Perkins would keep it busy."

The most brilliant feat of the telephone in the financial world was done during the panic of 1907. At the height of the storm, on a Saturday evening, the New York bankers met in an almost desperate conference. They decided, as an emergency measure of self-protection, not to ship to Western banks. At midnight they telephoned this decision to the bankers of Chicago and St. Louis. These men, in turn, conferred by telephone, and on Sunday afternoon called up the bankers of neighboring States. And so the news went from 'phone to 'phone, until by Monday morning all bankers and chief depositors were aware of the situation, and prepared for the team play that prevented any general disaster.

As for stock-brokers of the Wall Street species, they transact practically all of their business by telephone. In their Stock Exchange stand six hundred and forty-one booths, each one the terminus of a private wire. A firm of brokers will count it an ordinary year's talking to send fifty thousand messages, and there is one firm which last year sent twice as many. Of all brokers, the one who finally accomplished most by telephony was unquestionably E. H. Harriman. In the mansion that he built at Arden there were a hundred telephones, with sixty of them linked to the long-distance lines. What the brush is to the artist, what the chisel is to the sculptor, the telephone was to Harriman. He built his fortune with it. It was in his library — his bathroom — his private car — his camp in the Oregon wilderness. No transaction was too large or too involved to be settled over its wires. He saved the credit of the Erie by telephone — lent it five million dollars as he lay at home on a sick bed. "He is a slave to the telephone," wrote a magazine editor. "Nonsense," replied Harriman, "it is a slave to me."

The telephone arrived in time to prevent big corporations from being unwieldy and aristocratic. The foreman of a Pittsburg coal company may now stand in his subterranean office and talk to the president of the Steel Trust, who sits on the twenty-first floor of a New York sky-scraper. The long-distance talks, especially, have grown to be indispensable to the corporations whose plants are scattered and geographically misplaced — to the mills of New England, for instance, that use the cotton of the South and sell so much of their product to the Middle West. To the companies that sell perish-

able commodities, an instantaneous conversation with a buyer in a distant city has often saved a carload or a cargo. Such caterers as the meat-packers, who were among the first to realize what Bell had made possible, have greatly accelerated the wheels of their business by inter-city conversations. For ten years or longer the Cudahys have talked every business morning between Omaha and Boston, via one thousand five hundred and seventy miles of wire.

In the refining of oil, the Standard Oil Company alone, at its New York office, sends two hundred and thirty thousand messages a year. In the making of steel, a chemical analysis is made of each cauldron of molten pig iron when it starts on its way to be refined, and this analysis is sent by telephone to the steelmaker, so that he will know exactly how each potful is to be handled. In the floating of logs down river, instead of having relays of shouters to prevent the logs from jamming, there is now a wire along the bank, with a telephone linked on at every point of danger. In the rearing of sky-scrapers it is now usual to have a temporary wire strung vertically, so that the architect may stand on the ground and confer with a foreman who sits astride of a naked girder three hundred feet up in the air.

The first steamship line to use the telephone was the Clyde, which had a wire from their dock to the office in 1877; and the first railway was the Pennsylvania, which two years later was persuaded by Professor Bell himself to give it a trial in Altoona. Since then this railroad has become the chief beneficiary of the art of telephony. It has one hundred and seventy-five exchanges, four hundred operators, thirteen thousand telephones, and twenty

thousand miles of wire — a more ample system than the city of New York had in 1896.

In the operation of trains the railroads have waited thirty years before they dared to trust the telephone, just as they waited fifteen years before they dared to trust the telegraph. In 1883 a few railways used the telephone in a small way, but in 1907, when a law was passed that made telegraphers highly expensive, there was a general swing to the telephone. Several dozen roads have now put it in use, some employing it as an associate of the Morse method, and others as a complete substitute. It has always been found to be the quickest way of dispatching trains. It will do in five minutes what the telegraph did in ten. And it has enabled railroads to hire more suitable men for the smaller offices.

In news gathering, too, much more than in railroading, the day of the telephone has arrived. The Boston "Globe" was the first paper to receive news by telephone. Later came the Washington "Star," which had a wire strung to the Capitol, and thereby gained an hour over its competitors. To-day the evening papers receive most of their news over the wire. This has resulted in a specialization of reporters — one man runs for the news and another man writes it. Some of the runners never come to the office. They receive their assignments by telephone, and their salary by mail. There are even a few who are allowed to telephone their news directly to a swift linotype operator, who clicks it into type on his machine without the scratch of pencil. This, of course, is the ideal method of newsgathering, which is rarely possible.

A paper of the first class, such as the New York

"World," had now an outfit of twenty trunk lines and eighty telephones. Its outgoing calls are two hundred thousand a year and its incoming calls three hundred thousand, which means that for every morning, evening and Sunday edition there has been an average of seven hundred and fifty messages. The ordinary newspaper in a small town cannot afford such a service, but recently the United Press has originated a coöperative method. It telephones the news over one wire to ten or twelve papers at the same time. In ten minutes a thousand words can in this way be flung out to a dozen towns, as quickly as by telegraph and much more cheaply.

But it is in a dangerous crisis, when safety seems to hang upon a second, that the telephone is at its best. It is the instrument of emergencies — a sort of ubiquitous watchman. When a girl operator in the exchange hears a cry for help — "Quick! The hospital!" "The fire department!" "The police!" she seldom waits to hear the number. She knows it. She is trained to save half-seconds. And it is at such moments, if ever, that the users of a telephone can appreciate its insurance value. No doubt, if a King Richard III were worsted on a modern battlefield, his instinctive cry would be — "My kindgom for a telephone!"

When instant action is needed in the city of New York, a general alarm can in five minutes be sent by the police wire over its whole vast area of three hundred square miles. When, recently, a gas main broke in Brooklyn, sixty girls were at once called to the centrals in that part of the city to warn the ten thousand families who had been placed in danger. When the ill-fated General Slocum caught fire, a mechanic in a factory on

the water-front saw the blaze and had the presence of mind to telephone the newspapers, the hospitals, and the police. When a small child is lost, or a convict has escaped from prison, or the forest is on fire, or some menace from the weather is at hand, the telephone gives the news. In one tragic case, the operator in Folsom, New Mexico, refused to quit her post until she had warned her people of a flood that had broken loose in the hills above the village. Because of her courage nearly all were saved, though she herself was drowned at the switchboard.

If the disaster cannot be prevented, it is the telephone, usually, that brings first aid to the injured. After the destruction of San Francisco, Governor Guild, of Massachusetts, sent an appeal for the stricken city to the three hundred and fifty-four mayors of his State, and by the courtesy of the Bell Company, which carried the messages free, they were delivered to the last and furthermost mayors in less than five hours. After the destruction of Messina, an order for enough lumber to build ten thousand houses was cabled to New York and telephoned to Western lumbermen. So quickly was this order filled that on the twelfth day after the arrival of the cablegram, the ships were on their way to Messina with the lumber. After the Kansas City flood of 1903, when the drenched city was without railways or street-cars or electric lights, it was the telephone that held the city together and brought help to the danger spots. And after the Baltimore fire, the telephone exchange was the last to quit and the first to recover. Its girls sat on their stools at the switchboard until the window panes were broken by the heat. Then they pulled the covers over

the board and walked out. Two hours later the building was in ashes. Three hours later another building was rented on the unburned rim of the city and the wire chiefs were at work. In one day there was a system of wires for the use of the city officials. In two days these were linked to long-distance wires; and in eleven days a two-thousand-line switchboard was in full working trim. This feat still stands as the record in rebuilding.

In the supreme emergency of war, the telephone is as indispensable, very nearly, as the cannon. This, at least, is the belief of the Japanese, who handled their armies by telephone when they drove back the Russians. Each body of Japanese troops moved forward like a silkworm, leaving behind it a glistening strand of red copper wire. At the decisive battle of Mukden, the silkworm army, with a million legs, crept against the Russian hosts in a vast crescent, a hundred miles from end to end. By means of this glistening red wire, the various batteries and regiments were organized into fifteen divisions. Each group of three divisions was wired to a general, and the five generals were wired to the great Oyama himself, who sat ten miles back of the firing line and sent his orders. Whenever a regiment lunged forward, one of the soldiers carried a telephone set. If they held their position, two other soldiers ran up with a spool of wire. In this way and under fire of the Russian cannon, one hundred and fifty miles of wire were strung across the battle-field. As the Japanese said, it was this "flying telephone" that enabled Oyama to manipulate his forces as handily as though he were playing a game of chess. It was in this war, too, that the Mikado's soldiers strung the costliest of all telephone

wires, at 203 Metre Hill. When the wire had been basted up this hill to the summit, the fortress of Port Arthur lay at their mercy. But the climb had cost them twenty-four thousand lives.

Of the seven million telephones in the United States, about two million are in farmhouses. Every fourth American farmer is in telephonic touch with his neighbors and the market. Iowa leads among the farming States. Not to have a telephone, in Iowa, is to belong to what a Londoner would call the "submerged tenth" of the population. Second in line comes Illinois, with Kansas, Nebraska, and Indiana following closely behind; and at the foot of the list, in the matter of farm telephones, are Connecticut and Louisiana.

The first farmer who discovered the value of the telephone was the market gardener. Next came the bonanza farmer of the Red River Valley — such a man, for instance, as Olive Dalrymple, of North Dakota, who found that by the aid of the telephone he could plant and harvest thirty thousand acres of wheat in a single season. Then, not more than half a dozen years ago, there arose a veritable telephone crusade among the farmers of the Middle West. Cheap telephones, that were fairly good, had by this time been made possible by the improvements of the Bell engineers; and stories of what could be done by telephone became the favorite gossip of the day. One farmer had kept his barn from being burned down by telephoning for his neighbors. Another had cleared six hundred dollars of extra profit on the sale of his cattle by telephoning to the best market. A third had rescued a flock of sheep by sending quick news of an approaching blizzard. A fourth had

saved his son's life by getting an instantaneous message to the doctor, and so on.

How the telephone saved a three million dollar fruit crop in Colorado, in 1909, is the story that is oftenest told in the West. Until that year, the frosts in the spring nipped the buds. No farmer could be sure of his harvest. But in 1909 the fruit-growers bought smudge-pots, three hundred thousand or more. These were placed in the orchards, ready to be lit at a moment's notice. Next, an alliance was made with the United States Weather Bureau, so that whenever the Frost King came down from the north, a warning could be telephoned to the farmers. Just when Colorado was pink with apple blossoms, the first warning came: "Get ready to light up your smudge-pots in half an hour." Then the farmers telephoned to the nearest towns: "Frost is coming; come and help us in the orchards." Hundreds of men rushed out into the country on horseback and in wagons. In half an hour the last warning came: "Light up; the thermometer registers 29." The smudge-pot artillery was set ablaze and kept blazing until the news came that the icy forces had retreated. And in this way every Colorado farmer who had a telephone saved his fruit.

HOW THE PANAMA RAILROAD WAS BUILT

[1849–1855]

BY HUGH C. WEIR

[The Panama Railroad was commenced in 1849, and in 1855 the first train passed over its rails. Its probable cost was estimated at $5,000,000; but the necessity of bringing all things needed from the United States and the increase in the price of labor resulting from the discovery of gold in California brought the amount up to $7,500,000. The following article gives some idea of the difficulties and dangers which had to be met.

The Editor.]

The section boss thrust his head beyond his tent-flap and instantly drew back with a hoarse gasp of terror. Half-dressed and half-stunned, he took a cautious step outside the door, and then another, and another, until he came into full view of the half-moon of twisted, bloated horrors, swung on the palm trees before him.

One hundred and twenty-five coolies from the Chinese camp were suspended by their cues from the swaying branches! Driven mad by the gloom of the jungle they had sought wholesale suicide in the night.

For years the section boss had rubbed elbows with death. He had come to look upon grim things with a grin. But as he digested the scene before him, his knees gave way and he toppled forward in a sprawling faint.

The incident was but one link in the chain of the horrors of the Panama Railroad. Those were red years

for the construction gang of the first line of rails to span the American continent.

On a roadbed of blood the ties were laid which were to mark an industrial epoch. If it was the narrowest point of the continent, it was also the wildest. Forty-seven miles linked the Atlantic and the Pacific at this land-ribbon of the Caribbean, but they were forty-seven miles of tragedies.

With the exception of a wandering adventurer, the engineers were the first white men to force a way through the jungle since the dare-devil days of the Spanish Main. And it was the Devil's Own Cauldron, in very truth, into which they plunged.

There are those who say the road cost a life for every tie. Exaggerated? Possibly — but grim facts show that more than six thousand men went to their deaths in the tangled underbrush before the last rail was laid! Every mile of progress cost over one hundred and twenty-seven lives.

The history of those forty-seven miles of track is one of the most tingling, red-blooded chapters in all the records of American railroad building. It is more. It is a monument to the undaunted, unrivaled heroism of American engineers, which no section of the globe can surpass.

It is something over half a century ago — to be exact, in the autumn of 1849 — that the first construction gang, bunking at night on board a cramped sailing-vessel in the Colon Harbor, plunged into the red mud of the Panama swamps. Waist-deep in the slimy depths, forced to chop every foot of the way through the heavy, interlacing foliage, the men entered resolutely into the

task which was to stretch over a period of more than six years.

In that first year over one hundred died from snake-bites alone. The victims of the tarantula and the scorpion numbered as many more.

Buzzing swarms of mosquitoes from the pestilent pools and streams inland settled like a heavy gray cloud over their shoulders, bringing typhoid, malaria, yellow fever. Men died by scores and hundreds, and their comrades, with the sickly yellow of disease stamping their brows, gave them a hasty grave and a hastier prayer, and plunged again into the conquest of the wilderness.

Nature conspired to make the picture yet blacker. Sudden stretches of quicksands were found, whose boundaries were marked by the despairing shrieks of stumbling victims. The swamp grew thicker and blacker and marshier. Engineering statistics report that often bottom was not found at a distance of one hundred and eighty feet! Thousands of cords of wood and stone were dumped into the mysterious morasses in a desperate effort to construct causeways for the roadbed.

Even to this day, in the gloomy shadows of the Black Swamp, — a scant five miles from the Atlantic terminal of Colon, — the slimy earth sinks into a yawning cavern, and rails, ties, and men drop forever from sight. Once a freight car was dumped into the hungry morass in an effort to make a solid surface. Within six hours the car had disappeared from view, and the black slime seemed to clamor for more!

It was at Bas Obispo that the wholesale suicide pact of the coolies climaxed the terrors of the road-builders. In the early fifties, a consignment of one thousand

Chinese had been imported to recruit the shattered ranks of laborers. For six depressing weeks, the coolies struggled under the lash of the jungle.

When the swaying burden of the palm trees, in the soft light of the early morning, showed the ghastly fate their companions had sought, it was as a spark of gunpowder. The Americans endeavored in vain to check the mill-race of the panic.

Before the day was over, three hundred more had been added to the suicide-roll. Scores rushed to the shores of the Atlantic, and squatting stoically in the sands, waited for the white crest of the tide to sweep them away.

It was from Reynolds, civil engineer, and Brewster, mining prospector, that I heard the story as we sipped English "Cola" on the veranda of the Cristobal Y.M.C.A. Building, just above the blue Atlantic. Reynolds nodded to the group of railroad men who lounged out of the reading-room as he rose to his feet.

"Yes, it's a black-bordered story," he said slowly. "The history of the Panama Railroad is n't made up of ice-cream adjectives!"

"But the men who gave their lives for it did n't die in vain," added Brewster gravely, and we all stared out at the gray line of the surf in silence.

Afterward, I verified the date I had in mind. It was on the 27th day of January, 1855, that the first locomotive crossed the American continent from ocean to ocean — by way of the Panama Railroad.

Coupled with the heroism of the builders, the greed of the promoters has been the outstanding quality in the history of the Panama Railroad. In the course of fifty

years it is estimated that the line — less than fifty miles in length — has made a net profit of more than $75,000,000! In proportion to its size, it has probably produced the greatest earnings of any railroad in the history of the world.

It was in 1848, at the beginning of the California gold craze, that William Henry Aspinwall, John Lloyd Stephens, and Henry Chauncey, of New York, incorporated the Panama Railroad Company. From the outset, the most amazing hold-up schemes in railroad history were instituted. The original cost of the line amounted, roughly, to $8,000,000. Often the profits totaled $2,000,000 annually!

For years a passenger rate of sixteen cents a mile was demanded. Realizing how thoroughly the line dominated the transcontinental shipping situation, the company announced the most colossal freight rate ever known.

A toll was established, amounting to fifty per cent of the transportation charge for the entire distance between New York and Valparaiso, 4630 miles. In other words, the shipping expense for the forty-seven miles of the land route was as great as the charge for the 4583 miles of the water route!

Enormous quantities of coffee from the Central and South American plantations were shipped to European markets via the Panama Railroad. The total transportation charge was thirty dollars a ton. Of this amount the railroad company coolly demanded one half — fifteen dollars for forty-seven miles!

The shipper was helpless. The railroad could carry his goods from ocean to ocean in five hours. On the

other hand, if he followed the water route and sent his products down around Cape Horn, often five months were required to make the same distance.

In the fall of 1879, when De Lesseps undertook the construction of the Panama Canal for the French, the railroad was offered to him for $14,000,000 — a rate of $200 a share. De Lesseps haughtily informed the company that it was a hold-up price.

"Very well," was the calm rejoinder. "The price will advance $25 a share every six months."

De Lesseps shrugged his shoulders and went to work. The railroad officials grinned and also went to work. The shipments of the French supplies began to be delayed.

Machinery which reached Colon in September did not arrive at Culebra fifteen miles away, until October. Cars, filled with French goods, were mysteriously sidetracked and allowed to stand for days in the jungle. Gradually De Lesseps realized that the railroad had the upper hand.

"How much for the stock now?" he asked in desperation.

"It is twelve months since our first offer," was the reply. "You will have to pay $250."

And De Lesseps paid it. Instead of $14,000,000, the road cost the French $17,500,000.

For twelve years the Panama Railroad remained under French ownership. It was in 1902, when France shook herself free forever from the shadow of De Lesseps's historic failure in the Panama jungles, that the American Government secured the railroad, together with the entire canal property and equipment, for

$40,000,000 — less than half of the value placed upon it by a conservative receiver!

Although both the Panama Railroad and Panama Canal are government institutions, a broad line separates the two. The former handles the dirt trains of the canal entirely in the relation of a lessee.

Nearly three million cubic yards of dirt are excavated by the canal-diggers every thirty days. Were it not for the Panama Railroad, the question of its disposal would make the task of the Isthmian Canal Commission an impossibility.

THE STEAM SHOVEL AT PANAMA

BY HUGH C. WEIR

[The idea of cutting the Isthmus of Panama by a canal is an old one, discussed as early as 1528. As time passed, it was brought forward by numerous persons, and many surveys were made. In 1878, a French company attempted to cut through the Isthmus, spent a large amount of money, and failed. A second attempt was also given up for lack of money. At length, the United States determined to undertake the work. Colombia refused to assent to a proposed treaty for the construction of the canal; and thereupon the province of Panama promptly seceded, and the United States with equal promptness recognized the new republic. A treaty was made at once, granting the right to make the canal. The French company was paid $40,000,000 for its property, and the canal was dug. The sanitary conditions of the Isthmus had been one of the worst obstacles which the French had had to encounter; but the United States paved the streets, drained the swamps, installed waterworks, and built sewers, and was so successful in its attempts to shut out yellow fever, malaria, and kindred diseases that Panama may almost be looked upon as a health resort.

The Editor.]

"All in?" called Peterson curtly over his shoulder. Bending forward, he switched the starting-gear into place, the car darted swiftly down the rails, and we were off.

We swung past the Culebra station, every moment adding to our speed. The morning air was whipping our faces with a pleasant, invigorating thrill, and the spirit of the swift dash was beginning to take firm hold of us.

Peterson slackened his pace as we neared the switch beyond and hurriedly crossed his hands out over the side of the car — the silent signal to the workmen ahead that he wished to change into the adjoining line. On his side Jim was duplicating the caution, which was soon to grow familiar to us.

It was at Whitehouse, a small dot of a station between Culebra and the neighboring point of Empire, that we again swerved our course, and Peterson cried, "We are entering the big cut now. Keep your eyes open, Jim!"

The need of the warning was soon apparent. Within the space of the next eight miles over one hundred locomotives were backing and switching, often barely grazing each other as they darted to and fro in the swirling mist of their own steam. A collision might come at any moment even with the experienced hand of Peterson guiding us.

Attached to scores of the engines were long rows of dirt cars, partially filled, every moment adding to their great loads of clay and rocks.

"There are more men killed on the Panama Railroad dodging dirt trains than from any other cause," Peterson grimly informed us. Which was pleasant intelligence, as we darted down past the bumping rows of swaying cars and they darted down past us, the motor and the trains really playing an exciting game of "hide-and-seek" or "prisoner's base."

The towering walls of Culebra Cut were now rising above us, their great rugged faces seeming to scowl in baffled rage at the army of sweating men below, who day by day were ploughing deeper and farther into their sides.

For centuries these great, swollen mountains had defied the assaults of men, laughing at their efforts to bore a passage through their rocky ridges. And now the men, in their turn, were laughing at the efforts of the bullying mountains to check their advance.

Have you ever studied the picture of a noted battle-field? Do you recall the thick clouds of smoke, the spurting cannon, the stacks of rifles, the heaps of dead and wounded men?

Change the field of battle to Culebra Cut. You will see the same thick, black clouds of smoke. Instead of the belching cannon, you will find a hundred times more deadly instrument in the giant dynamite blasts. The monster steam shovels, the great levelers and air-drillers, are the weapons of warfare, and the opposing forces are the armies of man and nature. It is not one battle, but a series of deadly battles, and they are all to the death.

Hundreds of men, thousands of men are before and behind and around us — black men, white men, yellow men, red men — men with their coats and shirts and collars off, with grimy hands and perspiring faces and straining shoulders — men to whom a dozen different languages might be addressed without finding their native tongues.

Over all tower the great, scowling cliffs, before you is the constant swirl of brown smoke, and on every side the screech of shrill locomotive whistles, the hoarse shouts of toiling men, the grinding crunch of the steam shovels.

Peterson turned suddenly as we worked our way in between the overhanging cliff walls — our speed was but

little more than a bare, zigzagging crawl — and cried crisply, "We 're coming to one of the largest steam shovels on the Isthmus. Do you want to stop?"

In answer to my nod, the motor paused, and I sprang out on to the ground, at close quarters with my first steam shovel.

If you can imagine pounds magnified to tons and can conceive of a monster iron scoop that can handle these tons as easily as you can handle an ordinary baseball, if you can picture such a gigantic machine so cleverly constructed that it is possible for one man to swing the great dipper where and when he pleases, you will have a dim framework of the American steam shovel as it is operating at the "Big Ditch." Can you go a step farther and imagine the man placed in such a position that he is hidden from view, the monster scoop seeming to work of its own accord — a great, rough creature of iron and steel suddenly given the power of life?

If you can, you will have an even better idea of what the steam shovel really is.

I clambered across onto the half-filled dirt train beside the motor that I might get a closer view. As I did so, the iron dipper struck a mammoth boulder half buried in the red clay below.

Deeper and deeper, its four iron teeth worked their way into the sticky mud at the base of the great stone. The boulder suddenly leaned over under the weight of the scoop and then, as I gasped, it was lifted bodily from the ground — wedged tightly between the gaping iron jaws. The shovel gave a terrific upward jerk, and almost before I realized it, the huge stone was being suspended in the air above my head.

"Jump!" shouted Peterson from the motor. "Great Scott, man, that boulder weighs twenty tons!"

I did n't wait for additional explanation. With the most rapid step I think I have ever made, I sprang to the ground, and none too soon.

The next moment the flap of the dipper opened, and the boulder dropped into the flat-car with a dull thud.

But it did n't stay. Hardly had it settled on the clay when it turned on its side, rolling ponderously toward the ground.

The steam shovel was n't idle, however. With a slow, awkward movement it again swung around, its iron edge striking the rock with a force that caromed it sharply over in the other direction. And then, as though the boulder were suddenly fired with electric energy, it plunged off toward the opposite end of the car, every instant gathering new force. Again the steam shovel worked around, and this time with a resounding jar dealt the giant slab of granite another blow.

The boulder's course was abruptly checked, but only momentarily. A third time it commenced to roll, plunging toward the ground with even greater velocity than before.

It was a thrilling crisis for the layman.

With a jerk as though it had gathered all of its energies for a final spurt, the great shovel pivoted about, hesitated as if measuring the most effective spot at which to strike, and literally grappled with its granite opponent.

The boulder's massive strength drew a ringing crash from the iron dipper, but it had brought up against an obstacle it could not move. It was vanquished. Slowly

the steam shovel withdrew, hovering in the neighborhood a moment, ready for another attack. But the stone was firmly lodged this time. The dipper had done its work well.

"How many miles of track would you guess have been laid on the Isthmus?" queried Peterson as our car threaded its way beyond a more than usually active row of dirt trains.

"Possibly a hundred," I suggested.

He laughed as he shook his head.

"You will have to multiply that number by four — and then add some," he rejoined. "There are four hundred and forty-eight miles of rails in Panama — in a distance of just forty-seven miles. In other words, we often have twelve and fifteen tracks in a row. There are fully this many before us now."

During a lull in the activity around me, I glanced at the cliff above. Its scarred, jagged surface showed nearly every color of the rainbow. Here was a surface of gray, there a bright scarlet hue, yonder a line of tan, to the left a dark slate color, below a flaming yellow — the blending outlines of the different strata of dirt uncovered in the ever-deepening excavations.

"There is the famous Gold Hill to our left," explained Peterson.

"Gold Hill?" I repeated.

"The point from which Balboa discovered the Pacific," the chauffeur added. "The ocean is twelve miles from here," he continued. "You can see it easily on a clear day — but I would n't care to have had Balboa's trip to reach it, eh?"

I wondered curiously what the explorer's feelings

would have been could he have pictured the present scene in Culebra Cut. Assuredly he would have termed the steam shovel a fabled giant lurking in the Panama wilderness like the dragons of old.

It was easy to see now that we were approaching the end of the great cut. The cliffs had broken off sharply, and the number of workmen had abruptly lessened. Peterson brought the car to a sudden halt, the turn-table was again brought into play, and we were switched off at right angles to begin our circling way back to Culebra through the dark undergrowth of the jungle.

THE TRIUMPH OF THE WIRELESS

[1909]

BY CAPTAIN J. B. RANSON, R.N.R.

On the morning of the disaster we had already made the Nantucket lightship by the submarine bell. The Baltic was inward bound for New York from Liverpool, and we were going at a reduced speed in a very heavy fog. We had located the lightship about midnight, and had proceeded about eighty miles to the westward. At 7.15 on that Saturday morning the wireless operator came rushing up to me on the bridge — he did not take time to write the message on the usual printed form, but had put it down on the first slip of paper he could lay his hands on — and handed me this message: "The Republic dangerously. Latitude 40.17 north; longitude 70 west." You can see from the wording of the message, from which some such word as "injured" is apparently omitted after the word "dangerously," in what urgent haste it was sent. It came from the wireless station at Siasconset, on the island of Nantucket. My first move was to throw the helm hard a-starboard and make for the position of the Republic with all possible speed. We knew her latitude and longitude, and our job was to find her in the thickest kind of a fog. At that time we were sixty-four miles from the position given us in the first message from the Republic, but of course she was drifting all the time, and during our twelve hours' search I estimate we traveled two hundred miles in our

zigzag course before we found her, and all within a sea area of ten square miles.

But before I go on with the story I might explain the three scientific methods which we employed in our hunt for the drifting Republic. These were wireless telegraphy, the submarine bell and telephone system, and Sir William Thompson's apparatus for sounding. Wireless telegraphy you are doubtless familiar with. Almost all passenger vessels, as well as naval ships, are supplied with it, and can communicate with each other or with the stations on land within a radius of two hundred miles. A wireless message cannot convey to you the definite position of a moving vessel. The electric waves from a wireless instrument move in a circle. It is like throwing a stone into the water, and the stronger you throw the stone the farther the wavelets go; so, if you get a distress call, the vessel sending it may be anywhere in any direction within a circle of two hundred miles, of which the sending vessel is the center. Of course a vessel in trouble can send her latitude and longitude, and that helps to locate her. But if you are in a fog and have lost your reckoning, wireless will not help you much in regard to the position of the land. But a submarine bell will. The Nantucket lightship, like all modern lightships in this country, Great Britain, and the Continent of Europe, has a submarine bell which is kept constantly ringing — by compressed air, I believe. The sound waves go out below the surface of the water and can be heard for a distance of seventeen miles by passing ships with the proper instruments installed. On my ship, for example, there are two apertures on either side of the bow which you might call submarine ears. They are connected by

wires with a telephone receiver on the bridge. By listening at this telephone and switching the instrument from the starboard "ear" to the port "ear" and back again, you can hear the faint tones of the lightship's submarine bell when you get in range of it. If the tone is louder through the starboard "ear" than through the port "ear," you know the lightship is on your starboard side. If the tone is exactly the same through both "ears," you know the lightship is dead ahead. This apparatus helped me greatly, as I shall explain later, in finding the Republic.

The third method I employed, in connection with the wireless telegraph and submarine bell, was Sir William Thompson's sounding apparatus. The Baltic was equipped with this appliance, and we could take soundings to the depth of one hundred fathoms while going at full speed. Employing the ordinary method of a sounding lead attached to a rope, you have to stop your ship dead to take a sounding. The modern sounding appliance is attached to a wire like a piano string, and it goes to the bottom, records the depth, and is hoisted to the deck again without the ship's speed being retarded a second. Moreover, the weight at the end of the wire is filled with a substance — often just common brown soap — to which some of the soil or sand or mud of the bottom of the sea sticks. An examination of this material, which is frequently described on the charts or is known from previous experience, helps to locate your position.

This explanation will enable you to understand a little better, perhaps, how we pursued the Republic all day long, like a hound on the scent, and finally found her, at about half-past six in the evening, after steering

and zigzagging about all day. The Republic's position, as I have already said, kept constantly changing in the fog, and as fast as I could get to a point of latitude and longitude noted in the last wireless message received, Captain Sealby on the Republic would have moved, involuntarily, of course, to another. I was getting wireless messages thick and fast all the time from Captain Sealby on the Republic, from the company's office in New York, via Siasconset, and from the other ships which had joined in the search for the Republic in response to the "C.Q.D." distress call, of which we have heard so much during the past few days. This is a general danger signal to all ships equipped with wireless apparatus within range, and warns them to be on the alert to render help if necessary. The initials "C.Q.D." may naturally be supposed to stand for "Come Quick! Danger!" The message I received was as follows: —

Hear general call and message repeated. Republic fifteen miles south of Nantucket light vessel. Requires immediate assistance. Do utmost to reach her.

SIASCONSET.

Among the ships responding to the "C.Q.D." message were the Lucania, La Lorraine, the Furnessia, the New York, the Gresham, and the Seneca, the latter two being United States Government vessels. You can easily imagine that our operator was kept pretty busy receiving these messages and sending them to the bridge, and that on the bridge we were kept busy, not merely responding to them by wireless replies, but changing the course of our ship in response to the directions or instructions which they gave. As a matter of fact, it may

literally be said that my ship, the Baltic, was steered some of the time by Captain Sealby on the Republic. For example, read these messages from Captain Sealby:

[Here Captain Ransom selected from a pile of a hundred or more telegrams written on the thin paper blanks of the Marconi Company the following despatches, apologizing for their somewhat bedraggled appearance, which he explained was due to the fog and rain that enveloped the Baltic's bridge, where they had been received and read. — *The Outlook Editors*.]

You are getting louder. Keep steering east-southeast. Listen for our ship's bell.

SEALBY.

Steer southeast now.

SEALBY.

But it was not only these direct instructions that helped me, which were received, of course, after we were near enough to the Republic so that she could hear our whistle and the bombs we were firing. Some of Captain Sealby's telegrams helped me by inference. For example, quite early in the day I received this wireless: —

Have picked up Nantucket by submarine bell bearing north-northeast. Sounding thirty-five fathoms.

SEALBY.

Now this gave me very important and useful information. I knew that the Nantucket lightship's bell could be heard by the submarine telephone not over seventeen miles, and that therefore the Republic must be within a radius of seventeen miles from the lightship. Consequently when I could not hear the submarine myself, I knew that I was outside of the Republic's position. In

the second place, I knew the Republic was in thirty-five fathoms of water. So we kept sounding continually, and as soon as we struck forty fathoms we changed our course to strike thirty-five fathoms, for I knew there was no use of our being in forty fathoms when they were in thirty-five; and so it was when we got near enough to the Republic for them to hear our whistle. When I received a message from Captain Sealby saying, "We heard your whistle, but it has gone out of range now," we immediately changed our course to get within range again. Here are some of the messages received during the day that indicate the kind of wireless conversation that was continually going on: —

Lucania says please listen for his four blasts.

Republic says we can hear a bomb to the west of us. Is it you?

La Lorraine says he hears Republic's bell, and is steering straight towards him.

La Lorraine says tell Captain Ransom we are blowing a *whistle*, not a horn. Please make as much noise as possible.

Have not heard Lucania, but she is still around. Am in touch with Lorraine.

SEALBY.

La Lorraine and Baltic ask Republic if he hears bell, bomb, or whistle. He replies he hears steamer's whistle, and thinks we both must be close to him.

BALTIC OPERATOR.

Republic operator says, "We are sinking rapidly." We are keeping everything clear and standing by for Republic's signals.

BALTIC OPERATOR.

CAPTAIN BALTIC: Am cruising round trying to locate you.

CAPTAIN LUCANIA.

CAPTAIN BALTIC: There is a bomb bearing northwest from me. Keep firing.

SEALBY.

Siasconset says hear from Republic; says to Baltic to hurry; they are sinking fast.

BALTIC OPERATOR.

Tell Captain Ransom steer northeast at once.

SEALBY.

Furnessia [which had turned round to render assistance] now thirty-five miles west Nantucket. Will take three hours to get back.

SIASCONSET.

CAPTAIN RANSOM: Can we be of any assistance? If not, will proceed to New York, as we have hardly enough coal to reach port.

You are very close now. Right a-beam. Come carefully. You are on your port side. Have just seen your rocket. You are very close to us.

SEALBY.

These messages, taken at random from scores of others, may seem somewhat matter-of-fact to you, but I can assure you they meant a good deal to us on the

bridge of the Baltic, and they indicate how we had to feel our way. After twelve hours' search, zigzagging and circling in the fog, changing our course as each new bit of information came by wireless, we at last found the Republic. We came within a hundred feet of the ship before we could see anything, and then we saw only the faint glare of a green light they were burning — like the illumination you burn on the Fourth of July. The ship's sidelights we could not distinguish, and that was why there was no real use in sending up rockets, although we did so constantly on the chance of their being seen. The passengers had already been taken aboard the Florida, so there was no anxiety about them. The Florida was still well afloat and there was no danger of her going down, so the first thing for us to do was to transfer the crew from the Republic to our ship. Later we steamed to the Florida and took off the passengers of both ships. As far as I could ascertain, the number taken from the Florida was 1516 people. There was quite a nasty sea running, and a thick fog. We went to leeward; we did not dare to go to windward of the Florida, as we should have been blown on top of her. The process of transfer was simple enough. We started at eleven o'clock on Saturday night, and the crews of the three ships, the Republic, the Florida, and the Baltic, rowed back and forth in the Republic's lifeboats, and finished the next morning about eight o'clock. Both passengers and crews behaved remarkably well, but I am sure it seemed to them a perfectly simple and natural thing to do, although of course somewhat uncomfortable. The unusual thing about it was that the Republic's passengers were transferred twice for reasons

of safety within a comparatively few hours, on the open sea and in small boats. This has never occurred before in my experience.

You ask why Captain Sealby felt that he must stick by his ship even at great personal risk. It is true that he and his second officer were the only ones on board when the Republic foundered, and were thrown into the sea and rescued with some difficulty on account of the darkness. They ran this risk, not in the least to indulge in pyrotechnics, for Captain Sealby is not that kind of a man, but for two very good reasons. First, it is a tradition of the sea that a captain must stick to his ship until the last hope is gone, and that then he must be the last one to leave her. In the second place, if he should abandon his ship even with the conviction that she was hopelessly lost, and then some other vessel or seaman should come along and save her, his own judgment could very easily be questioned, and his reputation as a resourceful and trustworthy commander would be irretrievably ruined. As to the work involved, it was hard for everybody concerned, but that is a part of the trade. During the time of the search I was where I had to be, of course, on the bridge. I went up about six o'clock on Friday morning and stayed there until we docked at one o'clock on Monday afternoon — about eighty hours. Food? My food was brought up to me. Sleep? Why, no, I was there on the bridge walking around. I could n't have slept even had I gone below. However, that is nothing unusual; we often have two or three days on the bridge without rest in bad weather, and the effect of that is usually that one cannot sleep for some time afterward. For instance, on Monday night,

after I got ashore and was free from all responsibility, I could not sleep.

Yes, all these modern appliances which aided us in our search for the Republic add greatly to the safety of passengers. These modern devices for safety in navigation correspond to the block signal system in railroad travel, Of course we have our lookout up in the crow's-nest, who calls out "All's well," just as the lookout did before modern safeguards were thought of. We have had the submarine bell apparatus on all the White Star ships for about five years. It is a comparatively recent invention. American? Yes, an American invention — from Boston, I believe.

I see no reason to think that we have reached the climax of invention for safety devices in navigation. There is always something new. Who would have thought ten years ago of wireless messages to be used in saving life at sea? Nobody dreamed of it; and it is quite possible to conceive that other discoveries may be made of equal benefit to navigation.

THE NATIONAL RED CROSS AT WORK

BY CONSTANCE D. LEUPP

EARLY in the afternoon of Tuesday, March 25 [1913], the telephone bell rang in the office of the National Red Cross at the War Department in Washington.

"Miss Boardman," said a man's voice, "this is the office of the Associated Press. The Miami River is rising in Ohio, and the town of Dayton is partly under water. Other rivers are rising, and it looks as if there might be serious trouble."

Miss Mabel Boardman, Chairman of the National Relief Board of the American National Red Cross, ascertained the meager details, rang off, dictated a telegram to Governor Cox, of Ohio, asking if he needed help, and turned her attention back to the really serious situation in tornado-swept Omaha.

Governor Cox telegraphed back his thanks, but said the trouble was not serious. Then followed three telegrams in quick succession the same afternoon, saying that matters were getting worse, the water was still rising, there were already many deaths, and that the State would be glad to have the assistance of the National Red Cross.

The officers were not taken unawares; they never are, for their object in life is to lie in ambush awaiting the unexpected. And the machinery of the Red Cross is a very perfect, well-oiled piece of mechanism that can be set in motion by the pressing of one lever at headquarters.

To be sure, the Director-General, Mr. Ernest P. Bicknell, had started twenty-four hours before for Nebraska; it was problematical what he would do when he heard the "C.Q.D." from Ohio, and he was out of reach of the telegraph. To insure a director on the scene of action in both places, the ever-vigilant Miss Boardman telegraphed Mr. Lies, of Chicago, to proceed to Omaha, and Mr. Edmonds, of Cincinnati, to take charge in Dayton pending Mr. Bicknell's arrival.

So much, and a good deal more, was already accomplished before people of the country at large learned through the morning papers of Wednesday, the 26th, that a fearful calamity had overtaken Ohio.

By that time a rescue party had been detailed and was hurrying towards each threatened district along the rivers that were still rising with terrifying rapidity. These were no armies of well-meant, unskilled volunteers, but trained bands of emergency workers, doctors and nurses, each under a competent general who had dropped his regular work at the Red Cross call to arms. Whatever you do every day for your living, if you are on the Red Cross emergency roll — if, in other words, you are allowed to help in time of trouble — it means that you are among the elect of your kind.

On the afternoon of the 26th the office of the Red Cross in the War Department is a particularly peaceful-looking spot. A casual glance around would never lead the uninitiated to suspect that the greatest disaster this generation has known is in progress, and that the relief work is being directed from this little room.

At her desk sits Miss Boardman with her hat still on, alternately dictating telegrams and conversing on the

long-distance telephone all up and down the Atlantic seacoast. A secretary is ticking a typewriter, another is being interviewed by a reporter in a corner, and an army officer is calmly reading in the afternoon paper a highly colored and brilliantly imaginative account of the news from the front.

A messenger boy enters with a telegram and leans negligently against the desk with the vacuous expression that sits eternally on the face of the messenger boy. There are no floods, no wars for him; just an everlasting round of dodging in and out of elevators with despatches.

Miss Boardman tears the telegram open, glances it over hastily, calls up the Associated Press and gives over the telephone the news that brings forth an "extra" within an hour in cities all over the country. A message has actually come through from the beleaguered, burning city of Dayton — a cry for help has come at last over the one intact wire that spans the flood.

It is not much in the way of news; but the American people want everything there is; and the Red Cross is glad to give it to them, for where, but to the generosity of these same American people, does the Red Cross look for the money and provisions with which to carry on the work of relief?

Mr. Edmonds has telegraphed from Dayton that he needs cooked food, clothing, bedding, doctors, and nurses.

"No tents?" asks the reporter, and is informed that the Secretary of War has dispatched those long ago from the nearest posts.

From Akron Miss Gladwin, Chairman of the local Red Cross Nursing Association, has proceeded with a

staff of eighteen nurses to report at Columbus to Major Fauntleroy, who is the army medical officer in charge of the division hospital being assembled there. Major Fauntleroy has a staff of eight army surgeons besides the equipment, which, though consisting of tents and fittings which can be packed and carried to the battlefield, is as complete as that of any hospital.

Thirty nurses from the near-by towns are already at Dayton, and Cincinnati is to send ten more. Mr. James Jackson, of Cleveland, has taken charge at Piqua and Sidney.

Dr. Edward T. Devine, of New York, has telephoned that he is ready to report for duty anywhere he is wanted. Ordinarily the Red Cross makes requisitions on its near-by members; but Dr. Devine grew up near the scene of the present disaster, and, besides being at home there, he is particularly valuable because of his experience in San Francisco, at the sinking of the Slocum and the Titanic, and at the Triangle fire, so Miss Boardman asks him to go to Columbus and report to the Governor.

The Cincinnati and Cleveland Red Cross chapters are instructed to go ahead and raise funds and supplies.

Telegrams have been dispatched to the Governors of all the States, to the Red Cross State Boards and to local chapters, appealing to all for aid. In other words, the Red Cross is calling out all the reserves, which is a most unusual procedure even in very grave situations; this means an appeal for money and supplies published in every daily paper in the United States. On the morrow the money will come rolling in, and the little band of workers in the home office will have plenty of book-

keeping and receipt-writing, besides the work of holding themselves constantly responsive to the outside world by telephone and telegrams. Letter-writing has become a lost art; the typewriters are used only to write out dispatches.

At half-past four Miss Boardman rises and pulls down the roller top of her desk.

"Mr. McGee, will you get out the atlas and look up all the large towns near the flooded district where we have n't chapters, and wire the mayors for aid?" She waves a handful of telegrams. "Oh, and this telegraphing is going to be a big expense to us; better ask the companies for free service." There is a tradition that no soulless corporation has ever refused one of these requests from the Red Cross.

"Here are two checks that came in to-day from people in the city," she continues. "Will you please send them to Mr. Reeside, so that the district committee may have the credit for them on their books? And here," handing a slip of paper to her secretary, "is where I can be reached from eight until ten-thirty, and at this house from ten-thirty to twelve; before and after that at home."

And Miss Boardman draws on her gloves and pulls down her veil with the unruffled composure of one who has just completed a routine day's work. To-morrow will bring complications of a different kind, she knows, for, besides the bookkeeping and care of the money, there will be many blundering, well-meant offers of help — out-of-the-way towns which have collected supplies and do not know how to forward them; theatrical companies who will give their services if she will make

the arrangements, etc.; and these things must not be allowed to clog the smooth perfection of the machinery which is working to fill the greatest needs of the stricken communities in the shortest possible time.

Now a word about the machinery itself.

In 1905 the Red Cross was reorganized and put on its present basis. The President of the United States is always its President, and the executive officers make their headquarters in the capital. Miss Boardman is the Chairman of the National Relief Board, and Mr. Bicknell is the National Director, which means that he has charge in the field when the disaster is serious enough to require National aid.

Small disasters are handled by the local organizations. The Governor of each State is the President of the State Board, which consists of six or eight well-known business and professional men who have charge of raising funds and supplies locally. This board has nothing whatsoever to do with the relief work, which is in the charge of the institutional members. These institutional members are all of them charity organizations, and the best and most efficient of their kind. Less than twenty in the whole country qualify for membership, but these are geographically widely scattered. An officer, ordinarily the secretary, of the institutional member nearest the scene of the disaster is the first one to proceed thither. He takes charge of the relief work, but never has the task of raising money. Besides the staff of trained workers in his own society to call upon for aid, he is also chariman of a committee consisting of a member from each of the other active charity and social organizations within the city. In addition to the State

boards and the institutional members, there are the local chapters in smaller places.

All this sounds much more complicated than it really is, for when a call to arms comes each steps into his appointed place and does his prearranged task.

For instance, when the office in Washington first hears of a disaster, a telegram is sent at once to the Governor of the State where it occurs to find out if the State can handle it or if National help is wanted. At a request for National aid the President promptly issues a proclamation and appeal, and this is followed by the appeals of the Governors if deemed necessary. The money collected locally is sent to Washington, and from there to the Governor of the afflicted State.

Four thousand nurses, living and practicing all over the country, are at the service of the Red Cross. A register of these nurses is kept in every large city throughout the country, so that the chairman in charge has only to send for those nearest at hand. A nurse who is on a case when a summons comes is of course excused, but must hold herself in readiness for a summons as soon as she is off duty, if the crisis is not then passed.

Perhaps half of the graduate nurses of the country could not qualify for the Red Cross register. Besides requiring a degree from a good school, this stern taskmaster requires two years of active experience, personal integrity, very sound physique, and a devotion which will make the nurses willing to come for just half the regular fees, the Red Cross in this accepting the rate of pay in vogue for the army nurses.

Understudies are everywhere provided throughout this marvelous system, so that nothing is thrown out of

GETTYSBURG FIFTY YEARS AFTER

GETTYSBURG FIFTY YEARS AFTER

For the fiftieth anniversary of the battle of Gettysburg a mighty reunion of Union and Confederate veterans was planned. Lindley M. Garrison, Secretary of War, said: "Thousands and tens of thousands of former foes are here gathered together in brotherly union. You who first met upon this field to vie with each other in doing hurt, the one to the other, now meet here to outvie each other in deeds of kindness and friendship and love. History holds no parallel."

In the battle of 1863, at the "Bloody Angle," formed by a break in the stone wall, "the men of Pickett and Pettigrew were jammed together and enfiladed after they had charged across the valley from Seminary Ridge, which faces Cemetery Ridge. There, though smashed to pieces by Hancock's pitiless fire, the heroic rebels broke over the stone wall, and Armistead laid his hand on a Union cannon and fell dead. They call it 'the high-water mark of the rebellion.'"

At the reunion, "When it came to be three o'clock, the time when they made that other charge, Pickett's men again crowded their way through the thick underbrush and made their way up the hill. All along the stone wall eager hands bent down to help them up the wall. In every face that bent above them from the stone wall was an eager, welcoming smile, and over them, as they reached it, floated a great flag, the flag of the United States, with forty-eight stars in it. . . . Hancock's men pulled them over the wall, and instantly the formation was gone. The blue and the gray were huddled indiscriminately together in the Bloody Angle, clapping each other on the back and telling each other how thankful they were that they had lived to see this day."

gear even when the National Director is lost. It is miraculously free from red tape. For years now it has in times of peace prepared for war; but it stands armed and vigilant against the elements rather than against a human foe.

"AMERICA FOR ME"

BY HENRY VAN DYKE

'T IS fine to see the Old World, and travel up and down
Among the famous palaces and the cities of renown,
To admire the crumbly castles, and the statues of the kings; —
But now I think I've had enough of antiquated things.

So it's home again, and home again, America for me!
My heart is turning home again, and there I long to be,
In the land of youth and freedom beyond the ocean bars,
Where the air is full of sunlight and the flag is full of stars.

Oh, London is a man's town, there's power in the air;
And Paris is a woman's town, with flowers in her hair;
And it's sweet to dream in Venice, and it's great to study Rome;
But when it comes to living there is no place like home.

I like the German fir-woods, in green battalions drilled;
I like the gardens of Versailles with flashing fountains filled;
But, oh, to take your hand, my dear, and ramble for a day
In the friendly western woodland where Nature has her way!

AMERICA FOR ME

I know that Europe's wonderful, yet something seems
to lack:
The Past is too much with her, and the people looking
back.
But the glory of the Present, is to make the Future
free; —
We love our land for what she is, and what she is to be.

Oh, it's home again, and home again, America for me!
I want a ship that's westward bound to plough the rolling
sea,
To the blessèd Land of Room Enough beyond the ocean
bars,
Where the air is full of sunlight and the flag is full of stars.

END OF VOLUME XIII

INDEXES

INDEX OF TITLES AND ILLUSTRATIONS

The main divisions by countries, and the sub-divisions by periods, are indicated in capital letters thus: (KINGDOMS OF CHALDÆA AND ASSYRIA, THE, II, 461). Figures in full-face type (thus: **234**) refer to the illustrations.

Abdication of Charles V, The, v, 493.
Abraham Davenport, XIII, 61.
Admiral Peary in his North Pole Costume, VIII, **546**.
Advancing upon the Enemy, III, 475.
ADVENTURES IN THE AFRICAN JUNGLE, III, 399.
ADVENTURES IN THE FROZEN NORTH, VIII, 487.
Adventures of Columbus off the Coast of Trinidad, The, XI, 345.
Adventures of Yao Chen-yuan, The, I, 239.
Æneas at Carthage, III, 268.
Æneas at the Court of Dido, III, **276**.
AFGHANISTAN, II, 273.
AFRICA, NORTHERN, III, 265.
AFRICA, SOUTH, III, 435.
AFRICA, WESTERN AND CENTRAL, III, 371.
After the Battle of Szolnok, VI, **347**.
After the Rebellion of 1641, X, 466.
AGE OF CHIVALRY, THE (Portugal), V, 551.
Alabama Dressmaking in the Days of the Blockade, XIII, 390.
Alexander the Great, IV, 189.
Alexander the Great in India, II, 83.
Al Mahdi and the Two Wishes, III, 509.
Al Mansur, Builder of Bagdad, and the Poet, III, 505.
Al Mansur rebuked, III, 507.
AMERICA, XIII, 67.
America after the Civil War, XIII, 432.
"America for Me," XIII, 560.
American Colony in Brazil, An, XI, 394.
American Revolution in Holland, The, VII, 421.
Amusements of an Eastern King, The, II, 196.
Ancient Church of Gol, The, VIII, **76**.
Andersen, Hans Christian, as a Boy, VIII, 310.
Andreas Hofer rallying the Tyrolean Mountaineers, VI, **344**.
Angels of Buena Vista, The, XI, 519.
ANGLO-SAXON INVASIONS, THE, IX, 59.
Anne of Brittany and her Court, V, 217.
Antony and Cleopatra, III, **204**.
Aphrodite, In the Temple of, 129.
Apostle to Greenland, The, VIII, 427.
Appeal of Anne Askew, The, IX, 464.
Appeal of Lady Chang, The, I, 136.
Appeal to Cæsar, An, VII, 7.
ARABIA, III, 385.
Arabian Horsemen in Battle, III, **536**.
Archery Contest, The, IX, 262.
Argentine Independence, XI, 425.
ARGENTINE REPUBLIC, THE, XI, 423.
Armada, The, IX, 546.
Arrival of Æneas in Italy, The, IV, 245.
Arrival of "The King's Maids," The, XII, 124.
Artist in Flowers, An, I, 419.
ARYANS, THE COMING OF THE, II, I.
Asphalt Lake of Trinidad, The, XI, 369.
Assassination of Julius Cæsar, The, IV, 375.
Assassination of William the Silent, The, VII, 328.
Attack of the Ice, The, VIII, 538.
Attack on the Bashi-Bazouks, An, VI, 421.
Attack on Quebec, The, XI, 122.
Attack upon Port Arthur, The, I, 452.
At the Funeral of Cæsar, IV, 380.
At the Guillotine, V, 327.
At the Olympian Games, IV, 62.
At the Siege of Adrianople, VI, 436.
At the South Pole, VIII, 574.
Audience Chamber of the Shah, The, II, **449**.
August Morning with Farragut, An, XIII, **frontispiece**.
AUGUSTAN AGE, THE (China), I, 63.
AUGUSTAN AGE, THE (Rome), IV, 391.
Augustus, The Shrewd Young Emperor, IV, 393.
AUSTRALIA, I, 477.
AUSTRIA-HUNGARY, VI, 251.
"Ave Cæsar," IV, **490**.
AWAKENING OF JAPAN, THE, I, 425.
AZTECS, STORIES OF THE, XI, 477.

BABYLON THE MAGNIFICENT, II, 487.
BAGDAD, STORIES OF THE CALIPHS OF, III, 503.
Balaclava, X, **194**.
Balboa, XI, 459.
BALKAN STATES, THE, VI, 410.

INDEX OF TITLES AND ILLUSTRATIONS

Ballad of Agincourt, The, IX, 410.
BALLADS AND LEGENDS OF EARLY SCOTLAND, X, 227.
Balloon Search for the North Pole, A, VIII, 535.
Baptism of Edwin, The, IX, 94.
Barbarossa, VII, 50.
"Bargain" Purchase of the Louisiana Territory, The, XIII, 110.
Barro Buddor, an Ancient Temple of Java, I, 562.
Baron of Raron and the "Mazze," The, VII, 523.
Baron Steuben drilling the Colonial Troops at Valley Forge, XIII, 4.
Battle Hymn of the Republic, XIII, 301.
Battle of Austerlitz, The, VI, 336.
Battle of Crécy, The, V, 175.
Battle of Evesham, The, IX, 309.
Battle of Eylau, The, V, 347.
Battle of Hastings, The, IX, 155.
Battle of Ivry, The, V, 237.
Battle of Lake Erie, XIII, 148.
Battle of Lundy's Lane, The, XI, 158.
Battle of Marathon, The, IV, 79.
Battle of Naseby, The, X, 42.
Battle of Santiago, The, XIII, 488.
Battle of the Baltic, The, X, 165.
Battle of the Boyne, The, X, 494.
Battle of the Crater, Petersburg, XIII, 406.
Battle of the Pyramids, The, III, 215.
Battle-Song of Gustavus Adolphus, The, VIII, 182.
"Beggars" of Holland, The, VII, 305.
Belisarius, IV, 564.
Beloved Queen Wilhemina, The, VII, 458.
Belshazzar, II, 509.
Benjamin Disraeli, X, 199.
Benjamin Franklin before the House of Commons, XII, 429.
Benvenuto Cellini, A Goldsmith of the Sixteenth Century, V, 63.
Besieging a Roman Camp, VII, 281.
Beth Gelert; or the Grave of the Greyhound, X, 563.
Betrothal of Princess Philippa, The, V, 570.
Bier-right, The, X, 305.
Binding of Feet, The, I, 73.
Birchleg's carrying King Hakon, VIII, 88.
Bishop Hatto and his Mouse Tower, VII, 67.
Bismarck in the Reichstag and at Home, VII, 253.
Blackbeard, the Last of the Pirates, XII, 506.
Black Hole of Calcutta, The, II, 157.
Blood-bath of Stockholm, The, VIII, 151.
Boadicea, IX, 44.
Boinnis Glacier and River, VIII, 28.
BOLIVIA, XI, 315.
Bombardment of Fort Sumter, The, XIII, 295.
Bonaparte before the Sphynx, III, 228.
Boniface and the Oak of Thor, VII, 23.
Book of Kells, The, X, 435.
Bore of the Bay of Fundy, The, XI, 253.
BORNEO, I, 563.
Borodino, VI, 117.
Boston Hymn, XIII, 347.
Boston Massacre, The, XII, 440.
Boston Tea-Party, The, XII, 445.
"Boston Tea-Party" in China, A, I, 194.
Bout between the Poets, The, IV, 145.
Boyhood of Raleigh, The, IX, 518.
Boy Philosopher, The, I, 131.
Braddock's Defeat, XII, 350.
BRAZIL, XI, 377.
Bridge of Sighs, The, V, 73.
Bringing Home the Body of Charles XII, VIII, 208.
"Broadcloth Mob" of Boston, The, XIII, 261.
Bruce at Bannockburn, X, 295.
Brumaire, The, 18th, V, 346.
Brutus condemning his Sons to Death, IV, 268.
"Bubbles" of the Reign of King George I, The, X, 126.
BUDDHA AND HIS TEACHINGS, II, 25.
Buddha and the Lamb, II, 38.
Buddha and the Wounded Swan, II, 31.
Building of Stonehenge, The, IX, 3.
Building of the Bridge of Tus, The, II, 381.
Building the Pyramids, III, 68.
Burgoyne's Surrender, XII, 526.
Burial March of Dundee, The, X, 375.
Burial of De Soto in the Mississippi River, XII, 49.
Burial of Sir John Moore, The, X, 173.
Burning of Moscow, The, VI, 121.
Burning of Njal, The, VIII, 369.
Burning of the Philadelphia, The, XIII, 88.
Burning of the Temple, The, II, 596.
Burning of the Vanities, The, V, 55.
Burns, John, of Gettysburg, XIII, 384.

Cable Hymn, The, XI, 251.
Caesar at the Height of His Power, IV, 371.
CAESAR, JULIUS, IV, 367.
CALIFORNIA, XIII, 229.
Caliph and "The Man with the Stew," The, III, 522.
Caliph and the Poet of the Barmeks, The, III, 517.
Call on Lady Washington in 1780, A, XIII, 50.
Calling a Minister Three Hundred Years ago, XII, 256.
Camp Life in India, II, 224.
Campaign through the Water, A, XII, 549.
Campaign under Marlborough, A, X, 93.
CANADA, XI, 1.
CANADA BECOMES A BRITISH PROVINCE, XI, 101.
Canada of the Future, XI, 271.
Canadian Boat Song, A, XI, 185.
Canadian Northwest Mounted Police The, XI, 230.
CANADIAN NORTHWEST, THE, XI, 211.

INDEX OF TITLES AND ILLUSTRATIONS

Canadians on the Nile, The, XI, 180.
Captain Cook, The Last Voyage of, I, 510.
Captain Cuellar of the Armada and His Troubles, V, 508.
Captain Scott's Last Message, XIII, 581.
Captivity of Mrs. Mary Rowlandson, The, XII, 304.
Capture of a Redoubt, The, XI, 217.
Capture of Deerfield, The, XII, 325.
Capture of Major André, The, XIII, 14.
Capture of Marstrand, The, VIII, 296.
Capture of William Wallace, The, X, 277.
Cardinal Richelieu and his Enemy, V, 241.
Cardinal Wolsey going in Procession, IX, 450.
Cargador of Guatemala, The, XI, 469.
Carrying a Message to General Lee, XIII, 410.
Cartier, Jacques, at Quebec, XI, 8.
Castle Builders of the Reign of Stephen, The, IX, 223.
CENTRAL AMERICA, XI, 451.
Century of Unrest, A (Scotland), X, 361.
Ceremony of Dervishes at Scutari, VI, 574.
Chaldæans and their Ways, The, II, 463.
Challenge of Paulus, The, V, 430.
Challenge of the Rattlesnake Skin, The, XII, 167.
Champlain and the Imposter Vignan, XI, 32.
Charge at El Caney, The, XIII, 488.
Charge of the Light Brigade, The, X, 193.
Charge with Prince Rupert, A, X, 24.
Chariot Race, The, IV, 73.
Charlemagne, Emperor of the West, V, 162.
Charles I insulted by Soldiers, X, 46.
Chase of Slieve Cullinn, The, X, 412.
Chaucer at the Court of Edward III, IX, frontpiece.
Cherry Tree of the Sixteenth Day, The, I, 463.
Chief Nicaragua and the Spaniards, XI, 462.
Child who defended Castle Dangerous, The, XI, 71.
Childhood of Charles V, The: a Reading by Erasmus, VII, 302.
Childhood of Frederick the Great, The, VII, 154.
Children of Edward IV, The, IX, 430.
Children's Crusade, The, II, 620; II, 623.
Child's First Lessons, The, I, 222.
CHILE, XI, 315.
Chillon, The Prison of, VII, 548.
CHINA, I, 1.
Chinese City at the End of the Thirteenth Century, A, I, 122.
CHINESE FABLES AND TALES, I, 129.
Chinese Punishments, I, 181.
Chinese Theater, The, I, 85.
Choctaw Holiday, A, XIII, 437.
Choosing a Wife for the Son, VI, 567.
Christ of the Andes, The, XI, 341.
Christian Martyrs in the Arena, The, IV, 462.
Christians, How to treat the, IV, 454.
Christmas of 496, The, V, 143.
Cicero denouncing Catiline in the Roman Senate, IV, 368.
Cid and the Leper, The, V, 446.
Cimabue, The Father of Painting, V, 77.
City in the Lake, The, IX, 13.
Civil Service Examination, Questions from a, I, 231.
Civil Service Examinations in China, I, 223.
"Clermont's" First Advertisement, The, XIII, 104.
CLIFF DWELLERS OF THE SOUTHWEST, THE, XII, 53.
Climbing Mount Hekla, VIII, 392.
Coaling at Sea, VI, 226.
COLOMBIA, XI, 343.
Colonnade of the Temple of Rameses III, Thebes, III, 74.
COLONIES WIN THEIR FREEDOM, THE, XIII, 1.
Columbus, XII, 9.
Columbus at the Court of Spain, V, 482.
Coming of Charlemagne, The, V, 3.
Coming of Louis XVIII, The, V, 353.
Coming of Philip II, The, IX, 488.
COMING OF THE ARYANS, THE, II, 1.
COMING OF THE BARBARIANS, THE (Rome), IV, 533.
Coming of the Comet, The, VI, 460.
Coming of the Kalmucks, The, I, 177.
Coming of the Maid of Orleans, The, V, 186.
COMING OF THE MISSIONARIES, THE, I, 145.
Coming of the Pilgrims, The XII, 161.
COMING OF THE SEA ROVERS, THE (England), IX, 97.
COMING OF THE SPANIARDS, THE (Mexico), XI, 493.
COMING OF THE TARTARS, THE, I, 77.
Coming of the Tartars, The, VI, 253.
Coming of Will Adams to Japan, The, I, 325.
Command of Maria Theresa, The, VI, 327.
CONFUCIUS AND HIS TIMES, I, 11.
Congress and Valley Forge, XIII, 3.
Conquest of Siberia, The, VI, 161.
Conquest of Rameses II, III, 10.
Conspiracy of Pontiac, The, XII, 366.
Constantine the Great, IV, 526.
Constantinople, A City built to Order, VI, 455.
Consulting the Man in the Moon, III, 428.
Contest between Horatii and the Curiatii, The, 261.
Contest of the Master-singers, The, VII, 109.
Contrary Land, VII, 433.
Converted Britains, The, IX, 58.
Copan, XI, 458.

CORONATION AND THREE WARS, A (Russia), VI, 199.
Coronation Durbar of 1911, The, II, 248.
Coronation of Alexander II, The, VI, 201.
Coronation of Charlemagne, The, V, 162.
Coronation of Charles VII at Rheims, The, V, 192.
Coronation of George V, The, X, 216.
Coronation of Henry IV, The, IX, 395.
Coronation of Inez de Castro, The, V, 565.
Coronation of Robert Bruce, The, X, 283.
Country and Customs of the Scythians, The, 14.
Country House of Pliny the Younger, The, IV, 484.
Country Life in the Days of the Plantagenets, IX, 380.
Coureur-de-Bois, The, XI, 99.
Court of Justice of General Gomez, The, XI, 568.
Cranmer at the Traitors' Gate, IX, 500.
Crœsus showing Solon his Treasures, II, 302.
Cromwell in Whitehall, X, 60.
Cromwell visiting Milton, X, 74.
Crossing an African Bridge, III, 423.
Crossing of the Beresina River, The, VI, 126.
Crossing of the Douro, The, V, 535.
Crossing of the Little Belt, The, VIII, 183.
Crusaders before Jerusalem, The, II, 610.
CRUSADES, THE, II, 603.
Csikos Race, A, VI, 408.
Cuba to Columbia, XIII, 481.
Cutting of the Aqueduct, The, III, 278.
Cutting out of the "Caroline," The, XI, 163.

Dancing Dervishes, The, VI, 573.
Danger from Macedonia, IV, 185.
Daniel the Fearless, II, 502.
DANTE AND HIS AGE, V, 27.
Dante's Vision of Heaven, V, 29.
Dara, II, 378.
Davenport, Abraham, XIII, 61.
Day in Florence, in the Thirteenth Century, A, V, 19.
Day of the Evacuation of Richmond, The, XIII, 407.
Day with Catherine the Great, A, VI, 111.
Day with the German Emperor, A, VII, 269.
DAYS OF DECLINE (Persia), II, 363.
Death of Alexander the Great, The, IX, 204.
Death of Balder, The, VIII, 20.
Death of Cleopatra, The, III, 205.
Death of General Gordon at Khartoum, The, III, 240.
Death of Jeanne d'Arc, The, V, 193.
Death of King Philip, The, XII, 318.
Death of Louis XIV, The, V, 270.
Death of Napoleon, The, V, 386.
Death of Socrates, The, IV, 177.
Death of the Chevalier Bayard, The, V, 223.
Death of Washington, The, XIII, 78.
Death of Winkelried, The, VII, 515.
Declaration of Independence, The, XII, 503.
Decline of the Mogul Empire, The, II, 143.
Defeat of the Jomsburg Vikings, The, VIII, 123.
Defense of Champigny, The, V, 406.
Defense of Fort Moultrie, The, XII, 494.
Deification of Homer, The, IV, 22.
Deliverance of Prague, The, VI, 271.
DENMARK, VIII, 223.
Departure of King Sebastian, The, V, 615.
Departure of the Pilgrims from Holland, XII, 160.
Destruction of Jerusalem, The, II, 579.
Destruction of Pompeii, The, IV, 441.
Destruction of Sennacherib, The, II, 484.
Detail of Temple at Brambanan, I, 562.
Devastation of Saint Vitus's Church, The, VI, 287.
Devil's Bridge over the Reuss, The, VII, 476.
Diamond Fields of South Africa, The, III, 437.
Diego Perez, "the Pounder," V, 444.
Dining with the Sultana, VI, 511.
Diplomatic Correspondence between the United States and China, A, I, 257.
Dirge of Jenghiz Khan, The, I, 97.
Discoverer of the North Cape, The, VIII, 31.
DISCOVERY (The United States), XII, 1.
DISCOVERY AND EXPLORATION (Canada), XI, 1.
Discovery of Brazil, The, XI, 379.
Discovery of the North Pole, The, VIII, 546.
Disraeli, Benjamin, X, 199.
Division of Poland, The, VI, 157.
Division of the Reward, The, III, 520.
Dr. Johnson in the Anteroom of Lord Chesterfield, X, 136.
Dog and the Wolf, The, VI, 381.
Dom Pedro II, The Exiled Emperor, XI, 389.
Dream and Reality, a Buddhist Story, I, 56.
Dream of Maxen Wledig, The, X, 555.
Dress of a Little Boston Girl in 1772, The, XII, 424.
Drummer Boy at Gettysburg, A, XIII, 367.
Du Chaillu the First, King of the Apingi, III, 432.
Dying Gladiator, The, IV, 461.

Early Business Days in San Francisco, XIII, 254.
Early Egyptian Picture-Writing, III, 7.

INDEX OF TITLES AND ILLUSTRATIONS

EARLY HISTORY (Arabia), III, 385.
Earthquake of Lisbon, The, V, 618.
Edict of William the Testy, XII, 218.
Edinburgh after Flodden Field, X, 324.
EGYPT, III, 1.
Egyptian Experiment, An, III, 30.
Eighteenth Century Voyage down the Hudson River, An, XII, 416.
Eisteddfod, The, X, 601.
Election of Frederick Barbarossa, The, 38.
Electric Wind of the Desert, The, III, 389.
Elixir of Life, The, I, 132.
Elizabeth signing the Death Warrant of Mary Queen of Scots, X, frontispiece.
Elopement of Ferdinand and Isabella, The, V, 453.
Emancipation of the Serfs, The, VI, 208.
Emmet's Grave, X, 505.
Emperor and the Musician, The, I, 163.
Emperor Maximilian receiving the Venetian Embassy, The, VI, 284.
Emperor Nero on the Stage, The, IV, 431.
EMPERORS OF MEDIÆVAL GERMANY, VII, 29.
EMPIRE OF THE NORTH, THE (Canada), XI, 249.
END OF THE STRUGGLE, THE (The United States), XIII, 405.
Endicott and the Red Cross, XII, 175.
ENGLAND, IX, 1; X, 1.
England Under The First Three GEORGES, X, 121.
England's Reconciliation with Rome, IX, 497.
Enterprising Missionary, An, I, 147.
EQUADOR, XI, 315.
Eruption of Mont Pelée, The, XI, 563.
Escape of Hugo de Groot, The, VII, 369.
Escape of Maud from the Castle at Oxford, The, IX, 213.
Escape of the American Minister from Paraguay, The, XI, 406.
Escaping from a Glacier, VIII, 478.
Escurial, The, V, 498.
Eskimos and their Ways, The, VIII, 455.
Evening of the Battle of Waterloo, V, 384.
Everyday Life in the Early Colonies, XII, 395.
Excommunicated, V, 12.
Execution of Atahuallpa, The, XI, 302.
Execution of Louis XVI, The, V, 309.
Execution of Montrose, The, X, 373.
Execution of the "Twelve-Days Queen," The, IX, 477.
Execution wall, Havana, XI, 568.
Exile of the Acadians, The, XI, 103.
EXPLORATION AND DISCOVERY (Portugal), V, 583.
Exploring the Louisiana Territory, XIII, 115.

Fables by Ramakrishma, a Brahman Saint of To-day, II, 245.
Faded Flower, The, I, 318.
Fair of Nijni-Novgorod, The, VI, 248.
Faithfulness, I, 318.
Fall of Babylon, The, II, 511.
Fall of Cardinal Wolsey, The, IX, 451.
Fall of Carthage, The, III, 287.
Fall of Constantinople, The, VI, 480.
Fall of "King Monmouth," The, X, 84.
Fall of Quebec, The, XI, 114.
Fall of Queen Caroline Matilda, The, VIII, 299.
Fall of Robespierre, The, V, 334.
Fall of Sejanus, The, IV, 419.
Fall of the Bastille, The, X, 286.
Fall of the City of Mexico, The, XI, 512.
Fall of the Monastery at Croyland, The, IX, 99.
Fall of Veii, The, IV, 313.
False Czar, The, VI, 65.
Family of Darius at the Feet of Alexander the Great, The, II, 368.
Famous Victory of Charles Martel, The, V, 155.
Farewell of the Greenlanders, The, VIII, 465.
Fate of Mary, Queen of Scots, The, X, 351.
Fate of Sir John Franklin, The, VIII, 531.
Father Damien, The Missionary to the Lepers, I, 526.
Fer-de-Lance of Martinique, The, XI, 558.
Festival of Saint Nicholas, The, VII, 440.
Field of the Cloth of Gold, The, IX, 445.
Fifteen Hundred Miles on Floating Ice, VIII, 498.
Fight at Lovewell's Pond, The, XII, 333.
Fight between the Serapis and the Bonne Homme Richard, XII, 588.
Fight with the Invincible Armada, The, IX, 551.
Fight with the Swedish Frigate, The, VIII, 294.
Finding Pharoah, III, 163.
Finn Blood, VIII, 91.
Fire Mountains of Iceland, The, VIII, 387.
First Ascent of the Matterhorn, The, VII, 572.
First Australian Colonists, The, I, 477.
First Day of the Revolution, The, XII, 463.
First Expedition of Edward III against the Scots, The, IX, 337.
First Inauguration Day, The, XIII, 73.
First Landing of Columbus, The, XI, 539.
First Reading of the Emancipation Proclamation, XIII, 346.
First Salute to the Flag, The, XII, 568.
First Telegram, The, XIII, 193.
First Telegraph in Turkey, The, VI, 565.
FIRST TWO CENTURIES OF MANCHU RULE, I, 175.
First Voyage Around the World, The, V, 489.
First Voyage to India, The, V, 591.
First Voyage up the Hudson River, The, XII, 197.

First Years of the Nation, The (The United States), xiii, 65.
Fisher-Boy Urishima, The, i, 289.
Five Rules of Buddha, The, ii, 41.
Flag goes by, The, xiii, 493.
Flagellants, The, v, 48.
Flight from Lule-Burgas, The, vi, 441.
Flight of Louis XVI, The, v, 294.
Flight of Mary, Queen of Scots of England, The, x, 336.
Flight of the Helvetians,The, vii, 471.
Folk Stories and Legends (Denmark), viii, 267.
Folk Tales and Early History (Russia), vi, 1.
Food of the Royal Tutor, The, ii, 406.
Forced Recruit, The, v, 133.
Founding of Alexandria, The, iii, 203.
Founding of Hanlin College, The, i, 70.
From Lexington to Saratoga, xii, 461.
France, v, 141.
France under the Valois Kings, v, 199.
Francesco Petrarch, v, 33.
Francis I and Charles V in St. Denis, v, 226.
Franco-Prussian War, The, v, 389.
Frederic Barbarossa at the Feet of the Pope, vii, 48.
Frederick of the Red Beard and the Pope, vii, 45.
Frederick the Great and the First Selesian War, vii, 164.
Friar Bacon's Brazen Head, ix, 295.
Friedland, 1807, v, frontispiece.
From Catherine the Great to the Invasion of Napoleon, vi, 109.
From Edward VI to the Death of Mary, ix, 475.
From Fort Sumter to Chancellorsville, xiii, 293.
From Maria Theresa to the Downfall of Napoleon, vi, 319.
From the Reformation to the Death of Frederick the Great, vii, 127.
From the Restoration to the House of Hanover, x, 75.
From the Roman Conquest to Modern Times (Greece), iv, 205.
From the Roman Conquest to the Reformation (the Netherlands), vii, 279.
From the Tartar Invasion to the Reformation (Austria), vi, 251.
From William the Red to John Lackland, ix, 189.
Fuji Yama, i, 462.
Funeral Games in Honor of Anchises, The, iv, 235.
Funeral Menu of the Sixteenth Century, A, vi, 281.
Funeral of Elizabeth of York, Wife of Henry VII, The, ix, 441.
Funeral of George II, The, x, 134.

Galahad and the Quest of the Sangreal, ix, 65.
Galileo before the Inquisition, v, 72.
Garibaldi and his Prisoner, v, 135.
Gathering of a Great Army, The, xiii, 303.
Gathering Song of Donald the Black, x, 370.
Geese that saved the Capitol, The, iv, 319.
General Order Number 11, xiii, 390.
Genghis Khan (see Jenghiz Khan).
George III acknowledges the Independence of the Colonies, xiii, 28.
Geraldines, The, x, 459.
German Authors and Composers, vii, 179.
German Fatherland, The, vii, 276.
German Life in the Fifteenth Century, vii, 100.
German Wounded in the Gallery of Mirrors, Versailles, vii, 248.
Germany, vii, 1.
Getting a Glass of Milk, ii, 457.
Gettysburg Address, The, xiii, 388.
Gettysburg Fifty Years After, xiii, 588.
Ghost of Hamlet's Father, The, viii, 225.
Giant Regiment of Frederick William I of Prussia, The, vii, 148.
Gilbert, Sir Humphrey, xi, 16.
Giotto and His "O", v, 79.
Girondists on their Way to Guillotine, v, 326.
"Give me Liberty, or give me Death!" xii, 456.
Given to Hospitality, xi, 260.
Glacier, Escaping from a, viii, 478.
Glacier in the Selkirk Mountains, A, xi, 228.
Glacier, Tobogganing on a, vii, 579.
Gladstone's Fight for Home Rule, x, 207.
Glimpse of Columbus in Spain, A, v, 474.
Glory Wanes, The, iii, (Egypt), 191.
Glum and his Man Ingolf, viii, 344.
"God Willeth It," ii, 605.
Going to see Pharaoh, iii, 177.
Gold, Gold, Gold! i, 484.
Golden Age, The (Greece), iv, 121.
Golden Age of Erin, The, x, 397.
Golden Ransom, The, xi, 296.
"Goodman of Ballangiech, The," x, 330.
Government in Quest of a Poet, The, x, 103.
Governor of the Alhambra, and the Notary, The, v, 466.
Grain Shop in Korea, A, i, 264.
"Grand Canal Hotel, The," x, 511.
Grandeur that was Rome, The, iv, 508.
Grandmother's Story of Bunker Hill Battle, xii, 427.
Graves of the Pilgrims, The, xii, 174.
Great Buddha of Kamakura, The, i, 318.
Great Hanseatic League, The, vii, 89.
Great Khan Kublai invades Japan, The, i, 321.
Great Lincoln-Douglas Debate, The, xiii, 276.

Great Market of Tripoli, The, III, 334.
Great Queen as a Little Child, The, IX, 503.
Great Voyage of Leif Erikson, The, XII, 3.
GREECE, IV, 1.
Greek Girls playing Ball, IV, 74.
GREENLAND, VIII, 409.
Greenland Customs of Two Centuries Ago, VIII, 447.
Grettir the Outlaw saved the Farmhouse, How, VIII, 364.
GROUP OF FOLKLORE STORIES, A (India), II, 65.
Guest of the Nation, The, XIII, 183.
GUIANAS, THE, XI, 343.
GUNPOWDER PLOT, THE, X, 19.
Gustavus Adolphus at Lützen, VIII, 172.
Gustavus Vasa, The Savior of Sweden, VIII, 157.
Gutenberg, John, Inventor of Printing, VII, 123.
Gypsies, Stories of, VI, 401.
Gypsy Bands, The, VI, 403.
Gypsy Music, VI, 404.

Hale, Nathan, XII, 508.
Hall of the Early Chiefs, The, VIII, 113.
Han, The Sorrows of, I, 88.
Handel, the Mastor of Oratorio, VII, 191.
Hannibal crossing the Rhone, IV, 336.
Hans Christian Andersen as a Boy, VIII, 310.
Happy Little Costa Rica, XI, 471.
Haroun al Raschid and the Musician, III, 513.
Harp that once through Tara's Halls, The, X, 507.
Has the God Quetzalcoatl come to Mexico? XI, 495.
Hawking in Algeria, III, 322.
"Head Hunter" of Borneo, a Visit to, I, 563.
HAWAIIAN ISLANDS, I, 510.
Henry, Patrick, delivering his Celebrated Oration, XII, 456.
Henry IV and Marie de Medici, V, 240.
Herman, who Freed the Germans from Rome, VII, 19.
HEROES AND HEROINES OF EARLY CANADA, XI, 39.
Herzegovinians returning to a village sacked by the Bashi-Bazouks, VI, 434.
Hidden Treasure of the Incas, The, XI, 311.
Highest Peak of the Rocky Mountains, The, XIII, 185.
Highest Railroad in the World, The, XI, 317.
Hill of Bones, The, II, 275.
HISTORY AND LEGEND (Rome), IV, 233.
Hohenlinden, VI, 334.
Hoja, Stories of Nasr-eddin, VI, 553.
Home in the North, A, VIII, 92.
Horatius, IV, 269.
"Horse-Marines" of 1814, The, XIII, 173.
Horse Sleipnir, The, VIII, 7.
Hot Water Basins, New Zealand, I, 502.
Hour of Prayer in the Desert, The, III, 341.
HOUSE OF BOURBON, THE, V, 235.
House of Fear, The, VI, 529.
House of the Geraldines, The, X, 455.
How an Aztec Boy became a Knight, XI, 483.
How a Japanese paints, I, 422.
How a Man became a God, I, 342.
How a Mud-Hole became a Garden, VII, 351.
How a Persian Mohammedan says his Prayers, II, 458.
How a Settler built his Log Barn, XI, 143.
How a Turf-Boat captured the City of Breda, VII, 344.
How a Welshman became King of England, X, 591.
How Alexander Mackenzie reached the Pacific Ocean, XI, 213.
How Archimedes defended Syracuse, IV, 349.
How Brian-Boru held the Ford of Tribute, X, 437.
How Buddha comforted the Sorrowing Mother, II, 39.
How Buddha won the Princess, II, 33.
How Canada acquired the Northwest, XI, 217.
How Charlemagne overcame the Saxons, VII, 31.
How Cheops built his Pyramid, III, 67.
How Chinese Children learn to read, I, 210.
How Cincinnatus saved the Consul, IV, 307.
How Connecticut saved her Charter, XII, 263.
How Count William of Holland was made a Knight, VII, 293.
How Cromwell dissolved Parliament, X, 64.
How Cyrus the Great won the Land of Gold, II, 303.
How Daniel Boone saved Boonesborough, XII, 539.
How Dr. Grenfell was saved, XI, 236.
How Eric the Red came to Greenland, VIII, 411.
How Feudalism came to New Netherland, XII, 201.
How Flora Macdonald saved Prince Charlie, X, 389.
How Fort Moultrie was held for the Colonies, XII, 494.
How Freedom came to Puerto Rico, XI, 570.
How General Gordon outwitted the King of Abyssinia, III, 238.
How Grettir the Outlaw saved the Farmhouse, VIII, 364.
How Gyda chose Olaf for a Husband, VIII, 51.
How Hannibal made his Way to Italy, IV, 333.
HOW HOLLAND WON HER FREEDOM, VII, 303.

How Icelandic Children get their Surnames, VIII, 406.
How I found Livingstone, III, 393.
How it would feel to be a Shinto God, I, 362.
How Italy became a United Country, V, 128.
How Japanese Ladies go Shopping, I, 399.
How John Sobieski saved Vienna from the Turks, VI, 313.
How King Edwin of Northumbria became a Christian, IX, 88.
How King Harold Hard-ruler gave his Treasure for his Life, VIII, 84.
How King John VI came to Brazil, XI, 385.
How King Olav preached Christianity, VIII, 65.
How King Rorik regained the Tribute, VIII, 245.
How King Sigwid smoked out the Pirates, VIII, 87.
How Kjartan of Iceland became a Christian, VIII, 351.
How Kublai Khan went A-Hunting, I, 108.
How Lafayette came to America, XII, 511.
How Little-Blue-Fox fooled the Coyote, XII, 71.
How Maria Theresa of Austria became *King*, VI, 321.
How Naumburg was saved, VI, 270.
How New Amsterdam became New York, XII, 220.
How Oglethorpe saved Georgia from Spain, XII, 138.
How Pardon was won for an Exile, VI, 176.
How People lived in New France, XI, 91.
How People traveled in Revolutionary Times, XIII, 52.
How Perry saved the Northwest, XIII, 143.
How Philadelphia celebrated the Ratification of the Constitution, XIII, 69.
How Philip van Artevelde was made Governor of Ghent, VII, 297.
How Pizarro captured the Inca, XI, 289.
How Portugal opened Commerce with India, V, 602.
How Providence won its Name, XII, 185.
How Queen Philippa saved the Burghers, V, 181.
How Ragnar Lodbrog won a Wife and a Nickname, VIII, 120.
How Robert Clive defended Arcot, II, 151.
How Rome was defended from the Saracens, V, 6.
How Rome was founded, IV, 254.
How Rudolf the First became Emperor, VI, 257.
How Russia was freed from the Tartars, VI, 39.
How St. Petersburg was built, VI, 97.
How Semiramis built Babylon, II, 489.
How Siegfried won a Bride for King Gunther, VII, 55.
How Switzerland defends Herself, VII, 594.
How the "Arrow-War" began, I, 198.
How the Assyrians and Babylonians lived, II, 475.
How the Aztec King passed his Time, XI, 488.
How the Barbary Pirates learned to respect the American Flag, III, 301.
How the Bonzes got the Ducks, I, 168.
How the Boy Sigurd won the Horse Greyfell, VIII, 376.
How the Canadian Northwest awoke, XI, 242.
How the Canadian Pacific crossed the Selkirks, XI, 223.
How the Chaldæans wrote Books, II, 468.
How the Chinese received the First English Ambassador, I, 189.
How the Cliff-Dwellers lived, XII, 59.
How the Doges of Venice were chosen, V, 51.
How the Doomsday Book was made, IX, 169.
How the Early Germans lived, VII, 3.
How the Early Icelanders dressed, VIII, 322.
How the Egyptians amused Themselves, III, 20.
How the Egyptians painted Portraits, III, 10.
How the Empire was saved from the Huns, IV, 541.
How the First King of Portugal won his Kingdom, V, 553.
How the "Forty-Niners" reached California, XIII, 247.
How the French honored Joseph Haydn, VI, 339.
How the Great Khan ate his Dinner, I, 105.
How the Greenlanders got a Bishop, VIII, 416.
How the Gypsies saved the Archduke, VI, 401.
How the Khan sent his Messages, I, 113.
How the Laplanders live, VIII, 102.
How the Laws were made in Saga Time, VIII, 338.
How the "Madman of the North" defended himself at Bender, VIII, 192.
How the Northwest Company lost Fort Gabriel, XI, 187.
How the Panama Railroad was built, XIII, 528.
How the Mohammedans keep the Festival of the Mohurrim, II, 201.
How the Persians build a House, II, 447.
How the Plebeians won their Rights, IV, 290.
How the Queen was served, V, 281.
HOW THE ROMANS AMUSED THEMSELVES, IV, 459.
How the Romans lived in Britain, IX, 46.

How the Sagas came to be written, VIII, 319.
How the Scots lived while James I was King, X, 313.
How the Shopkeeper lost his Queue, I, 462.
How the Spartan Boys were trained, IV, 41.
How the Swedes elected their King, VIII, 114.
How the Swedes learned of Christianity, VIII, 115.
How the Swiss built the Greatest Tunnel in the World, VII, 601.
How the Swiss gained their Freedom, VII, 481.
How the Swiss met Charles the Bold of Burgundy, VII, 540.
How the Welsh kept the Christmas of 1115, X, 573.
How the Women brought Water to Bryan's Station, XII, 560.
How Themistocles brought about the Battle of Salamis, IV, 112.
How Things are done in Persia, II, 445.
How Things were done Four Thousand Years Ago (Egypt), III, 1.
How to build a Snow Hut, VIII, 509.
How to build a "Woman's Boat," VIII, 452.
How to conduct a Spanish-American Revolution, XI, 330.
How to excavate a Buried Town, III, 76.
How to learn Japanese, I, 447.
How to make Calls, II, 451.
How to talk politely in Japan, I, 424.
How to treat the Christians, IV, 454.
How Winfield Scott rescued the Irishmen, XIII, 132.
How Xerxes set out to conquer Greece, II, 347.
Huguenots in Florida, The, XII, 97.
Humiliating Entry of Sonnavater and Knut into Stockholm, VIII, frontispiece.
Huns pillaging a French Villa, IV, 540.
Hunting of the Cheviot, The, IX, 363.
Hymn of the Ancient Mexicans, XI, 479.
Hymn to Indra and Soma, II, 3.

Iceland, VIII, 317.
Iceland and its People, VIII, 385.
Idol Car with Stone Wheels, An, II, 200.
Imp and the Crust, The, VI, 3.
Impeachment of Warren Hastings, The, II, 162.
Importance of One Vote, The, XIII, 222.
Impostor who Claimed the Crown of Henry VII, The, IX, 433.
In a Tartar Tent, VI, 187.
In Ancient Times (Japan), I, 277.
In and Out of a Cab in Amsterdam, VII, 450.
In Antarctic Winter Quarters, VIII, 561.
In Buenos Aires, XI, 444.
In Earliest Times (Switzerland), VII, 465.
"In Good Old Colony Times," XII, 393.
In Mediæval Times (Italy), V, 1.
In Old Testament Times (Palestine), II, 527.
In Pagan Times (Germany), VII, 1.
In Recent Years (China), I, 233.
In Saga Time (Iceland), VIII, 317.
In the Brick Fields, III, 123.
In the Dark Ages (France), V, 141.
In the Days of Edward III, IX, 332.
In the Days of Frontenac, XI, 85.
In the Days of Ivan the Terrible, VI, 37.
In the Days of Pharaoh, III, 87.
In the Days of Queen Elizabeth, IX, 501.
In the Days of the Fronde, V, 254.
In the Days of the Plague, X, 77.
In the Earliest Days (China), I, 1.
In the Revolt of the Vendée, V, 317.
In the South African Army, III, 465.
In the Studio of Apelles, IV, 194.
In the Temple of Aphrodite, IV, 129.
In the Time of Nero, IV, 430.
Incas, Stories of the, XI, 281.
Incense Party, An, I, 407.
India, II, 1.
India becomes a British Province, II, 149.
India in Days of Yore, II, 81.
India of To-day, The, II, 191.
Indian Bible, The, XII, 189.
Indian Customs and Manners in 1840, II, 169.
Indian Story of the Custer Tragedy, The, XIII, 454.
Interior of a Japanese Temple, I, 368.
Interior of the Temple of Vinala Sah, II, 90.
Invasion of the Norsemen, The, X, 258.
Iphigenia, The Sacrifice of, IV, 15.
Ireland, X, 397.
Ireland and her People, X, 509.
Irish Cottage, An, X, 544.
Irish in Thule, The, VIII, 343.
Irish People, The, X, 545.
Irish School, An, X, 525.
Ironbeard, VIII, 56.
"Island of Saints and Scholars, The," X, 430.
Islands of the Pacific, I, 475.
Isles of Greece, The, IV, 228.
Italy, V, 1.
Ivan the Terrible, VI, 45.

Jackson, "Stonewall," by the River, XIII, 353.
Jacques Cartier at Quebec, XI, 8.
James II receiving the News of the Landing of the Prince of Orange, X, 92.
Japan, I, 277.
Japanese Children and their Games, I, 465.
Japanese Dinner Party, A, I, 391.
Japanese House, A, I, 414.
Japanese Poems, Three, I, 318.
Japanese Politeness, I, 461.

INDEX OF TITLES AND ILLUSTRATIONS

Japanese Story-Teller, The, I, 284.
Jenghiz Khan captures Peking, I, 95.
Jenghiz Khan the "Perfect Warrior," I, 92.
Jeremiah at the Fall of Jerusalem, II, 582.
Jessie's Dream, II, 180.
Jimmu Tenno, the First Mikado of Japan, I, 279.
Jonathan to John, XIII, 310.
John Burns of Gettysburg, XIII, 384.
John Gutenberg, Inventor of Printing, VII, 123.
John Knox preaching before the Lords of the Congregation, X, 334.
John Paul Jones in the Revolution, XII, 572.
John Smith as a Captive among the Indians, XII, 116.
Jones, John Paul, in the Revolution, XII, 572.
Joseph sold by his Brethren, III, 100.
Journey to the Promised Land, The, II, 529.
Joust at the Court of Portugal, A, V, 577.
Judge Sewall's Courtship, XII, 410.
JULIUS CÆSAR, IV, 367.
Julius Cæsar's Two Visits to Britain, IX, 29.
Just before the War, XIII, 284.
Just before Waterloo, X, 175.
Justice in Arabia, III, 529.
Justinian in Council, IV, 548.

Kalmucks, The Coming of the, I, 177.
Karma, A Story of Buddhist Ethics, II, 43.
Karnak and the Hall of Columns, III, 70.
King Alfred on Athelney, IX, 119.
King Arthur, X, 553.
King Arthur and his Court, Stories of, IX, 61.
King Arthur receives the Round Table, IX, 61.
King Christian, VIII, 291.
King Darius and the Flying Scythians, II, 334.
KING EDMUND AND THE WOLF, IX, 109.
King Francis I and the Goldsmith, V, 227.
King James I and his Goldsmith, X, 3.
King Leir and his Daughters, IX, 9.
King Magnus, who was reformed by a Poem, VIII, 77.
King of Denmark's Ride, The, VIII, 276.
King Olaf orders a Poem, VIII, 54.
King Philip presenting Rubens to Velasquez, VII, 406.
King Roderick and the Magic Tower, V, 432.
KINGDOMS OF CHALDÆA AND ASSYRIA, THE, II, 461.
"King's Maids," Arrival of the, XII, 124.
King's Messenger, The, I, 118.
King's Missive, The, XII, 260.
King's Palace and his Attendants, The, III, 13.
King's Snuff Box, The, VIII, 295.
King Volmer and Elsie, VIII, 269.
King without a Throne, The, XI, 504.
Kioto, Social Life in, I, 292.
Kirghis Warrier, A, VI, 186.
Kjartan of Iceland became a Christian, How, VIII, 351.
Knight of the Windmills, The, V, 499.
KOREA, I, 263.
Kossuth's Farewell, VI, 367.
Kremlin of Moscow, The, VI, 75.
Kumâla, the Obedient, Son of Asoka, II, 94.

Lama, A Visit to a, I, 169.
Lamb Bolted, The, VI, 549.
Lament of Charlemagne for Roland, The, V, 158.
Lancaster and York, IX, 393.
Landing of Columbus, The, XI, frontispiece.
LANGUAGE, SCHOOLS, AND EXAMINATIONS (China), I, 205.
Last Danish Invasion, The, IX, 139.
Last Days of Henry Hudson, The, XI, 19.
LAST FOUR CENTURIES, THE (Portugal), V, 613.
LAST HUNDRED YEARS IN ENGLAND, THE, X, 187.
Last King of Persia, The, II, 365.
Last Moments of John Brown, The, XIII, 290.
Last Moments of Maximilian, The, XI, 524.
Last Moments of Queen Elizabeth, The, IX, 562.
Last of the Janizaries, The, VI, 519.
Last Token, The, IV, frontispiece.
Last Trek, The, III, 436.
Last Voyage, The, II, 244.
Last Voyage of Captain Cook, The, I, 510.
Last Voyage of Henry Hudson, The, XI, 24.
Later Plantagenet Kings, The, IX, 307.
Latest English Revolution, The, X, 213.
Laura Secord, a Heroine of the War of 1812, XI, 155.
Learning Coal-Mining, XIII, 506.
Lee's Surrender, XIII, 424.
LEGENDARY HISTORY AND THE STORY OF CARTHAGE, III, 265.
Legend of St. Kümmerniss, The, VI, 400.
Legend of the Arabs, The, III, 487.
Legend of the Rice, The, II, 71.
Legends of Saint Columba, X, 229.
LEGENDS OF WALES, X, 551.
Lemnian, The, A Story of Thermopylæ, IV, 90.
Let my People go, III, 136.
Let's see on which Side the Camel sits, II, 75.
Letter of a Roman University Student, The, IV, 402.
Letter of King Canute, The, VIII, 257.
Lewis and Clarke at the Source of the Missouri, XIII, 119.
LIFE AND CUSTOMS IN NORTHERN AFRICA, III, 299.

Life at a Paraguayan "Reduction," XI, 401.
Life at the Letch, VI, 52.
LIFE IN EARLY GREECE, IV, 39.
LIFE IN MODERN RUSSIA, VI, 235.
LIFE IN REVOLUTIONARY DAYS (The United States), XIII, 137.
LIFE IN THE FAR NORTH (Norway), VIII, 89.
LIFE IN THE FIFTEENTH CENTURY (Germany), VII, 87.
LIFE IN THE FRENCH SETTLEMENTS, XI, 83.
LIFE IN THE MOUNTAINS (Switzerland), VII, 585.
Life of Buddha, The, II, 27.
Life on a Virginia Plantation, XII, 133.
Lion at Luzern, The, VII, 555.
Lion Hunt, The, II, 474.
Little Faust Tower of Munich, The, VII, 73.
Little Janizary, The, VI, 495.
Little Jewish Girl in Russia, A, VI, 243.
Little Scotch Pioneer in Wisconsin, A, XIII, 200.
Little Stories from Sadi, II, 387.
LITTLE STORIES OF JAPAN, I, 459.
LITTLE STORIES OF NETHERLAND ARTISTS, VII, 405.
Long Spears or Short Spears, I, 332.
Lord Krishna and the Lapwing's Nest, The, II, 72.
Lorelei, The, VII, 71.
Lost Colony of Roanoke Island, The, XII, 110.
Lost Malachite, The, III, 38.
Louis XIV and Molière, V, 270.
LOUISIANA TERRITORY, THE, XIII, 105.
L'Ouverture, Toussaint, XI, 546.
Loyalist, Shelburne, XI, 136.
Luther, Martin, as a Boy, XII, 129.

MACEDONIAN SUPREMACY, IV, 183.
Machu Picchu, a Ruined City of the Incas, XI, 288.
Madame de la Tour and her Defense of Fort St. John, XI, 60.
"Madman of the North" overcomes Copenhagen, The, VIII, 285.
Magic Book, The, III, 47.
Magic Lantern in Africa, A, III, 388.
Maid of Honor at the Court of George III, A. X, 146.
Make-believe Elephants of Semiramis, The, II, 495.
Making a Present to an Official, II, 455.
Man in the Moon, The, II, 69.
Man who was afraid of becoming a Horse, The, I, 166.
Mandarin Language, The, I, 207.
Manners and Customs of Confucius's Day, I, 25.
"Marble Memory of Josephine, The," XI, 556.
March of the Men of Harlech, The, X, 589.
Marching Song of Stark's Men, The, XII, 524.
Marco Bozzaris, IV, 223.
Marcus Aurelius, the Philosopher Emperor, IV, 511.
Margrave Gero and the Vandals, The, VII, 36.
Marie Antoinette in the Conciergerie, V, 316.
Marius to the Roman People, IV, 352.
Market Day in the Far North, VIII, 106.
Marko and the Turks, VI, 415.
Marriage of Gustavus Vasa, The, VIII, 165.
Marseillaise, The, V, 304.
Martin Luther as a Boy, VII, 129.
Massacre of Glencoe, The, X, 379.
Matterhorn, The First Ascent of, VII, 572.
Maximilian at Queretaro, XI, 524.
Mecca, A Pilgrimage to, III, 537.
Meeting at the Rüth, The, VII, 483.
Meeting between Odysseus and his Father, The, IV, 34.
Mencius, I, 34.
Merman Missionary, The, III, 391.
Merrimac and the Monitor, The, XIII, 315.
Meschianza at Philadelphia, The, XIII, 39.
MESOPOTAMIA, II, 461.
Message of Lydia Darrach, The, XIII, 6.
Messenger from Rome, A, IX, 41.
Mexican Hieroglyphs, XI, 482.
MEXICAN WAR, THE, XIII, 209.
MEXICO, XI, 477.
Michael Angelo and Pope Julius II, V, 98.
Michael Angelo and Raphael in the Vatican, V, 102.
MIGHTY EMPIRE (Persia), THE, II, 283.
Mighty Reign of Sesostris, The (Rameses II), III, 89.
Milk Porridge Incident, The, VII, 545.
Missionary and the Cannibals, The, I, 494.
Model Parliament, A, VIII, 439.
Modern Battlefield, A, III, 458.
Modern Colombia, XI, 372.
MODERN EGYPT, III, 213.
MODERN GERMANY, VII, 251.
MODERN ITALY, V, 111.
MODERN MEXICO, XI, 517.
MOGUL CONQUEST, THE, II, 113.
Mohammed, III, 493.
Molboer Stories, VIII, 278.
Mollie Pitcher, XIII, 12.
Montenegro, VI, 420.
Monument to Joseph Brant, XI, 152.
Morning of the Battle of Agincourt, IX, 410.
Morning Prayers in the Family of Sebastian Bach, VII, 190.
Morning with Peter the Great, A, VI, 87.
Morocco Law, III, 319.
Mountain with Several Caves, The, III, 386.
Muezzin, The, VI, 528.
Mulan, the Maiden Chief, I, 57.
Murder of King Duncan, The, X, 235.
Music of Ole Bull, The, VIII, 108.
Music of the Desert, The, III, 356.

Mysterious Champion of Hadley, The, XII, 297.
Mysterious Visitor at Hadley, The, XII, 300.
MYSTERY OF THE DESERT, THE, III, 339.
Mystery Plays, The, IX, 375.

Naerodal (The) and Jordalsnut, VIII, 100.
NAPOLEON BONAPARTE, V, 345.
Napoleon in Egypt, III, 214.
Napoleon plans to sell Louisiana, XIII, 107.
NAPOLEONIC WARS, THE, X, 163.
Nathan Hale, XII, 508.
National Palace, The, City of Mexico, XI, 534.
National Red Cross at Work, The, XIII, 552.
National Song of Hungary, The, VI, 408.
NETHERLANDS, THE, VII, 279.
NETHERLANDS IN RECENT YEARS, THE, VII, 419.
New England Thanksgiving Dinner in 1779, A, XIII, 45.
NEW NETHERLAND AND PENNSYLVANIA, XII, 195.
New Year's Calls and Gifts, II, 430.
NEW ZEALAND, I, 494.
Nezahualcoyotl, King of the Tuscucans, XI, 480.
Night Watch, The, VII, 414.
NINETEENTH CENTURY, THE (Austria), VI, 345.
Njal, The Burning of, VIII, 369.
Nobel Prize, The, VIII, 209.
NORMAN CONQUEST, THE, IX, 153.
NORTH POLE, THE, VIII, 529.
Northwest Passage, The, VIII, 518.
NORTHERN AFRICA, III, 265.
NORWAY, VIII, I.
Norway at the South Pole, VIII, 572.

Oasis of the Great-Grandfather, The, III, 348.
Oath at the Grave of Frederick the Great, The, VII, 223.
Ode on a Grecian Urn, IV, 75.
Œdipus, The Story of, IV, 3.
Oisin in Tir Na N-og, X, 399.
Olaf as a Saint, VIII, 70.
Olaf's Youthful Adventures, VIII, 48.
OLD TESTAMENT TIMES, IN (Palestine), II, 527.
Olympian Games, At the, IV, 62.
On avoiding the Disagreeable, III, 35.
On dealing with Temper, III, 36.
On Humility in High Estate, III, 35.
On the California Coast in the Thirties, XIII, 237.
On the Capture of the Guerrière, XIII, 137.
On the Death of Lesbia's Sparrow, IV, 365.
ON THE EVE OF THE FRENCH REVOLUTION, V, 277.
ON THE EVE OF THE [American] REVOLUTION, XII, 427.
On the Field of Flodden, X, 319.
On the March to Siberia, VI, 182.
On the March with Aurungzebe, II, 128.
On the Morning of Christ's Nativity, II, 585.
On the Secrets of Success in Work, III, 36.
On the Underground Railway, XIII, 268.
One Day in Morocco, III, 323.
One Day under the Commune, V, 406.
"One Rule for Angle and for Dane," IX, 130.
Opening of the Erie Canal, The, XIII, 181.
Opium Eaters, I, 193.
Order of Release, The, X, 388.
O'Rourke's Tower and Great Cross, Clonmacnoise, X, 434.
Our Borrowed Scientists, VII, 587.

Padre Bandelli proses to the Duke Ludovico Sforza about Leonardo da Vinci, V, 94.
Palace of the Dalai Lama of Lhasa Thibet, I, frontispiece.
Palace of the Great Khan in Cambaluc (Peking), The, I, 101.
PALESTINE, II, 527.
PARAGUAY, XI, 399.
Passage of the Beresina, VI, 130.
Passing of Arthur, The, IX, 73.
Pastimes of an Assyrian King, The, II, frontispiece.
Patrick Henry delivering his Celebrated Oration, XII, 456.
Paying a Call in the Northwest Passage, VIII, 519.
Paying Visits in Saga Time, VIII, 331.
Peace or War? VII, 525.
Peace with the Goths or War, IV, 548.
Peacock and the Tortoise, The, II, 73.
Peacock Throne of the Great Mogul, Shah Jehan, The, II, 115.
Peking Observatory, The, I, 128.
Penance of a Prince, The, V, 562.
Penn's Treaty with the Indians, XII, 238.
PENNSYLVANIA, NEW NETHERLAND AND, XII, 195.
People of the Argentine Pampas, The, XI, 432.
People whom the Aryans found in India, The, II, 5.
Pericles and his Age, IV, 123.
PERIOD OF COMMERCIAL GREATNESS, THE (The Netherlands), VII, 349.
PERIOD OF DECLINE, THE (Spain), V, 517.
PERIOD OF GROWTH AND EXPANSION, A (The United States), XIII, 179.
PERSIA, II, 283.
Persian Bazars, The, II, 421.
Persian Wedding, A, II, 411.
PERU, XI, 315.
PETER THE GREAT, VI, 85.
PHILIPPINE ISLANDS, I, 536.
Philosophers, The Sale of, IV, 207.
Phips, Sir William, Treasure-seeker and Soldier, XII, 268.
Picture-Writing, Early Egyptian, III, 7.

Pilgrim, The, VI, 410.
Pilgrimage to Mecca, A, III, 537.
Pine Tree, The, I, 318.
PITCAIRN ISLAND, I, 503.
Pitcher, Mollie, XIII, 12.
PLANTAGENET KINGS, THE LATER, IX, 307.
Planting of the Colony of Maryland, The, XII, 136.
PLANTING OF THE SOUTHERN COLONIES, THE, XII, 95.
Play Scene from Hamlet, The, VIII, 234.
Pocahontas and Captain John Smith, XII, 122.
Poems by King Bhartrihari, II, 98.
Poe's Tales at the Persian Court, II, 393.
Poet and the Jester, The, III, 526.
POLAND, VI, 133.
Poland or Russia, VI, 148.
"Pollice Verso," IV, 460.
Polos teach the Khan how to capture a City, The, I, 119.
Pompeii, A Visit to, IV, 451.
Ponce de Leon seeks the Fountain of Youth, XII, 21.
Poor Man and the King of the Crows, The, VI, 385.
Pope Boniface defies his Assailants, V, 36.
Portal of Euergetes I, Thebes, III, 84.
PORTUGAL, V, 551.
Portuguese Shooting Party, A, V, 629.
Praise-God Barebone's Parliament, X, 70.
Prayer in a Mosque, Old Cairo, III, frontispiece.
Preparing our Moros for Government, I, 542.
President's Letter, The, I, 438.
Prince Arthur and the Keeper Hubert, IX, 289.
Prince Henry, the Navigator, V, 585.
Prince who lost his Book, The, II, 401.
Prince with Attendants in a Garden, II, 114.
Princess Nausicaä and the Shipwrecked Sailor, IV, 23.
Printing, I, 75.
Prison of Chillon, The, VII, 548.
Prisoner of Machilimackinac, The, XII, 381.
Privateers of 1812, The, XIII, 159.
Procession of the Royal Bull Apis-Osiris, III, 40.
Prodigal Emperor Wang-Ti, The, I, 60.
"Protestant Bread," VI, 569.
Proverbs from the Eddas, VIII, 28.
Proverbs of Mencius, I, 37.
PURITANS, STORIES OF THE, XII, 243.
PYRAMIDS AND PALACES (Egypt), III, 57.

Quarrel of Squire Bull and his Son, The, X, 142.
Queen and her Superintendent, The, V, 528.
Queen Margaret and the Robber, IX, 415.
Queen of Prussia's Ride, The, VII, 235.
Queen Sigrid and the Ring, VIII, 128.
Queen Zenobia and the Roman Ambassadors, IV, 516.
Questions from a Civil Service Examination (China), I, 231.
Questions that the Indians asked John Eliot, XII, 193.

Races on the Neva, The, VI, 237.
Raising the First American Flag, XII, frontispiece.
Rakan feeding a Hungry Spirit, I, 52.
Raleigh, Sir Walter, and his Cloak, IX, 518.
Raphael and his Critic, V, 103.
Reading from the Koran, A, III, 496.
Real Patagonian, A, XI, 438.
Rebellion of Civilis, The, VII, 289.
Rebellion of Owen Glyndwr, The, X, 586.
Receiving the Yellow Jacket, I, 201.
Reception of a White Elephant, The, II, 263.
Red Jacket and the Missionary, XIII, 83.
REIGN OF FERDINAND AND ISABELLA, THE, V, 451.
REIGN OF TERROR, THE, V, 307.
Reign of the Red King, The, IX, 191.
Relief of Lucknow, The, II, 180.
Religious Procession in Honor of Apollo, A, IV, 128.
RELIGIOUS WARS OF THE SEVENTEENTH CENTURY, THE (Austria-Hungary), VI, 285.
Rembrandt in his Studio, VII, 416.
Rembrandt's "The Night Watch," VII, 414.
"Remember the Alamo!" XIII, 211.
RENAISSANCE, THE (Italy), V, 49.
Republic of China, The, I, 261.
Rescue at the Battle of Prestonpans, A, X, 382.
Rescue of the Princess of Cornwall, The, IX, 178.
Retreat from Moscow, The, V, 350.
Retreat from Moscow, The, V, 352.
Return of Columbus, The, V, 483.
Return of Napoleon from Elba, The, V, 358.
Return of Spinoza, The, VII, 378.
Revenge, The, IX, 563.
Revenge of Sigrid the Haughty, The, VIII, 132.
Revolt in Warsaw, 1861, The, VI, 158.
Revolt of the Peasants, The, IX, 351.
Ribs and Skin, I, 352.
Right and Might, II, 67.
Rivals in the Antarctic, The, VIII, 575.
Rival Tulip Growers, The, VII, 384.
Robin Hood and Little John, IX, 282.
Rock Edicts of Asoka, The, II, 91.
Rollo the Viking, V, 169.
Roman Banquet, A, IV, 470.
Roman Bore, A, IV, 406.
ROMAN PROVINCE, A (Palestine), II, 583.
Roman Roads, The, IV, 523.
Romance of the Reindeer, The, XIII, 497.
Romans of the Early Republic and their Ways, The, IV, 325.

ROME, IV, 233.
ROME BECOMES MISTRESS OF THE WORLD, IV, 323.
Rome pays Ransom to Alaric the Goth, IV, 535.
ROME UNDER THE CÆSARS, IV, 417.
Round Table of Frederick the Great, The, VII, 178.
Royal Visit to Oxford, The, X, 152.
Royalist Description of Cromwell's Men, A, X, 62.
Rubens, Peter Paul, VII, 407.
RULE OF OLIVER CROMWELL, THE, X, 47.
Rule of Porfirio Diaz, The, XI, 526.
Rule of Rienzi, The, V, 41.
Rule of the Empress Wu, The, I, 68.
Rule of the Huns, The, I, 49.
RULE OF THE SHOGUNS, THE, I, 319.
RUSSIA, VI, I.

Sa-cá-ga-we-a, XIII, 122.
Sacking a Church in the Time of John Knox, X, 336.
Sacking of Magdeburg, The, VII, 140.
Sacred Grove, The, IX, 28.
Sacrifice of Iphigenia, The, IV, 15.
Sacrifice of the People of Saguntum, The, V, 421.
Sacrifice to Tohil, A, XI, 453.
SAGA TIME, IN (Iceland), VIII, 317.
Sagas, Stories from the Icelandic, VIII, 341.
Saint Francis of Assisi, V, 13.
Saint Kümmerniss, VI, 398.
Saint Louis as a Prisoner, II, 625.
St. Louis opening the Prisons of his Realm, V, 172.
Saint Olaf and his Little Brother, VIII, 63.
Saint Olaf captures London Bridge, VIII, 60.
Sakoontala, or the Lost Ring, II, 99.
Sale of Philosophers, The, IV, 207.
Salt Mines of Wieliczka, The, VI, 370.
Santa Filomena, X, 196.
Savitri's Choice, II, 11.
Scanderbeg, VI, 473.
SCENES FROM CANADIAN HISTORY, XI, 151.
SCENES FROM DANISH HISTORY, VIII, 283.
SCENES OF WELSH LIFE, X, 599.
Schools of Old Japan, The, I, 443.
SCOTLAND, X, 227.
"Scotland Forever," X, 186.
Scots Wha Hae, X, 301.
SEA-ROVERS, TALES OF THE (Norway), VIII, 29.
Search for Prester John, The, V, 587.
Search for the Lost Colonies of Greenland, The, VIII, 421.
SEARCH FOR THE POLES, THE, VIII, 487.
Second Capture of Louisburg, The, XI, 109.
Second Concession of Deer, The, XI, 147.
Secord, Laura, a Heroine of the War of 1812, XI, 155.
Sermon of Saint Francis, The, V, 17.
SETTLEMENT OF NEW ENGLAND, THE, XII, 151.
Seven Cities of the Wilderness, The, XII, 55.
Seven Sleepers of Ephesus in the Land of Lydia, The, II, 329.
Seven Weavers and the Field of Flax, The, II, 78.
SHADOW OF THE CIVIL WAR, THE (The United States), XIII, 259.
Shannon and the Chesapeake, The, XIII, 139.
Shepherd Boy who became King, The, II, 546.
Shipwrecked Sailor, The, III, 41.
Shopping at a Hudson Bay Company's Fort, XI, 194.
Shot of William Tell, The, VII, 487.
Shun of Yu, who controlled the Floods, I, 3.
SIAM, II, 261.
SIBERIA, VI, 159.
"SICK MAN OF EUROPE, THE," VI, 517.
Siege of Leyden, The, VII, 316.
Siege of Londonderry, The, X, 481.
Siege of Platæa, The, IV, 155.
Siege of the Lake Dwellers, The, VII, 467.
Sigrid the Haughty, VIII, 127.
Silent Army, The, VI, 542.
Sinking of the "Maine," The, XIII, 483.
Sir Humphrey Gilbert, XI, 16.
Sir Nicholas at Marston Moor, X, 38.
Sir Patrick Spens, X, 269.
Sir Philip Sidney and the Glass of Water, VII, 341.
Sir Walter Raleigh and his Cloak, IX, 518.
Sir William Phips, Treasure-Seeker and Soldier, XII, 268.
SIX CENTURIES OF OPPRESSION (Ireland), X, 453.
Skirmish between Cossacks and the Imperial Body Guard, VI, **frontispiece.**
Slaying of the Monster Grendel, The, VIII, 235.
Slide of Alpnach, The, VII, 567.
Social Life in Kioto, I, 292.
Social Life in New Netherland, XII, 205.
Social Value of the Telephone in the United States, The, XIII, 516.
Sohrab's Last Contest, II, 285.
Soldier's Dream, The, V, 418.
Solon, who made the Laws for the Athenians, IV, 55.
SOME CURIOUS CUSTOMS (Japan), I, 389.
Some Indian Proverbs, II, 79.
Some of the Proverbs of Confucius, I, 23.
Song of the Battle of Morgarten, VII, 511.
Song of the Western Men, The, X, 91.
Sorrows of Han, The, I, 88.
Soul of the Great Bell, The, I, 138.
SOUTH AFRICA, III, 435.
SOUTH AMERICA, XI, 281.
SOUTH POLE, THE, VIII, 559.

SPAIN, V, 419.
SPAIN AT THE HEIGHT OF HER POWER, V, 487.
SPANISH ADVENTURERS, STORIES OF THE, XII, 19.
Spanish Home Life in the Seventeenth Century, V, 522.
Spanish Peddler among the Indians, A, XII, 27.
SPANISH WAR, THE, XIII, 479.
Spartacus to the Gladiators, IV, 360.
Speaking of Prince Uffe the Speechless, The, VIII, 249.
Speech of Vasco da Gama to the King of Calicut, The, V, 609.
Spitzbergen, the Island that belongs to No One, VIII, 489.
"Square House," or Kabah, The, III, 497.
Star-Spangled Banner, The, XIII, 151.
Statue of Bolívar, XI, 364.
Statue of Quauhtemoc, XI, 516.
Steam Shovel at Panama, The, XIII, 535.
Stolen Boys, The, IX, 77.
Stolen Child of the Inca, The, XI, 283.
Stone Gateway, A, I, 418.
"Stonewall" Jackson by the River, XIII, 353.
STORIES AND POEMS OF ANCIENT EGYPT, III, 33.
STORIES AND POEMS OF BOHEMIA, HUNGARY AND THE TYROL, VI, 379.
STORIES FROM GREEK LITERATURE, IV, I.
STORIES FROM SCANDINAVIAN MYTHOLOGY, VIII, I.
STORIES FROM SWISS HISTORY, VII, 521.
Stories from the Eighteenth Century, VII, 181.
STORIES FROM THE HISTORY OF GREENLAND, VIII, 409.
STORIES FROM THE ICELANDIC SAGAS, VIII, 341.
Stories from the Talmud, II, 571.
STORIES OF ALPINE ADVENTURE, VII, 559.
Stories of Buddha, II, 31.
Stories of King Arthur and his Court, IX, 61.
Stories of Leonardo da Vinci, V, 82.
STORIES OF LIFE IN GREENLAND, VIII, 445.
STORIES OF MODERN ARABIA, III, 527.
STORIES OF MODERN PERSIA, II, 391.
Stories of Hoja Nasr-eddin, VI, 553.
STORIES OF OLAF THE SAINT, VIII, 60.
STORIES OF OLAF TRYGGVASON, VIII, 36.
Stories of Rudolf, Founder of the House of Hapsburg, VI, 265.
STORIES OF THE AGE OF RICHARD THE LION-HEARTED, IX, 243.
STORIES OF THE ANCIENT BRITONS, IX, I.
STORIES OF THE AZTECS, XI, 477.
STORIES OF THE CALIPHS OF BAGDAD, III, 503.
STORIES OF THE GREAT KHAN, I, 99.
Stories of the Gypsies, VI, 401.
STORIES OF THE HUNDRED YEARS WAR, V, 173.
STORIES OF THE INCAS, XI, 281.
STORIES OF THE ITALIAN ARTISTS, V, 75.
STORIES OF THE ITALIAN WARS (Rome), IV, 299.
STORIES OF THE MIDDLE AGES (Germany), VII, 53.
STORIES OF THE PURITANS, XII, 243.
STORIES OF THE SPANISH ADVENTURERS, XII, 19.
STORIES OF THE TRAPPERS (Canada), XI, 183.
STORIES OF THE WELSH REBELLIONS, X, 571.
STORIES OF THE WESTERN INDIANS, XIII, 435.
Stories of Tordenskjold, the Great Danish Admiral, VIII, 293.
STORIES OF TURKISH LIFE AND CUSTOMS, VI, 563.
STORIES OF VIKING LIFE AND ADVENTURE (Sweden), VIII, 111.
Storming of Chapultepec, The, XI, 223.
Storming of the Sky City, The, XII, 78.
Story of Bolívar, The, XI, 351.
Story of Confucius, The, I, 13.
Story of Gregory the Great, The, V, 9.
Story of Hakon the Good, The, VIII, 36.
Story of Iron and the Poison Water, The, VI, 8.
Story of Jean Brébeuf, The, XI, 41.
Story of John Lackland, The, IX, 237.
Story of John Ortiz, The, XII, 35.
Story of Joseph, The, III, 98.
Story of King Solomon, The, II, 560.
Story of Mencius, A, I, 36.
Story of Œdipus, The, IV, 3.
Story of Pitcairn Island, The, I, 503.
Story of Saint Patrick, The, X, 421.
Story of the Suez Canal, The, III, 229.
Story of Ville Marie de Montreal, The, XI, 50.
Story of Yoshitsune, The, I, 299.
Strange Stories of Early Egypt, III, 3.
Strenuous Reign of Hoangti, The, I, 41.
Struggle between the King and the Archbishop, The, IX, 226.
STRUGGLE FOR THE WEST, THE, XII, 339.
STUART KINGS, THE, X, I.
Student Life at the German Universities, VII, 263.
Sunday in the British Army in India, II, 216.
Sunday in the New England Colonies, XII, 245.
Sunday with Sir Roger, X, 116.
Supposed Letter from an English Architect, A, VI, 100.
Supposed Street Scene in Verona in the Fourteenth Century, A, V, 37.
Surrender of Breda, The, VII, 368.
Surrender of Granada, The, V, 459.
Surrender of Kamenetz, The, VI, 135.
Surrender of Rhodes, The, VI, 504.
SWEDEN, VIII, 111.
Swept down by an Avalanche, VII, 561.
SWITZERLAND, VII, 465.

Sword of Bolívar, The, XI, 365.
Sword of Japan, The, I, 378.

Tadasuke, The Japanese Solomon, I, 369.
Tai-tsung the Good, I, 65.
Taj Mahal, the Most Beautiful Tomb in the World, The, II, 118.
Taken Prisoner at Shiloh, XIII, 332.
Taken Prisoner by the Fenians, XI, 170.
Taking of the Village, The, VI, 211.
Taking Possession of Louisiana Territory, XIII, 114.
TALES FROM SWEDISH HISTORY, VIII, 149.
TALES OF THE DARK AGES (Denmark), VIII, 223.
TALES OF THE SEA-ROVERS (Norway), VIII, 29.
Talmud, Stories from the, II, 571.
Tartars and their Customs, The, I, 79.
Teaching Science to the Emperor, I, 155.
Tearing Down of England's Flag, The, II, 611.
Tecumseh, the Indian Brigadier-General, XIII, 153.
Telegram, The First, XIII, 193.
Tell's Escape, VII, 507.
Temecula Valley, an American Grand Pré, The, XIII, 471.
Temple of Heaven, Peking, The, I, 186.
Thangbrand the Priest, VIII, 360.
Theater, The Chinese, I, 85.
Thinking out a Garden, I, 417.
Thor among the Giants, VIII, 13.
Thor Fishes for the Midgard Serpent, VIII, 10.
Three-hours Truce at Vicksburg, A, XIII, 364.
Three Religions, The, I, 53.
Thule, The Irish in, VIII, 343.
Thusnelda in the Triumphal Procession of Germanicus, VII, Frontispiece.
Tiger and the Monkey, The, I, 133.
TIMES OF CHANGE AND CONFUSION (China), I, 39.
Tiny Farms of Switzerland, The, VII, 591.
TO THE CAPTURE OF CONSTANTINOPLE, VI, 453.
TO THE DEATH OF MARY, X, 303.
Tobogganing on a Glacier, VII, 579.
Totem Poles, Alaska, XIII, 504.
Tordenskjold as a Fisherman, VIII, 293.
Torquemada and the Catholic King, V, 458.
Tournament of Ashby-de-la-Zouche, The, IX, 245.
Toussaint l'Ouverture, XI, 546.
Tower of Babel, The, II, 473.
Towers of Silence, The, II, 234.
Trade in the North, The, XI, 201.
Traditions of the Sheikhs of Morocco, III, 309.
Trafalgar, X, 168.
Trafalgar, X, 168.
Trial and Execution of King Charles I, The, X, 49.
Trial by Single Combat, A, IX, 270.
Trial of Sir Thomas More, The, IX, 456.
Trials of the British Minister in Jefferson's Administration, The, XIII, 97.
Tribute of Children, The, VI, 491.
Trip to the Pyramids, A, III, 59.
Triumph of the Wireless, The, XIII, 542.
Troubles of a Correspondent in the Franco-Prussian War, The, VII, 237.
Troubles of the Loyalists, The, XI, 128.
TUDOR KINGS, THE, IX, 431.
TURKEY, VI, 453.
TURKEY AT THE HEIGHT OF HER POWER, VI, 489.
Turkish Friendship, A, VI, 557.
TURKISH STORIES, VI, 547.
Turkish "What for," A, VI, 579.
TURNING POINT, THE (The United States), XIII, 351.
TWENTIETH CENTURY, THE, XIII, 495.
Two Magyar Poems, VI, 408.
Two Scenes in the Life of Henry V, IX, 400.
TWO SCOTTISH HEROES, X, 275.
TWO WARS WITH FRANCE, VII, 221.

Ulysses in the Land of the Lotus Eaters (Tripoli), III, 267.
Unconquerable Araucanians, The, XI, 336.
UNDER THE ROMANS AND THE MOORS, (Spain), V, 419.
Underground Railway, On the, XIII, 268.
Union Gunboats on the Mississippi, XIII, 366.
UNITED STATES, THE, XII, I, XIII, I.
United States, The, and China, A Diplomatic Correspondence between, I, 257.
Unlucky Weathercock, The, VI, 359.
UNVEILING THE DARK CONTINENT, III, 371.
Unwritten Overture of Mozart, The, VII, 196.
Up the Cataracts of the Nile, III, 250.
URUGUAY, XI, 399.
Uruguay and the Uruguayans, XI, 416.

Vandyck, Anton, VII, 410.
Vasari's Memories of Titian, V, 106.
Veii, The Fall of, IV, 313.
Velasquez, The Greatest of Spanish Painters, V, 519.
VENEZUELA, XI, 343.
Vengeance of Cromwell, The, X, 464.
Vengeance of Queen Olga, The, VI, 23.
Vengeance of the Goddess Pele, The, I, 521.
Verrazzano's Letter to the King, XII, 11.
Vicar of Bray, The, X, 123.
Victory over the Khita, The, III, 154.
VIKING LIFE AND ADVENTURE, STORIES OF (Sweden), VIII, 111.
Village of Dwarfs, The, III, 401.
Visit to a "Head Hunter" of Borneo, A, I, 563.
Visit to a Lama, A, I, 169.
Visit to a Temple of Confucius, A, I, 19.
Visit to Aguinaldo, A, I, 536.
Visit to Artigas, A, XI, 412.
Visit to Beethoven, A, VII, 208.

Visit to General Marion, A, XIII, 19.
Visit to King Moselekatse, A, III, 378.
Visit to Pompeii, A, IV, 451.
Visit to the Wife of Solyman the Magnificent, A, VI, 509.
Vladimir in Search of a Religion, VI, 29.

Waiting for the Great Geyser to Spout, VIII, 398.
Waldemar Atterdag and the Hansa, VIII, 260.
WALES, X, 551.
Walker, William, "The Last of the Filibusters," XI, 466.
Walled Cities of Germany, The, VII, 95.
Wallenstein and the Cuirassiers, VI, 301.
Wallenstein, the Deposed General, VI, 297.
War between China and Japan, I, 235.
WAR IN THE WEST AND ON THE OCEAN, XII, 537.
WAR OF 1812, THE, XIII, 125.
WAR WITH PERSIA (Greece), IV, 77.
WARS WITH THE RED MEN, XII, 295.
Wardrobe of Marie Antoinette, The, V, 283.
Was he the Only Cheat? I, 134.
Washerman and the Donkey, The, II, 76.
Washington's First Commission, XII, 346.
Watch on the Rhine, The, VII, 249.
Waterloo, X, 183.
Waterloo, V, 366.
Wearing of the Leek, The, X, 568.
Wearin' o' the Green, The, X, 503.
Wellington's March from Quatre Bras to Waterloo, X, 174.
Were there Witches in Salem? XII, 281.
WEST INDIES, THE, XI, 537.
WESTERN AND CENTRAL AFRICA, III, 371.
What caused the Second War with England, XIII, 127.
What is an Iceberg? VIII, 469.
What is Caste? II, 193.
What Sir Walter Raleigh thought of Guiana, XI, 348.
What the Boy Alfred saw in London, IX, 113.
What the Chinese thought about the English, I, 197.
What the English thought of William the Conqueror, IX, 175.
What the Indians thought of the White Men, XII, 446.
What the Italians thought of John Cabot, XI, 3.
When Cæsar crossed the Rubicon, IV, 369.
When Commodore Perry landed in Japan, I, 427.
When Coriolanus spared Rome, IV, 301.
When Cornwallis surrendered, XIII, 23.
When Cyrus the Great was a Boy, II, 294.
When De Soto met the Princess, XII, 40.
When Elizabeth came to Kenilworth, IX, 535.
When George II became King, X, 132.
When Gosnold came to Cuttyhunk, XII, 153.
When Hideyoshi invaded Korea, I, 265.
When I went to School in China, I, 214.
When Israel Putnam was captured by the Indians, XII, 358.
When Marie Antoinette entered Paris, V, 279.
When Napoleon crossed the Alps, V, 113.
When Napoleon returned from Elba, V, 364.
When Queen Victoria became Empress of India, II, 184.
When Tecumseh met General Brock, XI, 153.
When the Allies entered Peking, I, 249.
"When the Eighteen Fell," X, 581.
When the English discovered California, XIII, 231.
When the King returned from Holland, IX, 424.
When the Pilgrim Fathers went to Holland, VII, 361.
When the Ten Thousand came to the Sea, IV, 167.
When Victoria became Queen, X, 189.
When Washington resigned his Commission, XIII, 32.
When Washington took Command, XII, 487.
When William III of England came Home to his Fatherland, VII, 396.
Where Louis XI said his Prayers, V, 201.
White Elephant, The, II, 269.
White Flag of Sedan, The, V, 391.
White Hind of Sertorius, The, V, 427.
White Ship, The, IX, 201.
Why Brazil belonged to Portugal, XI, 382.
Why Cornwallis failed to "Bag the Old Fox," XII, 520.
Why France claimed the Mississippi Valley, XII, 341.
Why Jenny Seddes threw her Stool at the Dean, X, 363.
Why Ovid was banished, IV, 410.
Why Phanes was exiled, III, 193.
Why the Chinaman wears a Queue, I, 187.
Why the Iroquois hated the French, XI, 28.
Why the Philosopher's Letter was not mailed, VII, 229.
Wiclif on Trial, IX, 350.
William of Prussia proclaimed Emperor at Versailles, VII, 236.
William Penn, Founder of Pennsylvania, XII, 235.
William Pitt and the Stamp Act, X, 137.
William Walker, "The Last of the Filibusters," XI, 466.
Winning Back of the Land, The, X, 534.
Winning of the First Missus, The, IV, 491.
Wit from Arabia, III, 534.

Wolf Fenris, The, VIII, 3.
Woman with the Cross, The, I, 149.
Women of the Palace at Play, II, 142.
Women who founded the Ursuline Convent at Quebec, The, XI, 47.
Wooers of Sigrig, The, VIII, 127.
Worship of Ancestors, The, I, 153.
Wouter Van Twiller, Governor of New Netherland, XII, 212.
Writing a Charm, III, 373.

Yermak, VI, 173.

Zealous Missionary, A, III, 375.

INDEX OF AUTHORS AND ARTISTS

Figures in full face type (thus: **234**) refer to the illustrations.

Abbey, Edwin A.
Baron Steuben Drilling the Colonial Troops at Valley Forge, xiii, **4**.
Abbot, Willis J.
The Privateers of 1812, xiii, 159.
The Sinking of the "Maine," xiii, 483.
Abbot, Jacob.
How Cyrus the Great won the Land of Gold, ii, 303.
The Fall of Babylon, ii, 511.
How Rome was founded, iv, 254.
The Prison of Chillon, vii, 548.
The Trial and Execution of King Charles I, x, 49.
The Fall of the City of Mexico, xi, 512.
Abbot, John S. C.
The Battle of the Pyramids, iii, 215.
When Napoleon crossed the Alps, v, 113.
The Elopement of Ferdinand and Isabella, v, 453.
Vladimar in Search of a Religion, vi, 29.
How Russia was freed from the Tartars, vi, 39.
How St. Petersburg was built, vi, 97.
The Crossing of the Beresina River, vi, 126.
How Rudolf the First became Emperor, vi, 257.
How John Sobieski saved Vienna from the Turks, vi, 313.
How Maria Theresa of Austria became *King*, vi, 321.
The Command of Maria Theresa, vi, 327.
The Battle of Austerlitz, vi, 336.
Adamnan, Abbot.
Legends of Saint Columba, x, 229.
Adams, Francis Ottiwell.
The Schools of Old Japan, i, 443.
Adams, W. H. Davenport.
The Execution of Atahuallpa, xi, 302.
Adams, Will.
The Coming of Will Adams to Japan, i, 325.
Addison, Joseph.
Sunday with Sir Roger, x, 116.
Aelfric, Abbot.
King Edmund and the Wolf, ix, 109.
Aguilar, Grace.
The Coronation of Robert Bruce, x, 283.
Ainsworth, William Harrison.
The Execution of the "Twelve-days Queen," ix, 477.
Alma-Tadema, Lawrence.
Antony and Cleopatra, iii, **204**.
Altenburg, Michael.
The Battle Song of Gustavus Adolphus, viii, 182.
Amicis, Edmondo de.
Morocco Law, iii, 319.
One Day in Morocco, iii, 323.
Amundsen, Roald.
Paying a Call in the Northwest Passage, viii, 519.
How to build a Snow Hut, viii, 509.
Norway at the South Pole, viii, 572.
Andrews, George.
How Dr. Grenfell was saved, xi, 256.
Andersen, Hans Christian.
Hans Christian Andersen as a Boy, viii, 310.
Antin, Mary.
A Little Jewish Girl in Russia, vi, 243.
Aristophanes.
The Bout between the Poets, iv, 145.
Arndt, Ernst Moritz.
The German Fatherland, vii, 276.
Arnold, Channing and Frederick J. Tabor Frost.
The Rule of Porfirio Diaz, xi, 526.
Arnold, Sir Edwin.
The Japanese Story-Teller, i, 284.
The Sword of Japan, i, 378.
A Japanese Dinner Party, i, 391.
An Incense Party, i, 407.
Japanese Children and their Games, i, 465.
Stories of Buddha, ii, 31.
Buddha and the Wounded Swan, ii, 31.
How Buddha won the Princess, ii, 33.
Buddha and the Lamb, ii, 38.
How Buddha comforted the Sorrowing Mother, ii, 39.
The Five Rules of Buddha, ii, 41.
The Division of Poland, vi, 157.
Arnold, Edwin Lester.
How the Doomsday Book was made, ix, 169.
Arnold Matthew.
Sohrab's Last Contest, ii, 285.
Arnold, Thomas.
When Coriolanus spared Rome, iv, 301.

INDEX OF AUTHORS AND ARTISTS

How Cincinnatus saved the Consul, IV, 307.
The Fall of Veii, IV, 313.
The Geese that saved the Capitol, IV, 319.
ARTHUR, T. S. and W. H. CARPENTER.
How Connecticut saved her Charter, XII, 263.
ASOKA, KING OF BEHAR.
The Rock Edicts of Asoka, II, 91.
AUBLET, ALBERT.
Ceremony of Dervishes at Scutari, VI, 574.
AYTOUN, WILLIAM E.
Edinburgh after Flodden Field, X, 324.
The Execution of Montrose, X, 373.
The Burial March of Dundee, X, 375.

BACHEREAU-REVERCHON, VICTOR.
German Wounded in the Gallery of Mirrors, Versailles, VII, 248.
BACON, ALICE M.
How Japanese Ladies Go Shopping, I, 399.
BACON, HENRY.
The Graves of the Pilgrims, XII, 174.
BANCROFT, GEORGE.
William Pitt and the Stamp Act, X, 137.
The Fall of Quebec, XI, 114.
The Huguenots in Florida, XII, 97.
How Providence won its Name, XII, 185.
Washington's First Commission, XII, 346.
How Fort Moultrie was held for the Colonies, XII, 494.
BANCROFT, HUBERT HOWE.
How an Aztec Boy became a Knight, XI, 483.
How the Aztec King passed his Time, XI, 488.
The King without a Throne, XI, 504.
BANGS, MARY ROGERS.
The Death of Jeanne d'Arc, V, 193.
BARING, MAURICE.
Why Ovid was banished, IV, 410.
A Supposed Letter from an English Architect, VI, 100.
BARING-GOULD, S.
The Fall of Sejanus, IV, 419.
The Emperor Nero on the Stage, IV, 431.
The Walled Cities of Germany, VII, 95.
How the Swedes learned of Christianity, VIII, 115.
How the Sagas came to be written, VIII, 319.
How Grettir the Outlaw saved the Farmhouse, VIII, 364.
How the Welsh kept the Christmas of 1115, X, 573.
BARNES, JAMES.
How Winfield Scott rescued the Irishmen, XIII, 132.
The Storming of Chapultepec, XIII, 223.
BATEMAN, J. C.
The Christmas of 496, V, 143.
BATES, LINDON, Jr.
In a Tartar Tent, VI, 187.
The Asphalt Lake of Trinidad, XI, 369.
The Story of Bolívar, XI, 351.
BAYLIS, SAMUEL MATHEWSON.
The Coureur-de-Bois, XI, 99.
BECKER, KARL LUDWIG FREDERICH.
The Emperor Maximilian receiving the Venetian Embassy, VI, 284.
BECKER, W. A.
A Roman Banquet, IV, 470.
BENDEMANN, EDUARD.
Jeremiah at the Fall of Jerusalem, II, 582.
BENJAMIN-CONSTANT, JEAN JOSEPH.
Justinian in Council, IV, 548.
BENJAMIN, S. G. W.
How the Persians Build a House, III, 447.
The Audience Chamber of the Shah, II, 449.
How to Make Calls, II, 451.
Making a Present to an Official, II, 455.
Getting a Glass of Milk, II, 457.
BENNETT, HENRY HOLCOMBE.
The Flag Goes By, XIII, 493.
BENNETT, WILLIAM C.
Trafalgar, X, 168.
BERGSLIEN, KNUA.
Birchlegs carrying King Hakon, VIII, 88.
BERNIER, FRANÇOIS.
On the March with Aurungzebe, II, 128.
BHARTRIHARI.
Poems by Bhartrihari, II, 98.
BIAGI GUIDO.
A Day in Florence in the Thirteenth Century, V, 19.
BINGHAM, HIRAM.
Argentine Independence, XI, 425.
In Buenos Aires, XI, 444.
BIRD, FREDERICK SPENCER.
The Escape of Hugo de Groot, VII, 369.
BIRÉ, EDMOND.
The Execution of Louis XVI, V, 309.
BOECKLIN, ARNOLD.
The Sacred Grove, IX, 28.
BOUCHOT, FRANÇOIS.
The 18th Brumaire, V, 346.
BOUGHTON, GEORGE H.
Edict of William the Testy, VII, 218.
BOUVÉ, THOMAS TRACY.
The Shannon and the Chesapeake, XIII, 139.
BOVILL, W. B. FORSTER.
The Gypsy Bands, VI, 403.
How the Gypsies Saved the Archduke, VI, 401.
BOWER, ARCHIBALD.
How Rome was defended from the Saracens, V, 6.

INDEX OF AUTHORS AND ARTISTS

BOYESEN, HJALMAR H.
King Magnus who was reformed by a Poem, VIII, 77.
How King Harald-Hard-ruler gave his Treasure for his Life, VIII, 84.
BRADFORD, WILLIAM.
When the Pilgrim Fathers went to Holland, VII, 361.
BRADLEY, A. G.
How the Canadian Northwest awoke, XI, 242.
BRADY, CYRUS TOWNSEND.
The Election of Frederick Barbarossa, VII, 38.
How Oglethorpe saved Georgia from Spain, XII, 138.
How the Women brought Water to Bryan's Station, XII, 560.
The Burning of the "Philadelphia," XIII, 88.
"Remember the Alamo," XIII, 211.
BRERETON, JOHN.
When Gosnold came to Cuttyhunk, XII, 153.
BRIDGMAN, FREDERICK A.
The Pastimes of an Assyrian King II, frontispiece.
Procession of the Royal Bull Apis-Osiris, III, 40.
BRIGHAM, G. C.
General Order, Number 11, XIII, 390.
BRIGHAM, WILLIAM T.
A Sacrifice to Tohil, XI, 453.
BROOKS, E. S.
How Brian Boru held the Ford of Tribute X, 437.
BROOKS, SYDNEY.
The Coronation of George V, X, 216.
BROWN, FORD MADOX.
Chaucer at the Court of Edward III, IX, frontispiece.
The Baptism of Edwin, IX, 94.
Wiclif on Trial, IX, 350.
BROWN, P. HUME.
Bruce at Bannockburn, X, 295.
How the Scots Lived while James I was King, X, 313.
The Massacre of Glencoe, X, 379.
BROWNING, ELIZABETH BARRETT.
The Forced Recruit, V, 133.
BROZIK, VACSLAV VON.
Columbus at the Court of Spain, V, 482.
BUCHAN, JOHN.
The Lemnian, A Story of Thermopylae, IV, 90.
BULLARD, R. L.
Preparing our Moros for Government, I, 542.
BULWER-LYTTON, SIR EDWARD.
The Destruction of Pompeii, IV, 441.
The Rule of Rienzi, V, 41.
Cardinal Richelieu and his Enemy, V, 241.
The Last Danish Invasion, IX, 139.
When the King returned from Holland, IX, 424.
BURNS, ROBERT.
Scots Wha Hae, X, 301.
BURTON, SIR RICHARD F.
A Pilgrimage to Mecca, III, 537.
BUTLER, LADY.
(See Thompson, Mrs. Elizabeth.)
BUTLER, SAMUEL.
A Royalist Description of Cromwell's Men, X, 62.
BUTTERWORTH, HEZEKIAH.
The Emancipation of the Serfs, VI, 208.
BYRON, LORD.
The Destruction of Sennacherib, II, 484.
The Isles of Greece, IV, 228.
The Dying Gladiator, IV, 461.
The Bridge of Sighs, V, 73.

CAMOENS, LUIS DE.
The Speech of Vasco da Gama to the King of Calicut, V, 609.
CAMPAN, MADAME.
How the Queen was served, V, 281.
The Wardrobe of Marie Antoinette, V, 283.
CAMPBELL, THOMAS.
Hohenlinden, VI, 334.
The Battle of the Baltic, X, 165.
CANUTE, KING.
The Letter of King Canute, VIII, 259.
CARLETON, WILL.
Cuba to Columbia, XIII, 481.
CARLYLE, THOMAS.
The Fall of Robespierre, V, 334.
The Giant Regiment of Frederick William I of Prussia, VII, 148.
The Childhood of Frederick the Great, VII, 154.
CARPENTER, F. B.
First Reading of the Emancipation Proclamation, XIII, 346.
CARPENTER, W. H. and T. S. ARTHUR.
How Connecticut saved her Charter, XII, 263.
CARUS, PAUL.
Karma, A Story of Buddhist Ethics, II, 43.
CASSON, HERBERT N.
The Social Value of the Telephone in the United States, XIII, 516.
CATHERWOOD, MARY HARTWELL.
Madame de la Tour and her Defense of Fort St. John, XI, 60.
The Conspiracy of Pontiac, XII, 366.
CATLIN, GEORGE.
A Choctaw Holiday, XIII, 437.
CATULLUS.
On the Death of Lesbia's Sparrow, IV, 365.
CEDERSTRÖM, G. O.
Bringing Home the Body of Charles XII, VIII, 208.
CELLINI, BENVENUTO.
King Francis I and the Goldsmith, V, 227.
CERMAK, JAROSLAV.
How Naumberg was Saved, VI, 270.
Herzegovinians Returning to a Village sacked by the Bashi-Bazoucks, VI, 434.

INDEX OF AUTHORS AND ARTISTS

CERVANTES, MIGUEL DE.
The Knight of the Windmills, V, 499.
CHAILLU, PAUL DU.
The Village of Dwarfs, III, 401.
Crossing an African Bridge, III, 423.
Consulting the Man in the Moon, III, 428.
Du Chaillu the First, King of the Apingi, III, 432.
CHAMBERLAIN, BASIL HALL.
A Japanese House, I, 414.
CHANG, LADY.
The Appeal of Lady Chang, I, 136.
CHAPMAN, F. A.
The Mysterious Visitor at Hadley, XII, 300.
CHARLES, MRS. ELIZABETH R.
Martin Luther as a Boy, VII, 129.
How King Edward of Northumbria became a Christian, IX, 88.
CHARLOTTE, CATHERINE.
Anne of Brittany and Her Court, V, 217.
CHASE, Eliza B.
The Bore of the Bay of Fundy, XI, 253.
CHESTER, NORLEY.
Dante's Vision of Heaven, V, 29.
CHILD, THEODORE.
Peter Paul Rubens, VII, 407.
CHIV-NAGON YUKI-HIRA.
The Pine Tree, I, 318.
CHRISTIAN, JOHN.
The Peacock and the Tortoise, II, 73.
Let's see on which Side the Camel sits, II, 75.
The Washerman and the Donkey, II, 76.
The Seven Weavers and the Field of Flax, II, 78.
Some Indian Proverbs, II, 79.
CHUANG TZU.
Dream and Reality — A Buddhist Story, I, 56.
The King's Messenger, I, 118.
CHURCH, ALFRED J.
The Fall of Carthage, III, 287.
CICERO THE YOUNGER.
The Letter of a Roman University Student, IV, 402.
CLARENDON, EDWARD, EARL OF.
Praise-God Barebone's Parliament, X, 70.
CLARK, FELICIA BUTTZ.
Garibaldi and His Prisoner, V, 135.
CLARK, FRANCIS E.
Uruguay and the Uruguayans, XI, 416.
Modern Colombia, XI, 372.
CLARK, GEORGE ROGERS.
A Campaign through the Water, XII, 549.
CLEMENT, CLARA ERSKINE.
Cimabue, the Father of Painting, V, 77.
Giotto and His "O," V, 79.
Anton, Vandyck, VII, 410.
COFFIN, CHARLES CARLETON.
A Visit to General Marion, XIII, 119.
The Gathering of a Great Army, XIII, 303.
COLLIER, JOHN.
The Last Voyage of Henry Hudson, XI, 24.
COLLINS, WILKIE.
Rome pays Ransom to Alaric the Goth, IV, 535.
COLUMBUS, FERDINAND.
The First Landing of Columbus, XI, 539.
COMTE, PÈRE LE.
How the Bonzes got the Ducks, I, 168.
CONFUCIUS.
Shun of Yu, who controlled the Floods, I, 3.
Some of the Proverbs of Confucius, I, 23.
COOPER, JAMES FENIMORE.
A Glimpse of Columbus in Spain, V, 474.
COTTIN, SOPHIE RISTEAU.
How Pardon was won for an Exile, VI, 176.
COURET, COLONEL L. DU.
Justice in Arabia, III, 529.
Wit from Arabia, III, 534.
COWPER, WILLIAM.
Boadicea, IX, 44.
COXE, WILLIAM.
Stories of Rudolf, Founder of the House of Hapsburg, VI, 265.
CRAKE, A. D.
The Escape of Maude from the Castle at Oxford, IX, 213.
CRAWFURD, OSWALD.
How the First King of Portugal won his Kingdom, V, 553.
A Portuguese Shooting Party, V, 629.
CREASY, E. S.
The Battle of Marathon, IV, 79.
How the Empire was saved from the Huns, IV, 541.
CREIGHTON, Louise.
The Story of Gregory the Great, V, 9.
How Italy became a United Country, V, 128.
CROFTS, ERNEST.
Evening of the Battle of Waterloo, V, 484.
Wellington's March from Quatre Bras to Waterloo, X, 174.
CROIX, D. PETIS DE LA.
Jenghiz Khan, the "Perfect Warrior," I, 92.
Jenghiz Khan captures Peking, I, 95.
CROMWELL, OLIVER.
The Vengeance of Cromwell, X, 464.
CVONHOLM, LEANDER N.
How the Swedes elected their King, VIII, 114.
The Defeat of the Jomsburg Vikings, VIII, 123.
CURTIN, JEREMIAH.
The Poor Man and the King of the Crows, VI, 385.

INDEX OF AUTHORS AND ARTISTS

Dahn, Felix.
Peace with the Goths or War, iv, 548.
Dai-ni-no Sammi.
Faithfulness, i, 318.
Dana, Richard Henry, Jr.
On the California Coast in the Thirties, xiii, 237.
D'Arblay, Madame.
A Maid of Honor at the Court of George III, x, 146.
The Royal Visit to Oxford, x, 152.
Davenport, R. A.
The Fight with the Swedish Frigate, viii, 294.
The King's Snuff Box, viii, 295.
The Capture of Marstrand, viii, 296.
Davis, Thomas.
The Geraldines, x, 459.
Davy, Rev. Charles.
The Earthquake of Lisbon, v, 618.
Defoe, Daniel.
In the Days of the Plague, x, 77.
Defregger, Franz von.
Andreas Hofer rallying the Tyrolean Mountaineers, vi, 344.
Delaroche, Paul.
The Children of Edward IV, ix, 430.
The Last Moment of Queen Elizabeth, ix, 462.
Charles I insulted by Soldiers, x, 46.
Demosthenes.
Danger from Macedonia, iv, 185.
Dening, Walter.
Long Spears or Short Spears, i, 332.
Tadasuke, the Japanese Solomon, i, 369.
Dent, John Charles.
The Cutting out of the "Caroline," xi, 163.
De Quincey, Thomas.
The Coming of the Kalmucks, i, 177.
Detaille, Jean Baptiste Édouard.
Napoleon in Egypt, iii, 214.
The Defense of Champigny, v, 406.
The Soldier's Dream, v, 418.
Skirmish between Cossacks and the Imperial Body Guard, vi, frontispiece.
Devens, R. M.
When Washington resigned his Commission, xiii, 32.
The First Telegram, xiii, 193.
Dickens, Charles.
A Visit to Pompeii, iv, 451.
At the Guillotine, v, 327.
The Reign of the Red King, ix, 191.
The Impostor who claimed the Crown of Henry VII, ix, 433.
The Fall of "King Monmouth," x, 84.
Diehl, Charles.
At the Olympian Games, iv, 62.
Dinwiddie, William.
How Freedom came to Puerto Rico, xi, 570.
Diodorus the Sicilian.
The Chaldæans and their Ways, ii, 463.
How Semiramis built Babylon, ii, 489.
The Make-believe Elephants of Semiramis, ii, 495.
The Mighty Reign of Sesostris (Rameses II), iii, 89.
Disraeli, Benjamin.
When Victoria became Queen, x, 189.
Dixie, Lady Florence.
A Real Patagonian, xi, 438.
Dodge, Mary Mapes.
The Festival of Saint Nicholas, vii, 440.
Contrary Land, vii, 433.
Doten, Elizabeth.
The Fate of Sir John Franklin, viii, 531.
Drake, Samuel Adams.
The Fight at Lovewell's Pond, xii, 333.
Drayton, Michael.
The Ballad of Agincourt, ix, 410.
Dufferin, Lord.
The Fire-Mountains of Iceland, viii, 389.
Spitzbergen, the Island that belongs to No One, viii, 489.
Dumas, Alexandre.
Benvenuto Cellini, A Goldsmith of the Sixteenth Century, v, 63.
In the Days of the Fronde, v, 254.
The Fall of the Bastille, v, 286.
The Rival Tulip Growers, vii, 384.

Earle, Alice Morse.
Sunday in the New England Colonies, xii, 245.
Ebers, George.
Why Phanes was exiled, iii, 193.
The Winning of the First Missus, iv, 491.
Eckstein, Ernst.
In the Temple of Aphrodite, iv, 129.
Edwards, Amelia B.
Early Egyptian Picture-Writing, iii, 7.
How the Egyptians painted Portraits, iii, 10.
Egede, Hans.
Greenland Customs of Two Centuries Ago, viii, 447.
Eggleston, George Cary.
Everyday Life in the Early Colonies, xii, 395.
Egmont, Alfred.
How General Gordon outwitted the King of Abyssinia, iii, 238.
Eliot, George.
The Burning of the Vanities, v, 55.
Ellet, Elizabeth F.
The Message of Lydia Darrah, xiii, 6.
Elliot, G. F. Scott.
The Building of Stonehenge, ix, 3.
The City in the Lake, ix, 13.
How the Romans Lived in Britain, ix, 46.
Elphinstone, Mountstuart.
Indian Customs and Manners in 1840, ii, 169.
Emerson, Ralph Waldo.
Boston Hymn, xiii, 347.

ESCOSURA, LÉON Y.
King Philip presenting Rubens to Velasquez, VII, 406.
EURIPIDES.
The Sacrifice of Iphigenia, IV, 15.
EVALD, JOHANNES.
King Christian, VIII, 291.
EVERETT, EDWARD.
How Lafayette came to America, XII, 511.

FELBERMANN, LOUIS.
The Coming of the Tartars, VI, 253.
FIELD, CLAUDE.
Al Mansur, Builder of Bagdad, and the Poet, III, 505.
Al Mansur rebuked, III, 507.
Al Mahdi and the Two Wishes, III, 509.
Haroun al Raschid and the Musician, III, 513.
FIELD, MRS. E. M.
After the Rebellion of 1641, X, 466.
FINCH, FRANCIS MILES.
Nathan Hale, XII, 508.
FINNEMORE, JOHN.
The Coronation Durbur of 1911, II, 248.
FISKE, JOHN.
Prince Henry the Navigator, V, 585.
The Search for Prester John, V, 587.
Jacques Cartier at Quebec, XI, 8.
The Seven Cities of the Wilderness, XII, 55.
Were there Witches in Salem? XII, 281.
The First Voyage up the Hudson River, XII, 197.
Braddock's Defeat, XII, 350.
Blackbeard, the Last of the Pirates, XII, 406.
The Boston Tea Party, XII, 445.
Why Cornwallis failed to "Bag the Old Fox," XII, 420.
Congress and Valley Forge, XIII, 3.
Burgoyne's Surrender, XII, 526.
FITZ-GERALD, W. G.
The Canadian Northwest Mounted Police, XI, 230.
FLAUBERT, GUSTAVE.
The Cutting of the Aqueduct, III, 278.
JOSEPHUS, FLAVIUS.
The Destruction of Jerusalem, II, 579.
The Burning of the Temple, II, 596.
FLEESON, KATHERINE NEVILLE.
Right and Might, II, 67.
The Man in the Moon, II, 69.
The Legend of the Rice, II, 71.
FLETCHER, MARGARET.
Gypsy Music, VI, 404.
FLETCHER, J. C. AND D. P. KIDDER.
How King John VI came to Brazil, XI, 385.
FLINT, GROVER.
The Court of Justice of General Gomez, XI, 567.
FORTÍ, E.
In the Time of Nero, IV, 430.
"Ave Cæsar," IV, 490.
FOX, FRANCIS.
How the Swiss Built the Greatest Tunnel in the World, VII, 601.
FRÉMONT, JOHN CHARLES.
The Highest Peak of the Rocky Mountains, XIII, 185.
FRENEAU, PHILIP.
On the Capture of the Guerrière, XIII, 137.
FRENSSEN, GUSTAV.
In the South African Army, III, 465.
Advancing upon the Enemy, III, 475.
The Battle of Crécy, V, 175.
How Queen Philippa saved the Burghers, V, 181.
A Joust at the Court of Portugal, V, 577.
The Betrothal of Princess Philippa, V, 570.
How Philip van Artevelde was made Governor of Ghent, VII, 297.
FROISSART, SIR JOHN.
The First Expedition of Edward III against the Scots, IX, 338.
The Coronation of Henry IV, IX, 395.
FROMENTIN, EUGÈNE.
Hawking in Algeria, III, 322.
FROST, FREDERIC J. TABOR and CHANNING ARNOLD.
The Rule of Porfirio Diaz, XI, 526.
FROUDE, JAMES ANTHONY.
The Assassination of Julius Cæsar, IV, 375.
Captain Cuellar of the Armada and his Troubles, V, 508.
England's Reconciliation with Rome, IX, 497.
FULLERTON, AUBREY.
The Trade into the North, XI, 201.
FURNESS, WILLIAM HENRY.
A Visit to a "Head-hunter" of Borneo, I, 563.

GABUNI, PIETRO.
The Landing of Columbus, XI, frontispiece.
GARAY, JOHN.
The Pilgrim, VI, 410.
GARFIELD, JAMES A.
Why France claimed the Mississippi Valley, XII, 341.
GARNETT, LUCY M. J.
Choosing a Wife for the Son, VI, 567.
GARSHIN, V.
The Taking of the Village, VI, 211.
GAUTIER, THEOPHILE.
Let my People Go, III, 136.
The Escurial, V, 498.
The Races on the Neva, VI, 237.
Rembrandt's "The Night Watch," VII, 414.
GENTZ, WILHELM KARL.
A Reading from the Koran, III, 496.
GERBILLON, PÈRE.
A Visit to a Lama, I, 169.
GÉRÔME, JEAN LÉON.
Prayer in a Mosque, Old Cairo, III, frontispiece.
Bonaparte before the Sphynx, III, 228.

"Pollice Verso," IV, 460.
Louis XIV and Molière, V, 270.
The Muezzi, VI, 528.
Rembrandt in his Studio, VII, 416.
GIBBON, EDWARD.
Constantinople, a City built to Order, VI, 455.
The Fall of Constantinople, VI, 480.
GIBBS, PHILIP.
At the Siege of Adrianople, VI, 436.
GILBERT, SIR JOHN.
Morning of the Battle of Agincourt, IX, 410.
Cardinal Wolsey going in Procession, IX, 450.
GILBERT, L. A.
The Slide of Alpnach, VII, 567.
GILLETT, E. H.
The Deliverance of Prague, VI, 271.
GLADSTONE, WILLIAM EWART.
America after the Civil War, XIII, 432.
GOETHE, JOHANN WOLFGANG VON.
The Seven Sleepers of Ephesus in the Land of Lydia, II, 329.
Stories from the Eighteenth Century, VII, 181.
GOGAL, NIKOLAI V.
Life at the Setch, VI, 52.
GOODALL, FREDERICK.
Jessie's Dream, II, 180.
Cranmer at the Traitors' Gate IX, 500.
GORDON, M. L.
How to learn Japanese, I, 447.
GRANT, BERNARD.
The Flight from Lule-Burgas, VI, 441.
GREENOUGH, HENRY.
In the Studio of Apelles, IV, 194.
GREENWOOD, GRACE.
Why Jenny Geddes threw her Stool at the Dean, X, 363.
GRENFELL, DR. WILFRED THOMASON.
Given to Hospitality, XI, 260.
GRIBOOSKI, ADRIAN MOYSEEVICH.
A Day with Catherine the Great, VI, 111.
GRIFFIN, GERALD.
An Irish School, X, 525.
GRIERSON, FRANCIS.
On the Underground Railway, XIII, 268.
The Great Lincoln-Douglas Debate, XIII, 276.
GRIFFIS, WILLIAM ELLIOT.
Why the Chinaman wears a Queue, I, 187.
Jimmu Tenno, the First Mikado of Japan, I, 279.
Social Life in Kioto, I, 292.
How a Mud-Hole became a Garden, VII, 351.
The Beloved Queen Wilhemina, VII, 458.
The Coming of the Pilgrims, XII, 161.
How Feudalism came to New Netherland, XII, 201.
Social Life in New Netherland, XII, 205.
GRINNELL, GEORGE BIRD.
What the Indians thought of the White Men, XIII, 446.
GROS, ANTOINE JEAN.
Francis I and Charles V in St. Denis, V, 226.
GRUBE, A. W.
The Famous Victory of Charles Martel, V, 155.
Charlemagne, Emperor of the West, V, 162.
GUERBER, H. A.
The Devil's Bridge over the Reuss, VII, 476.
GUÉRIN, PIERRE NARCISSE.
Æneas at the Court of Dido, III, 276.
GUIZOT, FRANÇOIS PIERRE GUILLAUME.
"God Willeth It," II, 605.
How Cromwell dissolved Parliament, X, 64.
GÜTZLAFF, CHARLES.
The Strenuous Reign of Hoaugti, I, 41.
How the Chinese received the First English Ambassador, I, 189.

HAGEN, AUGUST.
The Contest of the Master-Singers, VII, 109.
HAGUE, PARTHENIA ANTOINETTE.
Alabama Dressmaking in the Day of the Blockade, XIII, 390.
HAKE, A. EGMONT.
Receiving the Yellow Jacket, I, 201.
HALDE, PÈRE DU.
Teaching Science to the Emperor, I, 155.
The Emperor and the Musician, I, 163.
The Man who was afraid of becoming a Horse, I, 166.
Chinese Punishments, I, 181.
The Mandarin Language, I, 207.
How Chinese Children learn to read, I, 210.
HALE, EDWARD EVERETT.
The First Day of the Revolution, XII, 463.
The Marching Song of Stark's Men, XII, 524.
When the English discovered California, XIII, 231.
HALLECK, FITZ-GREENE.
Marco Bozzaris, IV, 223.
HAMLIN, CYRUS.
"Protestant Bread," VI, 569.
HAMMAN, EDUARD JEAN CONRAD.
The Childhood of Charles V: a reading by Erasmus, VII, 302.
HARRIS, TOWNSEND.
The President's Letter, I, 438.
HARTE, BRET.
John Burns at Gettysburg, XIII, 384.
HASSAUREK, F.
How to conduct a Spanish-American Revolution, XI, 330.
HAWKER, ROBERT STEPHEN.
The Song of the Western Men, X, 91.

HAWKS, FRANCIS L.
When Commodore Perry landed in Japan, I, 427.
HAWTHORNE, NATHANIEL.
Endicott and the Red Cross, XII, 175.
The Indian Bible, XII, 189.
The Boston Massacre, XII, 440.
HAYES, ISAAC I.
How Eric the Red came to Greenland, VIII, 411.
How the Greenlanders got a Bishop, VIII, 416.
A Model Parliament, VIII, 439.
What is an Iceberg? VIII, 439.
Escaping from a Glacier, VIII, 478.
How to Build a "Woman's Boat," VIII, 452.
HAYS, MARIE.
The Devastation of Saint Vitus's Church, VI, 287.
HEADLEY, JOEL TYLER.
John Paul Jones in the Revolution, 572.
HERRINGTON, W. S.
The Women who founded the Ursuline Convent at Quebec, XI, 47.
HEARN, LAFCADIO.
The Soul of the Great Bell, I, 138.
How a Man became a God, I, 342.
How it would feel to be a Shinto God, I, 362.
How the Shopkeeper lost his Queue, I, 462.
The Cherry Tree of the Sixteenth Day, I, 463.
"The Marble Memory of Josephine," XI, 556.
The Fer-de-Lance of Martinique, XI, 558.
HEINE, HEINRICH.
The Lorelei, VII, 71.
HELLQUIST, C. G.
Humiliating Entry of Sonnavater and Knut into Stockholm, VIII, frontispiece.
HELPS, SIR ARTHUR.
The Siege of the Lake Dwellers, VII, 467.
HEMANS, FELICIA D.
The Coronation of Inez de Castro, V, 565.
Song of the Battle of Morgarten, VII, 511.
HEIM, FRANÇOIS JOSEPH.
The Legend of St. Kümmerniss, VI, 400.
HEINE, HEINRICH.
The White Elephant, II, 269.
Belshazzar, II, 509.
HENDRIK HANS.
Fifteen Hundred Miles on Floating Ice, VIII, 498.
HENRY, ALEXANDER.
The Prisoner of Machilimackinac, XII, 381.
HENRY, PATRICK.
"Give me Liberty, or give me Death!" XII, 456.
HERODOTUS.
King Darius and the Flying Scythians, II, 334.
How Xerxes set out to conquer Greece, II, 347.
Strange Stories of Early Egypt, III, 3.
How Cheops built his Pyramids, III, 67.
An Egyptian Experiment, III, 30.
The Country and Customs of the Scythians, VI, 14.
HESEKIEL, G.
The Fall of Queen Caroline Matilda, VIII, 299.
HEYDEN, THEODOR VON
The Margrave Gero and the Vandals, VII, 36.
HIGGINSON, THOMAS WENTWORTH.
A Charge with Prince Rupert, X, 24.
The Declaration of Independence, XII, 503.
HOARE, G. T.
How a Turf-Boat captured the City of Breda, VII, 344.
HOLBROOK, FLORENCE.
The Slaying of the Monster Grendel, VIII, 235.
HOLLISTER, GIDEON H.
The Death of King Philip, XII, 318.
HOLMES, OLIVER WENDELL.
Grandmother's Story of Bunker Hill Battle, XII, 477.
HOLMES, T. RICE.
An Appeal to Cæsar, VII, 7.
Besieging a Roman Camp, VII, 281.
HOMER.
Ulysses in the Land of the Lotus Eaters, III, 267.
Princess Nausicaä and the Shipwrecked Sailor, IV, 23.
The Meeting between Odysseus and his Father, IV, 34.
HORACE.
A Roman Bore, IV, 406.
HORSLEY, REGINALD.
The Missionary and the Cannibals, I, 494.
HOVENDEN, THOMAS.
The Last Moments of John Brown, XIII, 290.
HOWE, JULIA WARD.
Battle Hymn of the Republic, XIII, 301.
HUDSON, CHARLES BRADFORD.
The Golden Ransom, XI, 296.
HUGHES, THOMAS.
King Alfred on Athelney, IX, 119.
HUGO, VICTOR.
Where Louis XI said his Prayers, V, 201.
In the Revolt of the Vendée, V, 317.
The Retreat from Moscow, V, 350.
Waterloo, V, 366.
HULBERT, HOMER B.
When Hideyoshi invaded Korea, I, 265.
HUME, DAVID.
The Fight with the Invincible Armada, IX, 551.
The Gunpowder Plot, X, 19.

HUMPHREYS, MARY GAY.
The Romance of the Reindeer, XIII, 497.
HUNT, HOLMAN.
The Converted Britains, IX, 58.
HUNTER, SIR WILLIAM WILSON.
The People whom the Aryans found in India, II, 5.
The Life of Buddha, II, 27.
What is Caste? II, 193.
HUSBAND, JOSEPH.
Learning Coal-Mining, XIII, 506.

INGRAHAM, REV. J. H.
In the Brick Fields, III, 123.
INGRES, JEAN DOMINIQUE AUGUSTIN.
The Deification of Homer, IV, 22.
IRVING, THEODORE.
When De Soto met the Princess, XII, 40.
The Burial of De Soto in the Mississippi River, XII, 49.
IRVING, WASHINGTON.
King Roderick and the Magic Tower, V, 432.
The Surrender of Granada, V, 459.
The Governor of the Alhambra, and the Notary, V, 466.
The Return of Columbus, V, 483.
The Adventures of Columbus off the Coast of Trinidad, XI, 345.
Wouter Van Twiller, Governor of New Netherland, XII, 212.
How New Amsterdam became New York, XII, 220.

JACKSON, HELEN HUNT.
The Temecula Valley, An American Grand Pré, XIII, 471.
JAMES, G. P. R.
The Battle of Evesham, IX, 309.
JAMESON, ANNA.
Michael Angelo and Pope Julius II, V, 98.
JANSSEN, JOHANNES.
German Life in the Fifteenth Century, VII, 100.
JENNINGS, L. F.
Benjamin Disraeli, X, 199.
JENSEN, WILHELM.
The Marriage of Gustavus Vasa, VIII, 165.
JEWETT, SARAH ORNE.
The First Salute to the Flag, XII, 568.
JOHN OF CORVINO.
An Enterprising Missionary, I, 147.
JOHNSTON, CHARLES, and CARITA SPENCER.
The Book of Kells, X, 435.
The Winning Back of the Land, X, 534.
JOHNSTON, CHARLES H. L.
Red Jacket and the Missionary, XIII, 83.
Tecumseh, the Indian Brigadier-General, XIII, 153.
"Stonewall" Jackson by the River, XIII, 353.
JOHNSTON, MARY.
The Arrival of "the King's Maids," XII, 124.
JÓKAI, MAURUS.
After the Battle of Szolnok, VI, 347.
The Unlucky Weathercock, VI, 359.
The Coming of the Comet, VI, 460.
The Last of the Janizaries, VI, 519.
JOYCE, PATRICK WESTON.
The Story of Saint Patrick, X, 421.
The "Island of Saints and Scholars," X, 430.
JUNOR, DAVID.
Taken Prisoner by the Fenians, XI, 170.

KALAKAUA.
The Vengeance of the Goddess Pele, I, 521.
KALIDASA.
Sakoontala, or the Lost Ring, II, 99.
KAULBACH, WILHELM VON.
The Crusaders before Jerusalem, II, 610.
KEATS, JOHN.
Ode on a Grecian Urn, IV, 75.
KELLOGG, ELIJAH.
Spartacus to the Gladiators, IV, 360.
KEY, FRANCIS SCOTT.
The Star-Spangled Banner, XIII, 151.
KHAN, HADJI, and WILFRID SPARROY.
The "Square House" of Kabah, III, 497.
KIDDER, D. P., and J. C. FLETCHER.
How King John VI came to Brazil, XI, 385.
KIEFFER, HARRY M.
A Drummer Boy at Gettysburg, XIII, 367.
KINGSLEY, CHARLES.
The Rescue of the Princess of Cornwall, IX, 178.
KINGSTON, WILLIAM H. G.
The First Voyage to India, V, 591.
KINO TOMO-NORI.
The Faded Flower, I, 318.
KNIGHT, JOHN PRESCOTT.
Sacking a Church in the Time of John Knox, X, 336.
KOEBEL, W. H.
A Visit to Artigas, XI, 412.
KONINCK, SALOMON.
Crœsus showing Solon his Treasures, II, 302.
KOSSUTH, LOUIS.
Kossuth's Farewell, VI, 367.
KROEKER, KATE FREILIGRATH.
Herman, Who Freed the Germans from Rome, VII, 19.

LAMARTINE, ALPHONSE MARIE LOUIS DE.
The Legend of the Arabs, III, 487.
The Surrender of Rhodes, VI, 504.
LAMBERT, JOHN C.
Father Damien, the Missionary to the Lepers, I, 526.
LANG, W. H.
The First Australian Colonists, I, 477.
Gold, Gold, Gold! I, 484.

LAURENS, JEAN PAUL.
Torquemada and the Catholic King, v, 458.
The Last Moments of Maximilian, XI, 524.
Excommunicated, v, 12.
LAUT, AGNES C.
The Last Days of Henry Hudson, XI, 19.
The Second Capture of Louisburg, XI, 109.
The Battle of Lundy's Lane, XI, 158.
Canada of the Future, XI, 271.
What caused the Second War with England, XIII, 127.
LAWLER, THOMAS BONAVENTURE.
Why Brazil belonged to Portugal, XI, 382.
LEIGHTON, FREDERICK.
Greek Girls Playing Ball, IV, 74.
A Religious Procession in Honor of Apollo, IV, 128.
LEIGHTON, JOHN.
One Day under the Commune, v, 406.
LEITH, MRS. DISNEY.
How Icelandic Children get their Surnames, VIII, 406.
LEONOWENS, MRS. A. H.
The Reception of a White Elephant, II, 263.
LENEPVEU, JULES EUGÈNE.
The Coronation of Charles VII at Rheims, v, 192.
LETHIÈRE, GUILLAUME GUILLON.
Brutus condemning his Sons to Death, IV, 268.
LEUDET, MAURICE.
A Day with the German Emperor, VII, 269.
LEUPP, CONSTANCE D.
The National Red Cross at Work, XIII, 552.
LEVER, CHARLES.
The Crossing of the Douro, v, 535.
The Grand Canal Hotel, x, 511.
LEVY, HENRI LEOPOLD.
The Coronation of Charlemagne, v, 162.
LIE, JONAS.
Finn Blood, VIII, 91.
LILJENCRANCZ, OTTILIE A.
"One Rule for Angle and for Dane, XI, 130.
LINCOLN, ABRAHAM.
The Gettysburg Address, XIII, 388.
LIPPINCOTT, SARA J. See "Grace Greenwood."
LITTLE, ARCHIBALD.
The Chinese Theater, I, 85.
LIVINGSTONE, DAVID.
The Mountain with Several Caves, III, 386.
A Magic Lantern in Africa, III, 388.
The Electric Wind of the Desert, III, 389.
The Merman Missionary, III, 391.
LIVY.
The Contest between the Horatii and the Curiatii, IV, 261.
How Hannibal made his way to Italy, IV, 333.
How Archimedes defended Syracuse, IV, 349.
LOCKHART, J. G.
Diego Perez, "the Pounder," v, 444.
The Cid and the Leper, v, 446.
The Departure of King Sebastian, v, 615.
LODGE, HENRY CABOT.
When Washington took Command, XII, 487.
LONGFELLOW, HENRY WADSWORTH.
The Children's Crusade, II, 623.
Belisarius, IV, 564.
The Sermon of Saint Francis, v, 17.
Scanderbeg, VI, 473.
The Discoverer of the North Cape, VIII, 31.
Ironbeard, VIII, 56.
The Music of Ole Bull, VIII, 108.
Queen Sigrid and the Ring, VIII, 128.
Thangbrand the Priest, VIII, 360.
Santa Filomena, x, 196.
Sir Humphrey Gilbert, XI, 16.
The Exile of the Acadians, XI, 103.
The Challenge of the Rattlesnake Skin, XII, 167.
LOOMIS, A. W.
The Story of Confucius, I, 13.
A Visit to a Temple of Confucius, I, 19.
LORD, JOHN.
The Struggle between the King and the Archbishop, IX, 226.
LOREY, EUSTACHE DE, and DOUGLAS SLADEN.
The Persian Bazars, II, 421.
LOTI, PIERRE.
When the Allies entered Peking, I, 249.
LOWELL, JAMES RUSSELL.
Dara, II, 378.
Jonathan to John, XIII, 310.
LOWELL, PERCIVAL.
How to talk politely in Japan, I, 424.
LOWELL, ROBERT TRAILL SPENCE.
The Relief of Lucknow, II, 180.
LUCIAN.
The Sale of Philosophers, IV, 207.
LUDLOW, JAMES M.
The Little Janizary, VI, 495.
LUMMIS, CHARLES F.
How Little-Blue-Fox fooled the Coyote, XII, 73.
The Storming of the Sky City, XII, 78.
LYNDSAY, SIR DAVID.
The Tower of Babel, II, 473.

MACAULAY, THOMAS BABINGTON.
The Decline of the Mogul Empire, II, 143.
How Robert Clive defended Arcot, II, 151.
The Black Hole of Calcutta, II, 157.
The Impeachment of Warren Hastings, II, 162.
Horatius, IV, 269.
The Battle of Ivry, v, 237.

Frederick the Great and the First Silesian War, VII, 164.
When William III of England came Home to his Fatherland, VII, 396.
The Armada, IX, 546.
The Battle of Naseby, X, 42.
The Siege of Londonderry, X, 481.
The Battle of the Boyne, X, 494.
MACCARI, CESARE.
Cicero denouncing Catiline in the Roman Senate, IV, 368.
MACHAR, AGNES MAULE.
The Story of Ville Marie de Montreal, XI, 50.
MACKAY, CHARLES.
The "Bubbles" of the Reign of George I, X, 126.
The Invasion of the Norsemen, X, 258.
MACLISE, DANIEL.
The Play Scene from Hamlet, VIII, 234.
MAIGNAN, ALBERT.
Pope Boniface defies his Assailants, V, 36.
Frederick Barbarossa at the Feet of the Pope, VII, 48.
MALE, ARTHUR.
Sunday in the British Army in India, II, 216.
The Hill of Bones, II, 275.
MALORY, THOMAS.
King Arthur receives the Round Table, IX, 61.
Galahad and the Quest of the Sangreal, IX, 65.
MARIE ANTOINETTE.
When Marie Antoinette entered Paris, V, 279.
MARKHAM, CLEMENTS R.
The Stolen Boys, IX, 77.
The Stolen Child of the Inca, XI, 283.
MARKS, JEANNETTE.
The Eisteddfod, X, 601.
MARQUIS, THOMAS G.
The Child who defended Castle Dangerous, XI, 71.
MARR, CARL.
The Flagellants, V, 48.
MARTIN, W. A. P.
The Three Religions, I, 53.
The Worship of Ancestors, I, 153.
How the "Arrow War" began, I, 198.
Civil Service Examinations in China, I, 223.
War between China and Japan, I, 235.
MARTINEAU, HARRIET.
The "Broadcloth Mob" of Boston, XIII, 261.
MASPERO, G.
How the Chaldæans wrote Books, II, 468.
The King's Palace and his Attendants, III, 13.
MASSON, GUSTAVE.
The Coming of Charlemagne, V, 3.
The Field of the Cloth of Gold, IX, 445.
MAX, GABRIEL.
The Last Token, IV, frontispiece.
MAYER, FRANK B.
The Planting of the Colony of Maryland, XII, 136.
MCCARTHY, JUSTIN H.
The House of the Geraldines, X, 455.
Emmet's Grave, X, 505.
MCCRACKEN, W. D.
Our Borrowed Scientists, VII, 587.
MCCULLAGH, FRANCIS.
"The House of Fear," VI, 529.
The Silent Army, VI, 542.
MCLAUGHLIN, JAMES.
The Indian Story of the Custer Tragedy, XIII, 454.
MCLELLAN, ISAAC.
The Battle of Eylau, V, 347.
The Death of Napoleon, V, 386.
MCMASTER, JOHN BACH.
How the Barbary Pirates learned to respect the American Flag, III, 301.
How People traveled in Revolutionary Times, XIII, 52.
How Philadelphia celebrated the Ratification of the Constitution, XIII, 69.
The First Inauguration Day, XIII, 73.
The "Horse-Marines" of 1814, XIII, 173.
The Opening of the Erie Canal, XIII, 181.
MCMURDO, EDWARD.
The Penance of a Prince, V, 562.
MEISSONIER, JEAN LOUIS ERNEST.
Friedland, 1807, V, frontispiece.
MENCIUS.
Proverbs of Mencius, I, 37.
MENPES, MORTIMER.
Thinking out a Garden, I, 417.
An Artist in Flowers, I, 419.
How a Japanese paints, I, 422.
Japanese Politeness, I, 461.
MENZEL, ADOLF FRIEDRICH ERDMANN.
The Round Table of Frederick the Great, VII, 178.
MEREJKOWSKI, DMITRI.
A Morning with Peter the Great, VI, 87.
MERRILL, FRANK J.
The Charge at El Caney, XIII, 488.
MERSON, LUC OLIVER.
St. Louis opening the Prisons of his Realm, V, 172.
MERWIN, HENRY CHILDS.
How the "Forty-Niners" reached California, XIII, 247.
Early Business Days in San Francisco, XIII, 254.
MICHAUD, JOSEPH FRANÇOIS.
Saint Louis as a Prisoner, II, 625.
MILES, PLINY.
Climbing Mount Hekla, VIII, 392.
MILLAIS, SIR JOHN EVERETT.
The Boyhood of Raleigh, IX, 518.
The Last Trek, III, 436.
The Northwest Passage, VIII, 518.
The Order of Release, X, 388.

MILLER, J. O.
The Story of Jean Brébeuf, XI, 41.
In the Days of Frontenac, XI, 85.
Laura Secord, a Heroine of the War of 1812, XI, 155.
How Alexander Mackenzie reached the Pacific Ocean, XI, 213.
MILLER, JOAQUIN.
Copan, XI, 458.
William Walker, "The Last of the Filibusters," XI, 466.
Columbus, XII, 9.
MILTON, JOHN.
On the Morning of Christ's Nativity, II, 585.
King Leir and his Daughters, IX, 9.
MOCKLER-FERRYMAN, A. F.
How the Laplanders live, VIII, 102.
MOLTKE, COUNT VON.
The Coronation of Alexander II, VI, 201.
MONIER-WILLIAMS, SIR MONIER.
Camp Life in India, II, 224.
The Towers of Silence, II, 234.
MONTAGU, LADY MARY WORTLEY.
Dining with the Sultana, VI, 511.
MOORE, THOMAS.
The Harp that once through Tara's Halls, X, 507.
A Canadian Boat Song, XI, 185.
MORAN, E. PERCY.
Raising the First American Flag, XII, frontispiece.
The Defense of Fort Moultrie, XII, 494.
MORLEY, HENRY.
The Hall of the Early Chiefs, VIII, 113.
MORRIS, CHARLES.
How Perry saved the Northwest, XIII, 143.
MORRIS, WILLIAM.
How the Boy Sigurd won the Horse Greyfell, VIII, 376.
MOTLEY, JOHN LOTHROP.
The "Beggars" of Holland, VII, 305.
The Siege of Leyden, VII, 316.
The Assassination of William the Silent, VII, 328.
Sir Philip Sidney and the Glass of Water, VII, 341.
MOTTE, HENRI PAUL.
Hannibal crossing the Rhone, IV, 336.
MÜHLBACH, LOUISA.
The Coming of Louis XVIII, V, 353.
How the French honored Joseph Haydn, VI, 339.
The Oath at the Grave of Frederick the Great, VII, 223.
Why the Philosopher's Letter was not mailed, VII, 229.
The Appeal of Anne Askew, IX, 464.
MUIR, JOHN.
A Little Scotch Pioneer in Wisconsin, XIII, 200.
MULHALL, MRS. MARION G.
Life at a Paraguayan "Reduction," XI, 401.
MÜLLER, CHARLES LOUIS.
Marie Antoinette in the Conciergerie, V, 316.
MUNDT, KLARA M. (See LOUISA MÜHLBACH.)

NAPOLEON, BONAPARTE.
When Napoleon returned from Elba, V, 364.
NANSEN, FRIDTJOF.
The Attack of the Ice, VIII, 538.
NEAL, DAVID.
Cromwell visiting Milton, X, 316.
NOBLE, MARGARET E.
The Lord Krishna and the Lapwing's Nest, II, 72.
NORTON, CAROLINE.
The King of Denmark's Ride, VIII, 276.
NURSEY, WALTER R.
When Tecumseh Met General Brock, XI, 153.

OBER, FREDERICK A.
Ponce de Leon seeks the Fountain of Youth, XII, 21.
OVEREND, W. H.
An August Morning with Farragut, XIII, frontispiece.
OWEN, DANIEL.
Loyalist Shelburne, XI, 136.
OZAKI, YEI THEODORA.
The Story of Yoshitsune, I, 299.

PACKH, BARONESS M. DE
On the March to Siberia, VI, 182.
PALMER, E. H.
The Caliph and the Poet of the Barmeks, III, 517.
The Division of the Reward, III, 520.
The Caliph and "The Man with the Stew," III, 522.
The Poet and the Jester, III, 526.
PALMER, FREDERICK.
Chief Nicaragua and the Spaniards, XI, 462.
Happy Little Costa Rica, XI, 471.
PARDOE, JULIA.
The Death of Louis XIV, V, 270.
The Dancing Dervishes, VI, 573.
PARK, MUNGO.
Writing a Charm, III, 373.
A Zealous Missionary, III, 375.
PARKES, SIR GILBERT.
How the Northwest Company lost Fort Gabriel, XI, 187.
PARKES, BESSIE RAYNOR.
King Arthur, X, 553.
PARKMAN, FRANCIS.
Champlain and the Imposter Vignan, XI, 32.
The Capture of Deerfield, XII, 325.
PARTON, JAMES.
Benjamin Franklin before the House of Commons, XII, 429.
The Trials of the British Minister in Jefferson's Administration, XIII, 97.
The "Bargain" Purchase of the Louisiana Territory, XIII, 110.

Exploring the Louisiana Territory, XIII, 115.
PAULDING, JAMES KIRKE.
The Quarrel of Squire Bull and his Son, X, 142.
An Eighteenth Century Voyage down the Hudson River, XII, 416.
PAULUS.
The Challenge of Paulus, V, 430.
PEABODY, OLIVER W. B.
When Israel Putnam was captured by the Indians, XII, 358.
PEARY, ADMIRAL ROBERT E.
The Discovery of the North Pole, VIII, 546.
PEN-TA-UR
The Victory over the Khita, III, 154.
PETOFI, ALEXANDER.
The National Song of Hungary, VI, 408.
PETRIE, W. M. FLINDERS.
How to excavate a Buried Town, III, 76.
PETRONIUS.
A Roman Banquet, IV, 470.
PHILLIPS, WENDELL.
Toussaint l'Ouverture, XI, 546.
PILOTY, KARL THEODOR VON.
The Death of Alexander the Great, IV, 204.
Girondists on their Way to the Guillotine, V, 326.
Thusnelda in the Triumphal Procession of Germanicus, VII, frontispiece.
PINTO, MENDEZ.
The Woman with the Cross, I, 149.
PLATO.
The Death of Socrates, IV, 177.
PLATT, CHARLES D.
A Call on Lady Washington in 1780, XIII, 50.
PLINY THE YOUNGER.
How to treat the Christians, IV, 454.
The Country House of Pliny the Younger, IV, 484.
PLUTARCH.
Alexander the Great in India, II, 83.
The Last King of Persia, II, 365.
The Founding of Alexandria, III, 203.
How the Spartan Boys were trained, IV, 41.
How Themistocles brought about the Battle of Salamis, IV, 112.
Alexander the Great, IV, 189.
When Cæsar crossed the Rubicon, IV, 369.
Cæsar at the Height of his Power, IV, 371.
The White Hind of Sertorius, V, 427.
POLO, MARCO.
The Tartars and their Customs, I, 79.
The Palace of the Great Khan in Cambaluc (Peking), I, 101.
How the Great Khan ate his Dinner, I, 105.
How Kublai Khan went a-Hunting, I, 108.
How the Khan sent his Messages, I, 113.
The Polos teach the Khan how to capture a City, I, 119.
A Chinese City at the End of the Thirteenth Century, I. 122.
The Great Khan Kublai invades Japan, I, 321.
PORTER, JANE.
Poland or Russia, VI, 148.
The Capture of William Wallace, X, 277.
PRAED, WINTHROP MACKWORTH.
Sir Nicholas at Marston Moor, X, 38.
PRESCOTT, WILLIAM H.
The Abdication of Charles the Fifth, V, 493.
The Coming of Philip II, IX, 488.
How Pizarro captured the Inca, XI, 289.
Nezahualcoyotl, King of the Tuscucans, XI, 480.
Has the God Quetzalcoatl come to Mexico? XI, 495.
PRESTON, MARGARET JUNKIN.
Maxmilian at Queretaro, XI, 524.
PROCTOR, EDNA DEAN.
The Fair of Nijni-Novgorod, VI, 248.
Sa-cá-ga-we-a, XIII, 122.
PRUDDEN, T. MITCHELL.
How the Cliff-Dwellers lived, XII, 59.
PTAH-HOTEP.
On avoiding the Disagreeable, III, 35.
On Humility in High Estate, III, 35.
On Dealing with Temper, III, 36.
On the Secrets of Success in Work, III, 36.
PUSHKIN, ALEKSANDR.
Borodino, VI, 117.

RALEIGH, SIR WALTER.
What Sir Walter Raleigh thought of Guiana, XI, 348.
RALPH, JULIAN.
A Modern Battlefield, III, 458.
RAMAKRISHNA.
Fables, II, 245.
RANSON, CAPTAIN J. B., R.N.R.
The Triumph of the Wireless, XIII, 542.
RATHBONE, ANNE MANNING.
A Visit to Moselekatse, III, 378.
The Trial of Sir Thomas More, IX, 456.
RAU, HERIBERT.
The Unwritten Overture of Mozart, VII, 196.
RAWNSLEY, HARDWICKE D.
Going to see Pharaoh (Rameses II), III, 177.
READ, THOMAS BUCHANAN.
Balboa, XI, 459.
REED, ELIZABETH A.
The Building of the Bridge of Tus, II, 381.
REMBRANDT VAN RYN.
The Night Watch, VII, 414.
RHOSCOMYL, OWEN.
"When the Eighteen Fell," X, 581.
The Rebellion of Owen Glyndwr, X, 586.

How a Welshman became King of England, x, 591.
RICHARDSON, ABBY SAGE.
Friar Bacon's Brazen Head, IX, 295.
RICHTER, GUSTAVE.
Building the Pyramids, III, 68.
RIIS, JACOB.
The Apostle to Greenland, VIII, 427.
RINK, DR. HENRY.
The Search for the Lost Colonies of Greenland, VIII, 421.
ROBERT-FLEURY, JOSEPH NICHOLAS.
Galileo before the Inquisition, V, 72.
The Revolt in Warsaw, 1861, VI, 158.
ROBERTS, CHARLES G. D.
How People lived in New France, XI, 91.
ROBERTS, LORD.
When Queen Victoria became Empress of India, II, 184.
ROBINSON, H. M.
Shopping at a Hudson Bay Company's Fort, XI, 194.
ROCHEGROSSE, GEORGES.
Huns Pillaging a French Villa, IV, 540.
ROOK, CLARENCE.
The Milk Porridge Incident, VII, 545.
How Switzerland defends Herself, VII, 594.
ROSENTHAL, TOBY E.
Morning Prayers in the Family of Sebastian Bach, VII, 190.
ROSSETTI, DANTE GABRIEL.
The White Ship, IX, 201.
ROTHERMEL, PETER F.
Patrick Henry delivering His Celebrated Oration, XV, 456.
ROUGET DE LISLE, CLAUDE JOSEPH.
The Marseillaise, V, 304.
ROWLANDSON, MRS. MARY.
The Captivity of Mrs. Mary Rowlandson, XII, 304.
RUBENS, PETER PAUL.
Henry IV and Marie de Medici, V, 240.
RÜCKERT, FRIEDRICH.
Barbarossa, VII, 50.

SADI.
Little Stories from Sadi, II, 387.
SALLUST.
Marius to the Roman People, IV, 352.
SARMIENTO, DOMINGO FAUSTINO.
The People of the Argentine Pampas, XI, 432.
SAXO GRAMMATICUS.
How King Rorik regained the Tribute, VIII, 245.
The Speaking of Prince Uffe the Speechless, VIII, 249.
How Ragnor Lodbrog won a Wife and a Nickname, VIII, 120.
SAYCE, A. H.
How the Assyrians and Babylonians lived, II, 475.
SCHAFF, MORRIS.
Just before the War, XIII, 284.
The Day of the Evacuation of Richmond, XIII, 407.
Lee's Surrender, XIII, 424.
SCHILLER, JOHANN CHRISTOPH FRIEDRICH VON.
The Coming of the Maid of Orleans, V, 186.
Wallenstein, the Deposed General, VI, 297.
Wallenstein and the Cuirassiers, VI, 301.
The Sacking of Magdeburg, VII, 140.
The Shot of William Tell, VII, 487.
Tell's Escape, VII, 507.
Gustavus Adolphus at Lützen, VIII, 172.
SCHNECKENBURGER, MAX.
The Watch on the Rhine, VII, 249.
SCHOPIN, H. F.
Joseph sold by his Brethren, III, 100.
SCHRADER, JULIUS.
Elizabeth signing the Death Warrant of Mary Queen of Scots, X, frontispiece.
Cromwell in Whitehall, X, 60.
SCHREYER, ADOLPHE.
Arabian Horsemen in Battle, III, 536.
SCOTT, G. FIRTH.
A Balloon Search for the North Pole, VIII, 535.
SCOTT, ROBERT F.
Captain Scott's Last Message, VIII, 581.
SCOTT, SIR WALTER.
The Tearing Down of England's Flag, II, 611.
Peace or War? VII, 525.
The Tournament of Ashby-de-la-Zouche, IX, 245.
The Archery Contest, IX, 262.
A Trial by Single Combat, IX, 270.
Sir Walter Raleigh and his Cloak, IX, 518.
When Elizabeth came to Kenilworth, IX, 535.
King James I and his Goldsmith, X, 3.
The Bier-right, X, 305.
On the Field of Flodden, X, 319.
"The Goodman of Ballangiech," X, 330.
The Flight of Mary, Queen of Scots, to England, X, 336.
The Fate of Mary, Queen of Scots, X, 351.
Gathering Song of Donald the Black, X, 370.
A Rescue at the Battle of Prestonpans, X, 382.
The Mysterious Champion of Hadley, XII, 297.
SEMENOFF, COMMANDER VLADIMIR.
Coaling at Sea, VI, 226.
SEWALL, SAMUEL.
Judge Sewall's Courtship, XII, 410.
SEYMOUR, CHARLES C. B.
The Last Voyage of Captain Cook, I, 510.
Sir William Phips, Treasure-Seeker and Soldier, XII, 268.
How Daniel Boone saved Boonesborough, XII, 539.

INDEX OF AUTHORS AND ARTISTS

SHACKELTON, SIR ERNEST H.
In Antarctic Winter Quarters, VIII, 561.
SHAKESPEARE, WILLIAM.
The Death of Cleopatra, III, 205.
At the Funeral of Cæsar, IV, 380.
A Supposed Street Scene in Verona in the Fourteenth Century, V, 37.
The Ghost of Hamlet's Father, VIII, 225.
A Messenger from Rome, IX, 41.
Prince Arthur and the Keeper Hubert, IX, 289.
Two Scenes in the Life of Henry V, IX, 400.
The Fall of Cardinal Wolsey, IX, 451.
The Murder of King Duncan, X, 235.
SHAW, FRANCES A.
Ivan, the Terrible, VI, 45.
The False Czar, VI, 65.
SHERWOOD, KATE BROWNLEE.
Mollie Pitcher, XIII, 12.
SIDGWICK, MRS. ALFRED.
Student Life at the German Universities, VII, 263.
SIENKIEWICZ, HENRYK.
The Christian Martyrs in the Arena, IV, 462.
The Surrender of Kamenyetz, VI, 135.
SLADEN, DOUGLAS BROOKE WHEELTON.
Waterloo, X, 183.
SLADEN, DOUGLAS, and EUSTACHE DE LOREY.
The Persian Bazars, II, 421.
SLEEPER, MRS. M. G. QUINCY.
The Sacrifice of the People of Saguntum, V, 421.
Velasquez, the Greatest of Spanish Painters, V, 519.
Spanish Home Life in the Seventeenth Century, V, 522.
The Queen and her Superintendent, V, 528.
SMITH, ARTHUR D. HOWDEN.
An Attack on the Bashi-Bazouks, VI, 421.
SMITH, A. L. A.
The Queen of Prussia's Ride, VII, 235.
SMITH, F. HOPKINSON.
In and Out of a Cab in Amsterdam, VII, 450.
SMITH, CAPTAIN JOHN.
John Smith as a Captive among the Indians, XII, 116.
SMITH, JULIANA.
A New England Thanksgiving Dinner in 1779, XIII, 45.
SMITH, SAMUEL FRANCIS.
America, XIII, 67.
SMITH, VINCENT A.
Kunâla, the Obedient, Son of Asoka, II, 94.
SMITH, WILLIAM WYE.
The Second Concession of Deer, XI, 147.
The Canadians on the Nile, XI, 180.
SOPHOCLES.
The Story of Œdipus, IV, 3.
The Chariot Race, IV, 73.
SOUTHEY, ROBERT.
Bishop Hatto and his Mouse Tower, VII, 67.
The Lost Colony of Roanoke Island, XII, 110.
SPARKS, JARED.
The Capture of Major André, XIII, 14.
SPARROY, WILFRID.
Poe's Tales at the Persian Court, II, 393.
The Prince who lost his Book, II, 401.
The Food of the Royal Tutor, II, 406.
SPARROY, WILFRID, and HADJI KHAN.
The "Square House" or Kabah, III, 497.
SPEER, WILLIAM.
Manners and Customs of Confucius's Day, I, 25.
The Rule of the Hans, I, 49.
Tai-tsung the Good, I, 65.
The Founding of Hanlin College, I, 70.
The Binding of Feet, I, 73.
Printing, I, 75.
Opium-Eaters, I, 193.
A "Boston Tea-Party" in China, I, 194.
SPENCER, CARITA, and CHARLES JOHNSTON.
The Book of Kells, X, 435.
The Winning Back of the Land, X, 534.
SPENCER, WILLIAM ROBERT.
Beth Gelert; or the Grave of the Greyhound, X, 563.
STANFIELD, W. C.
Trafalgar, X, 168.
STANLEY, SIR HENRY.
How I found Livingstone, III, 393.
Taken Prisoner at Shiloh, XIII, 332.
STERRETT, J. R. S.
The Roman Roads, IV, 523.
STEVENSON, BURTON EGBERT.
When Cornwallis surrendered, XIII, 23.
STORY, WILLIAM WETMORE.
Padre Bandelli proses to the Duke Ludovico Sforza about Leonardo da Vinci, V, 94.
STRICKLAND, AGNES.
Queen Margaret and the Robber, IX, 415.
The Funeral of Elizabeth of York, Wife of Henry VII, IX, 441.
The Great Queen as a Little Child, IX, 503.
STODDARD, CHARLES AUGUSTUS.
The Eruption of Mont Pelée, XI, 563.
SYMONDS, JOHN ADDINGTON.
Tobogganing on a Glacier, VII, 579.

TACITUS, CAIUS CORNELIUS.
How the Early Germans lived, VII, 3.
The Rebellion of Civilis, VII, 289.
TADAYOSHI SAKURAI.
The Attack upon Port Arthur, I, 452.
TALBOT, FREDERIC A.
How the Canadian Pacifie crossed the Selkirks, XI, 223.

The Highest Railroad in the World, XI, 317.
TAPPAN, EVA MARCH.
The Children's Crusade, II, 620.
Mohammed, III, 493.
Solon who made Laws for the Athenians, IV, 55.
Pericles and his Age, IV, 123.
How the Plebeians won their Rights, IV, 290.
The Romans of the Early Republic and their Ways, IV, 325.
Augustus, the Shrewd Young Emperor, IV, 393.
Marcus Aurelius, the Philosopher Emperor, IV, 511.
Constantine the Great, IV, 526.
Saint Francis of Assisi, V, 13.
Francesco Petrarch, V, 33.
Rollo the Viking, V, 169.
The First Voyage around the World, V, 489.
The Great Hanseatic League, VII, 89.
John Gutenberg, Inventor of Printing, VII, 123.
The Flight of the Helvetians, VII, 471.
The Fall of the Monastery at Croyland, IX, 99.
What the Boy Alfred saw in London, IX, 113.
The Story of John Lackland, IX, 237.
In the Days of Edward III, IX, 332.
The Mystery Plays, IX, 375.
Country Life in the Days of the Plantagenets, IX, 380.
Why the Iroquois hated the French, XI, 28.
The Trouble of the Loyalists, XI, 128.
How Canada acquired the Northwest, XI, 217.
Life on a Virginia Plantation, XII, 133.
William Penn, Founder of Pennsylvania, XII, 235.
Calling a Minister Three Centuries Ago, XII, 256.
TAVERNIER, JEAN BAPTISTE.
The Peacock Throne of the Great Mogul, Shah Jahan, II, 115.
TAYLOR, BAYARD.
The Taj-Mahal, the Most Beautiful Tomb in the World, II, 118.
A Trip to the Pyramids, III, 59.
The Kremlin of Moscow, VI, 75.
The Salt Mines of Wieliczka, VI, 370.
Waiting for the Great Geyser to Spout, VIII, 398.
TENNYSON, ALFRED, LORD.
Montenegro, VI, 420.
The Passing of Arthur, IX, 73.
The Revenge, IX, 563.
The Charge of the Light Brigade, X, 193.
TERRY, CHARLES SANFORD.
How Flora Macdonald saved Prince Charlie, X, 389.
THACKERAY, WILLIAM MAKEPEACE.
Campaign under Marlborough, X, 93.
The Government in Quest of a Poet, X, 103.
When George II became King, X, 132.
Just before Waterloo, X, 175.
THIERRY, AUGUSTIN.
The Revolt of the Peasants, IX, 351.
THIERS, LOUIS ADOLPHE.
The Burning of Moscow, VI, 121.
THOMAS, WILLIAM WIDGERY, JR.
The Blood-bath of Stockholm, VIII, 151.
Gustavus Vasa, the Savior of Sweden, VIII, 157.
THOMPSON, MRS. ELIZABETH (LADY BUTLER).
"Scotland Forever," X, 186.
Balaclava, X, 194.
THOMPSON, GEORGE E.
The Great Market of Tripoli, III, 334.
THOMPSON, SAMUEL.
How a Settler built his Log Barn, XI, 143.
THOMPSON, VANCE.
The Nobel Prize, VIII, 209.
THOMSON, M. PEARSON.
Tordenskjold as a Fisherman, VIII, 293.
THORNBURY, WALTER.
The Death of Winkelried, VII, 515.
THUCYDIDES.
The Siege of Platæa, IV, 155.
THULSTRUP, T. DE.
Taking Possession of Louisiana Territory, XIII, 114.
TOLSTOY, COUNT LEO.
The Imp and the Crust, VI, 3.
The Conquest of Siberia, VI, 161.
TOPELIUS, Z.
The Crossing of the Little Belt, VIII, 183.
TOWLE, GEORGE MAKEPEACE.
Bismarck in the Reichstag and at Home, VII, 253.
TRAUTMANN, FRANZ.
The Little Faust Tower of Munich, VII, 73.
TROLLOPE, ANTHONY.
The Diamond Fields of South Africa, III, 437.
Julius Cæsar's Two Visits to Britain, IX, 29.
TUNNARD, W. H.
A Three-Hours Truce at Vicksburg, XIII, 364.
TYNAN, KATHERINE.
The Irish People, X, 545.

URBINO, L. B.
Händel, the Master of Oratorio, VII, 191.
VACA, CABEZA DE
A Spanish Peddler among the Indians, XII, 27.
VAIL, W. H.
The Importance of One Vote, XIII, 222.

VAKA, DEMETRA.
A Turkish "What For?" VI, 579.
VAN DYKE, HENRY.
"America for Me," XIII, 560.

INDEX OF AUTHORS AND ARTISTS

VAN LOON, HENDRIK WILLEM.
The American Revolution in Holland, VII, 421.
VAN PAPENDRECHT, J. H.
Passage of the Beresina, VI, 130.
VASARI, GEORGIO
Vasari's Memories of Titian, V, 106.
Raphael and his Critic, V, 103.
Stories of Leonardo da Vinci, V, 82.
VELASQUEZ, DIEGO RODRIGUEZ DE SILVA.
The Surrender of Breda, VII, 368.
VERESHCHAGIN, VASILI VASILEVICH.
A Kirghis Warrior, VI, 186.
The Capture of a Redoubt, VI, 217.
VERNALEKEN, THEODOR.
The Dog and the Wolf, VI, 381.
VERNE, JULES.
How Portugal opened Commerce with India, V, 602.
VERNET, HORACE.
Michael Angelo and Raphael in the Vatican, V, 102.
VERONESE, PAUL.
The Family of Darius at the Feet of Alexander the Great, II, 368.
VERRAZZANO.
Verrazzano's Letter to the King, XII, 11.
VIAUD, LOUIS MARIE JULIEN. (See PIERRE LOTI.)
VICARY, JOHN FULFORD.
How King Olaf preached Christianity, VIII, 65.
How the Early Icelanders dressed, VIII, 322.
Paying Visits in Saga Time, VIII, 331.
VICTOR, ORVILLE J.
The Bombardment of Fort Sumter, XIII, 295.
VIRGIL.
Æneas at Carthage, III, 268.
The Funeral Games in Honor of Anchises, IV, 235.
The Arrival of Æneas in Italy, IV, 245.
VOLTAIRE, FRANCOIS MARIE AROUET.
How the "Mådman of the North" defended himself at Bender, VIII, 192.
The "Madman of the North" overcomes Copenhagen, VIII, 285.

WACE, ROBERT.
The Battle of Hastings, IX, 155.
WAGNER, ALEXANDER.
A Csikos Race, VI, 408.
WAGNER, RICHARD.
A Visit to Beethoven, VII, 208.
WALLACE, ROBERT W. and R. E. WINSHIP.
Napoleon Plans to sell Louisiana, XIII, 107.
WALPOLE, HORACE.
The Funeral of George II, X, 134.
WALSH, W. PAKENHAM.
Boniface and the Oak of Thor, VII, 23.
WARD, E. M.
James II receiving the News of the Landing of the Prince of Orange, X, 92.
Dr. Johnson in the Anteroom of Lord Chesterfield, X, 136.
WARE, WILLIAM.
Queen Zenobia and the Roman Ambassadors, IV, 516.
WARNER, CHARLES DUDLEY.
Karnak, and the Hall of Columns, III, 70.
Up the Cataracts of the Nile, III, 250.
WASHBURN, CHARLES A.
The Escape of the American Minister from Paraguay, XI, 406.
WATSON, ELKANAH.
George III acknowledges the Independence of the Colonies, XIII, 28.
WATSON, GILBERT.
The Hour of Prayer in the Desert, III, 341.
The Oasis of the Great-Grandfather, III, 348.
The Music of the Desert, III, 356.
WATSON, JOHN F.
The Meschianza at Philadelphia, XIII, 39.
WATSON, ROBERT GRANT.
The Discovery of Brazil, XI, 379.
WEBSTER, DANIEL.
The Guest of the Nation, XIII, 183.
WEEKS, EDWIN L.
The Last Voyage, II, 244.
WEIR, HUGH C.
How the Panama Railroad was built, XIII, 528.
The Steam Shovel at Panama, XIII, 535.
WEIR, T. H.
Traditions of the Sheikhs of Morocco, III, 309.
WERNER, ANTON VON.
William of Prussia proclaimed Emperor at Versailles, VII, 236.
WEST, BENJAMIN.
Penn's Treaty with the Indians, XII, 238.
WHEATON, HENRY.
Olaf's Youthful Adventures, VIII, 48.
WHITTALL, SIR J. WILLIAM.
The First Telegraph in Turkey, VI, 565.
WHITTIER, JOHN G.
King Volmer and Elsie, VIII, 269.
The Cable Hymn, XI, 251.
The Angels of Buena Vista, XI, 519.
The King's Missive, XII, 260.
Abraham Davenport, XIII, 61.
WHYMPER, EDWARD.
The First Ascent of the Matterhorn, VII, 572.
WILDMAN, EDWIN.
A Visit to Aguinaldo, I, 536.
WILDMAN, ROUNSEVELLE.
The Prodigal Emperor, Wang-ti, I, 60.
WILKIE, SIR DAVID.
John Knox preaching before the Lords of the Congregation, X, 334.
WILKINSON, SIR J. GARDNER.
How the Egyptians amused Themselves, III, 20.

WILLIAMS, S. WELLS.
Mencius, I, 34.
The Rule of the Empress Wu, I, 68.
WILLS, C. J.
A Persian Wedding, II, 411.
WILSON, EDWARD L.
Finding Pharaoh, III, 163.
WILSON, J.
The Baron of Raron and the "Mazze," VII, 523.
WILSON, SAMUEL G.
New Year's Calls and Gifts, II, 430.
How a Persian Mohammedan says his Prayers, II, 458.
WINCHESTER, BOYD.
The Lion at Luzern, VII, 555.
The Tiny Farms of Switzerland, VII, 591.
WINSHIP, R. E. and ROBERT W. WALLACE.
Napoleon plans to sell Louisiana, XIII, 107.
WINSLOW, ANNA GREEN.
The Dress of a Little Boston Girl in 1772, XII, 424.
WINTER, CHRISTIAN.
King Volmer and Elsie, VIII, 269.
WINTER, NEVIN O.
The Unconquerable Araucanians, XI, 336.
The Christ of the Andes, XI, 341.
The American Colony in Brazil, XI, 394.
The Cargadors of Guatemala, XI, 469.
WISE, JOHN S.
The Merrimac and the Monitor, XIII, 315.
Carrying a Message to General Lee, XIII, 410.
WOLFE, CHARLES.
The Burial of Sir John Moore, X, 173.
WOODWARD, J. D.
Battle of the Crater, Petersburg, XIII, 406.
WRIGHT, MARIE ROBINSON.
Dom Pedro II, The Exiled Emperor, XI, 389.

XENOPHON.
When Cyrus the Great was a Boy, II, 294.
When the Ten Thousand came to the Sea, IV, 167.

YAN PHON LEE.
When I went to School in China, I, 214.
YAO CHEN-YUAN.
The Adventures of Yao Chen-yuan, I, 239.
YEI THEODORA OZAKI.
The Story of Yoshitsune, I, 299.
YOHN, F. C.
Pocahontas and Captain John Smith, XII, 122.
YONGE, CHARLES DUKE.
The Flight of Louis XVI, V, 294.
YORGAKI, CHELIBY.
A Turkish Friendship, VI, 557.
YVON, ADOLPHE.
The Retreat from Moscow, V, 352.

ZANGWILL, ISRAEL.
The Return of Spinoza, VII, 378.
ZIMMERMANN, HELEN.
Waldemar Atterdag and the Hansa, VIII, 260.
ZIMMERMANN, WILLIAM.
How Charlemagne overcame the Saxons, VII, 31.
ZOLA, EMILE.
The White Flag of Sedan, V, 391.
ZSCHOKKE, HEINRICH.
The Meeting of the Rütli, VII, 483.
How the Swiss met Charles the Bold of Burgundy, VII, 540.
Swept down by an Avalanche, VII, 561.

GENERAL INDEX

The principal Characters and Events mentioned in The World's Story are indexed in connection with numerous general topics, such as Art, Education, etc. Page numbers printed in full face type preceded by the abbreviation, *op.* meaning *opposite* (thus: *op.* 48), refer to Notes to the Illustrations, printed on tissues facing the pictures.

Aaron, II, 529; III, 136.
Abd-ul-Hamid II, Sultan, VI, 518, 529, 542.
Abolitionists, Attacks on the, XIII, 261.
Abraham, III, 487.
Acadians, Exile of, XI, 103.
Actium, Battle of, IV, 392.
Adams, John, XII, 504.
Adams, Samuel, XII, 448.
Adams, Will, I, 325.
Addison, Joseph, X, 103, 116.
Adrianople, Siege of, VI, 436.
Æneas, III, 266, 268, *op.* **276**; IV, 234, 235, 245, 254.
Æschylus, IV, 126, 145.
Agamemnon, IV, 15.
Agassiz, Louis, VII, 587.
Agincourt, Battle of, V, 174; IX, 410, *op.* **410**.
Aguinaldo, I, 536.
Akbar, Emperor of India, II, 114, *op.* **114**.
Alamo, Capture of the, XIII, 211.
Alaric, IV, 15, 34, 535.
Alaska, Purchase of, XIII, 497.
Alexander the Great, II, 82, 83, 274, 364, 365, *op.* **368**, 488; III, 192, 203; IV, 184, 189, 194, *op.* **204**.
Alexander III, Pope, VII, 45, *op.* **48**.
Alexander I. of Russia, V, frontispiece, *op.* **352**; VI, 110, 117, 176; VII, 224.
Alexander II. of Russia, VI, 200, 201.
Alexander III. of Scotland, X, 228, 258.
Alfonso I. of Portugal, V, 553.
Alfred the Great, VIII, 31; IX, 98, 113, 119.
Al Mansur, Caliph of Bagdad, III, 505, 507.
Alps, Passage of, by Hannibal, IV, 341; VII, 560; by Napoleon, V, 113; VII, 560.
Alva, Duke of, VII, 304.
American Revolution, VII, 421; X, 122, 137, 142; XI, 102, 128, 136, 428–593; XIII, 1–60.
Amundsen, Roald, VIII, *op.* **518**, 519, 560, 572, *op.* **574**, 575.
Andersen, Hans Christian, VIII, 310.
André, Major, XIII, 14.
Anne of Austria, V, 254.
Anne of Brittany, V, 217.
Anne, Queen of England, X, 76, 93.
Antoninus Pius, Emperor, IV, 510, 512.
Antony, Mark, III, *op.* **204**, 206; IV, 375, 380, 392.
Apelles, IV, 194.
Araucanians, Conquest of, XI, 336.
Arbella, Battle of, II, 370.
Archimedes, IV, 349.
Architecture, Chinese, I, 102, *op.* **186**; Japanese, I, 362, *op.* **368**, 414; Hindu, *op.* **562**; Indian, II, *op.* **90**, 118; Chaldæan, 462; Assyrian, 476; Babylonian, 475, 515; Persian, 477, 499; Hebraic, 565; Egyptian, 70, *op.* **74**, *op.* **84**; Grecian, 124; Roman, 326, 396, *op.* **430**, 484; Mediæval German, VII, 95; Scandinavian, VIII, *op.* **76**, 113, 331; Esquimo, 448, 509; Roman, IX, 46; French Canadian, XI, 91; of the Incas, XI, 282, *op.* **288**, 289; of the Cliff-Dwellers, XII, 61; of New Netherlands, 205; of the American Colonists, 399; Mexican, XIII, 244.
Arcot, Siege of, II, 151.
Ariovistus, VII, 7.
Aristophanes, IV, 126, 145.
Armada, The "Invincible," V, 488, 508, 518; IX, 502, 546, 551.
Arminius. See Herman.
Arnold, Benedict, XII, 526; XIII, 214.
Arrow War, I, 198.
Art and Artists, Chinese, I, *op.* **52**; Japanese, *op.* **318**, 422, 460; Hindu, *op.* **562**; Assyrian, II, frontispiece, *op.* **474**; Indian, *op.* **114**, *op.* **142**; Egyptian III, 10, *op.* **10**; Grecian, IV, 125, 194; Italian, II, 368; V, 63, 76, 77, 79, 82, 94, 98, *op.* **102**, 103, 106; Spanish, 519; VII, *op.* **406**; Russian, VI, 186; German, VII, 100; Dutch, 406, 414, *op.* **414**, *op.* **416**; Flemish, 406, *op.* **406**, 407, 410; Aztec, XI, *op.* **482**, 497; of the Cliff-Dwellers, XII, 65.
Artevelde, Philip van, VII, 297.
Arthur, King, IX, 60, 61; X, 552, 553.
Artigas, José, XI, 400, 412, 418.
Aryans, Migration of, II, 2.
Asoka, King of Behar, II, 91.
Asshur-bani-pal. See Sardanapalus.
Atahuallpa, Inca of Peru, XI, 289, 296, 302.

Athens, Golden Age of, IV, 122, 123.
Attila, IV, 534, *op.* 540, 541.
Augustus, Emperor, II, 584; III, *op.* 204, 210; IV. 392, 393, 414.
Aurelian, Emperor, IV, 516.
Aurungzebe, Emperor of India, II, 114, 248.
Austerlitz, Battle of, VI, 336.
Australia, History of, I, 476.
Austrian Succession, War of, VI, 320, 325, 327; VII, 128, 164.
Aztecs, XI, 478, 479, 481, 483, 488, 494, 495, 504, 512.

Babel, Tower of, II, 473.
Babylon, Capture of, by Cyrus, II, 511; Hanging Gardens of, II, 516.
Bach, Johann Sebastian, VII, 180, *op.* 190.
Bacon, Friar, IX, 295.
Bajazet I, Sultan, VI, 460.
Balboa, V, 489; XI, 459.
Balkan War of 1912–13, The, VI, 414, 436, 441, 518.
Baltic, Battle of the, X, 165.
Baltimore, Lord, XII, 136.
Bannockburn, X, 276, 295, 301.
Barbarossa. See Frederick Barbarossa.
Barbary Powers, War of the United States with, III, 300, 301; XIII, 88.
Bartholomew's (St.) Day, Massacre of, V, *op.* 240.
Bastille, Fall of, V, 286.
Bayard, Chevalier, V, 223.
Becket, Thomas, Archb. of Canterbury, IX, 226.
Beethoven, VII, 208.
Bela III of Hungary, VI, 252, 253.
Belisarius, IV, 548, 564; V, 2.
Belshazzar, II, 488, 509, 523.
Beowulf, VIII, 235.
Beresina River, Crossing of, VI, 126, *op.* 130.
Birkebeiners, VIII, *op.* 88.
Bismarck, VII, 222, *op.* 236, 253.
Blackbeard, XV, 406.
Black Death, The, V, *op.* 48; VIII, 386; IX, 308.
Black Hole of Calcutta, II, 157.
Black Prince, The, V, 174; IX, *op.* frontispiece.
Blenheim, Battle of, X, 99, 103.
Blood-Bath of Stockholm, The, VIII, 151.
Bolívar, Simon, XI, 344, 351, *op.* 364, 365, 373.
Boadicea, IX, 44.
Boer War, III, 436, 458.
Boleyn, Anne, IX, 432, 451, 503.
Bonaparte. See Napoleon.
Bon Homme Richard and Serapis, Fight between, XII, 582, *op.* 588.
Boniface, the Apostle of Germany, VII, 23.
Boniface VIII, Pope, V, *op.* 36.
Boone, Daniel, XII, 539.
Borneo, History of, I, 563.
Borodino, Battle of, VI, 117.
Boston Massacre, XII, 440.
Boston Tea Party, XII, 445.
Bosworth Field, Battle of, X, 591.
Bounty, Mutiny of, I, 503.
"Boxers," The, I, 234, 239, 249, 257.
Boyne, Battle of, X, 494.
Bozzaris, Marco, IV, 223.
Braddock, General, XII, 340, 350.
Brahmanism, II, 8, 114, 193.
Brant, Joseph, XI, *op.* 152.
Brébeuf, Jean, XI, 40, 41.
Breda, Capture of, VII, 344, *op.* 368.
Brian Boru, X, 398, 437.
Brown, John, XIII, *op.* 290.
Bruce, Robert, IX, 333; X, 276, 283, 295, 301.
Brutus, Decimus, IV, 371, 375, 380.
Buddha, I, *op.* 52; II, 26, 27, 31, 66.
Buddhism, I, *op.* 52, 54, 100, 264; II, 26, 30, 43, 91; Spread of, I, 40, 278; II, 114, 262.
Buena Vista, Battle of, XI, 519.
Bull, Ole, VIII, 108.
Bunker Hill, Battle of, XII, 462, 477.
Burgoyne's Expedition, XII, 462, 524, 526.
Burke, Edmund, II, 166.

Cabot, John, XI, 2, 3.
Cadwallon, X, 568.
Cæsar, Julius, IV, 324, 368, 369, 371, 371, 375, 380, 392; V, 142; VII, 7, 281, 472; IX, 29.
California, Discovery of, XIII, 230, 231; Finding of Gold in, 230, 247, 254.
Caligula, Emperor, IV, 418, 419, 467.
Cambrai, League of, VI, *op.* 284.
Cambyses, King of Persia, II, 284.
Camoëns, Luis de, V, 609.
Canadian Pacific R. R., Building of, XI, 223.
Canals. Of China, I, 60; Suez, III, 214, 229; Erie, XIII, 180; Panama, 528, 535.
Canute, King of Denmark and England, VIII, 30, 224, 257; IX, 80, 130.
Carlist War, V, 518.
Caroline Matilda, Queen of Denmark, VIII, 299.
Carthage. Founded, III, 266; Besieged by Merenerius, III, 278; Captured by Scipio, III, 287.
Cartier, Jacques, XI, 2, 8.
Cassius, IV, 371, 375, 380.
Catiline, IV, *op.* 368.
Castes of India, II, 7, 193.
Catherine the Great, VI, 110, 111.
Cavour, Count, V, 112, 129.
Cellini, Benvenuto, V, 63, 227.
Cervantes, Miguel de, V, 499.
Cicero, IV, *op.* 368, 376, 392.
Cid, The, X, 446.
Cimabue, V, 76, 77.
Cincinnatus, IV, 307.
Civilis, VII, 289.
Civil War in the United States, The, XI; 394; XIII, 260–435.
Chæronea, Battle of, IV, 184.
Châlons, Battle of, IV, *op.* 540, 541.
Champlain, Samuel de, XI, 2, 28, 32.

Chancellorsville, Battle of, XIII, 352, 353.
Charlemagne, III, 504; V, 2, 3, 142, 158, 162, *op.* 162, 169, 420, 444; VII, 30, 31, *op.* 36.
Charles I of England, X, 2, 24, 42, *op.* 46, 48, 49, *op.* 60.
Charles II of England, X, 76.
Charles VII of France, V, 174, 186, *op.* 192, 193.
Charles IX of France, V, *op.* 240.
Charles V of Germany (Charles I of Spain), V, 107, 200, 223, *op.* 226, 493; VII, 128, 129, *op.* 302, 304; IX, 445.
Charles II of Spain, V, 528.
Charles X of Sweden, VIII, 183.
Charles XII of Sweden, VIII, 150, 192, *op.* 208, 285.
Charles Edward (the Young Pretender), 382, *op.* 388, 389.
Charles Martel, V, 155.
Charles the Bold, VII, 280, 522, 525, 540.
Charleston, Attack on, XII, 494, *op.* 494.
Chaucer, IX, *op.* frontispiece, *op.* 350.
Cheops, King of Egypt, III, 19, 67, *op.* 68.
Chesterfield, Lord, X, *op.* 136.
Chevy Chase, Battle of, IX, 363.
Children's Crusade, The, II, 620, 623.
Chillon, Castle of, VII, 548.
Chino-Japanese War, I, 235, 426.
Chlovis. See Clovis.
Chow, Dynasty of China, I, 12.
Christianity, Spread of, I, 66, 146, 147, 149, 153, 155, 278, 320, 494, 526; III, 300; IV, 529; V, 142, 143; VI, 2, 29; VII, 2, 23, 31, 466; VIII, 30, 37, 65, 115, 351, 360, 430; IX, 58, 88, *op.* 94; X, 228, 229, 398, 421, 432; XI, 40, 41, 47, 400, 401; XIII, 83.
Christians, Persecutions of, IV, *op.* frontispiece, 454, 462, 515, 528.
Clans of the Scottish Highlands, X, 370.
Clark, George Rogers, XII, 538, 549.
Claverhouse, X, 375.
Clement VII, Pope, V, 64.
Cleopatra, III, *op.* 204, 205; IV, 392.
Cliff-Dwellers, The, XII, 54, 55, 59, 73, 78.
Clinton, General, XII, 494, *op.* 494, 529.
Clive, Robert, II, 150, 151.
Clontarf, Battle of, X, 398, 451.
Clovis, King of the Franks, V, 142, 143.
Coal-Mining, XIII, 506.
Coligny, Admiral, XII, 96, 97.
Colosseum at Rome, IV, *op.* 460.
Columba, St., X, 228, 229, 398.
Columbus, Christopher, V, 452, 474, *op.* 482, 483; XI, *op.* frontispiece, 345, 538; XII, 2, 9.
Confucianism, I, 53.
Confucius, I, 3, 12, 13, 19, 23, 25, 62.
Connecticut Charter, Hiding of, XII, 263.
Constantine, Emperor, IV, 526, *op.* 548; VI, 455.
Constantinople, Building of. IV, 530, *op.* 548; VI, 455; Fall of, IV, 534; VI, 480.
Constitution and Guerrière, Fight of, XIII, 137.
Constitution of the U. S., Adoption of, XIII, 66, 69.
Cook, Captain James, I, 476, 477, 494, 510.
Corday, Charlotte, V, 308.
Coriolanus, IV, 301.
Cornwallis, General, XII, 520; XIII, 2, 23.
Cortes, XI, 494, 495, 504, 512, *op.* 516.
Cossacks, VI, *op.* frontispiece, 52, 162, 173.
Costume. See Dress.
Cranmer, Thomas, IX, *op.* 500.
Crassus, IV, 368.
Crécy, Battle of, V, 174, 175.
Crimean War, X, 193, *op.* 194, 196.
Crockett, David, XIII, 211.
Crœsus, II, *op.* 302, 303, 488, 520.
Cromwell, Oliver, X, 35, 38, 42, 48, 49, *op.* 60, 64, 70, *op.* 74, 454, 464.
Crusades, The, II, 604, 605, *op.* 610, 611, 620, 623, 625; V, 34, 50, *op.* 172; IX, 196.
Cuban Insurrection, XI, 538, 567, *op.* 568; XIII, 480, 481, 483.
Culloden, Battle of, X, 362, *op.* 388.
Custer Massacre, XIII, 454.
Cyrus the Great, II, 284, 294, 303, 488, 511.

Dalai Lama, I, *op.* frontispiece.
Damien, Father, I, 526.
Daniel, II, 502.
Dante Alighieri, V, 28, 29.
Danton, V, 308, *op.* 326.
D'Arblay, Madame, X, 146, 152.
Darius, King of Persia, II, 284, 334, 505; III, 97; IV, 90.
Darius III, II, 364, 365, *op.* 368.
David, II, 546, 560, 573.
Davis, Jefferson, XIII, 260, 407.
Decatur, Captain Stephen, III, 300, 302; XIII, 88.
Declaration of Independence, American, XII, 462, 503.
Deerfield, Capture of, XII, 325.
Delphi, Oracle of, II, 304.
Demosthenes, IV, 184, 185.
De Soto, XII, 20, 40, 49.
Dewey, Admiral, XIII, 480.
Diamond Mining, III, 437.
Dias, Bartholomew, V, 588.
Diaz, Porfirio, XI, 518, 526.
Dido, Queen of Carthage, III, 266, 268, *op.* 276.
Diocletian, Emperor, IV, 526.
Diogenes, IV, 192.
Disraeli, Benjamin, X, 199, 207.
Dmitri, the False Czar, VI, 65.
Dodona, Oracle of, II, 305.
Domitian, Emperor, IV, 418.
Doomsday Book, IX, 169.
Douglas, Stephen A., XIII, 276.
Drake, Sir Francis, XIII, 230, 231.
Drama. Chinese, I, 85, 88; Japanese, 352; Indian, II, 99; Greek, IV, 125, 145; Mediæval, IX, 375; English, IX, 502.
Dress. Chinese, I, 31; Korean, *op.* 264; Indian, II, 176, 250; Persian, 418, 422; Babylonian, II, 479; Assyrian, II, 482;

Ancient Egyptian, III, 15; Spartan, IV, 43; Roman, IV, 326, 549; of Charlemagne, V, 166; of Marie Antoinette, V, 283; Spanish, V, 525; of Catherine the Great, VI, 115; of the Tartars, VI, 196; o the Russian Emperor, VI, 203; of the Turkish Sultana, VI, 511; of the Ancient Germans, VII, 3; Mediæval, VII, 100; of the Laplanders, VIII, *op.* 106; of the Icelanders, 322; of the Eskimo, 456; of Britain, IX, 23; English, IX, 117; Scottish, X, 317; French Canadian, XI, 92; Paraguan, 402; North American Indian, XII, 15, 59; of the Virginian Colonists, 136; Mexican, XIII, 237; of the South during the Civil War, 390.
Druids, IX, *op.* 28.
Du Chaillu, Paul, III, 400.
Dundee. See Claverhouse.
Dürer, Albert, V, 103.

East India Company, II, 146, 150; IX, 502.
Edmund, King of East Anglia, IX, 109.
Education. Chinese, I, 29, 70, 206, 210, 214, 223; Japanese, 443; Spartan, IV, 41; Athenian, 128; Roman, 327, 397, 402; under Charlemagne, V, 163; German, VII, 263; Swiss, 586; Irish, X, 430, 525; in the Virginian Colony, XII, 136.
Edward I of England, X, 276, 277, 295, 572.
Edward III of England, V, 174, 179, 181; IX, *op.* frontispiece, 308, 332, 338.
Edward IV of England, IX, 424, *op.* 430.
Edward VII of England, II, 184; X, 188.
Edwin, King of Northumbria, IX, 88, *op.* 94.
Egede, Hans, VIII, 410, 421, 427.
El Caney, Fight at, XIII, *op.* 488.
Elizabeth, Queen of England, IX, 502, 503, 518, *op.* 518, 535, 551, *op.* 562; X, *op.* frontispiece, 304, 347, 351.
Emancipation Proclamation, XIII, 294, *op.* 346, 347.
Emmet, Robert, X, 505.
Endicott, John, XII, 175, 260.
Erasmus, VII, *op.* 302.
Eric the Red, VIII, 410, 411.
Erie Canal, XIII, 180, 181.
Euergetes I of Egypt, III, *op.* 84.
Euripides, IV, 126, 145.
Evesham, Battle of, IX, 309.
Eylau, Battle of, V, 347.

Farragut, David G., XIII, *op.* frontispiece, 287, 294.
Fenians, XI, 170.
Ferdinand of Aragon, V, 452, 453, *op.* 458, 459, *op.* 482, 484.
Feudalism, VII, 293; IX, 380.
Finns, VIII, 91.
Firdusi, II, 381.
Flag, American, Adoption of, XII, *op.* frontispiece.
Flagellants, The, V, *op.* 48.
Flodden Field, Battle of, X, 304, 319, 324.
Fort Moultrie, Defense of, XII, 494, *op.* 494.
Fort Sumter, Capture of, XIII, 294, 295.
Francis I of France, V, 200, 223, *op.* 226, 227, 493; IX, 445.
Francis of Assisi, Saint, V, 13, 17.
Francis Joseph, Emperor of Austria, VI, 346, 380.
Franco-Prussian War, V, 390, 391, 406, *op.* 406; VII, 222, *op.* 236, 237, *op.* 248, 249.
Franklin, Benjamin, XII, 351, 429, 503, 580.
Franklin, Sir John, VIII, 531.
Frederick V, Elector Palatinate, VI, 286, 287.
Frederick Barbarossa, V, 21; VII, 30, 38, 45, *op.* 48, 50.
Frederick II of Germany, VII, 30.
Frederick William I of Prussia, VII, 128, 148, 154.
Frederick William III of Prussia, VII, 223, 229.
Frederick the Great, VI, 320, 322; VII, 128, 154, 164, *op.* 178.
Frémont, John Charles, XIII, 185, 230.
French and Indian War, XII, 340, 350, 358.
French Revolution, The, V, 278, 286, 294, 304, 308, 309, *op.* 316, 317, 326, 327, 334.
Friedland, Battle of, V, *op.* frontispiece; VI, 157.
Fronde, The, V, 254.
Frontenac, Count de, XI, 85; XII, 343.
Fulton, Robert, XIII, 59, 104.

Galileo, V, *op.* 72.
Gama, Vasco da, V, 489, 591, 602, 609.
Games. See Sports and Pastimes.
Garibaldi, V, 112, 131, 135.
Garrison, William Lloyd, XIII, 263.
Gates, General, XII, 526; XIII, 2.
Genji and Heike, Wars of, I, 278, 299.
George I of England, X, 122, 126.
George II of England, X, 122, 132, 134.
George III of England, X, 122, 146; XIII, 28.
George V of England, II, 192, 248; X, 188, 216.
Georgia, Settlement of, XII, 138.
Geraldines, House of, X, 455, 459.
German Southwest Africa, Conquest of, III, 465, 475.
Germanicus, VII, *op.* frontispiece, 20.
Gettysburg, Battle of, XIII, 352, 367, 384, 388, *op.* 558.
Ghibellines. See Guelphs and Ghibellines, Struggle of.
Giotto, V, 76, 79.
Girondists, Fall of, V, 308, *op.* 326.
Gladiators, Roman, IV, 360, 400, *op.* 460, 461.
Gladstone, William, X, 199, 207.
Glencoe, Massacre of, X, 379.
Glendover, Owen, X, 572, 586.
Glyndwr. See Glendower, Owen.

Godfrey of Bouillon, II, *op.* 610.
Goethe, VII, 181.
Gomez, General, XI, 567.
Gondi, Jean François Paul de, V, 254.
Gordon, General Charles (Chinese), I, 176, 201; III, 214, 238, 240.
Gosnold, Bartholomew, XII, 153.
Government. Of Thibet, I, *op.* frontispiece; of China, 234, 261; of Japan, 426; Australia, 476; New Zealand, 476; Hawaiian Islands, 510; of India, II, 150, 193; of Athens, IV, 55; of Rome, 290, 393, 530; of Venice, V, 51; of Russia, VI, 236; of Austria-Hungary, 380; of Germany, VII, 252; of Switzerland, 522; of Ancient Sweden, VIII, 114; of Iceland, 386; of Greenland, 439; of the Saxons, IX, 60; of England, X, 188, 213; of Canada under the French, XI, 84; of the Incas, 282.
Gracchi, The, IV, 324.
Granada, Fall of, V, 452, 459.
Grant, Ulysses S., XIII, 287, 294, 352, 364, *op.* 366, 406, *op.* 406, 424.
Great Rebellion, The, X, 2, 24, 38, 42, *op.* 46, 48, 49, 64, 70.
Great Wall of China, The, I, 45.
Greene, General, XIII, 2.
Gregory VII, Pope, V, 2, 9; IX, 77.
Grenfell, Dr. Wilfred J., XI, 256, 260.
Grey, Lady Jane, 476, 477.
Groot, Hugo de, VII, 369.
Grotius. See Hugo de Groot.
Guelphs and Ghibellines, Struggle of, V, 2, 28.
Gunpowder, Invention of, VII, 88.
Gunpowder Plot, The, X, 19.
Gustavus Adolphus, VI, 301; VII, 140; VIII, 150, 172, 182.
Gustavus Vasa, King of Sweden, VIII, *op.* frontispiece, 150, 151, 157, 165.
Gutenberg, John, I, 64; VII, 123.
Gypsies, VI, 401.

Hadrian, Emperor, II, 584; IV, 510, 511, IX, 2.
Hakon III of Norway, X, 228, 258.
Hakon IV, King of Norway, XIII, 30.
Hakon, the Good, King of Norway, VIII, 36.
Hale, Nathan, XII, 508.
Hampden, John, X, 2, 35.
Hamilton, Alexander, XIII, 66.
Hamlet, VIII, 225, *op.* 234.
Han Dynasty of China, I, 40, 49.
Handel, VII, 191.
Hanlin College, I, 62, 70.
Hannibal, IV, 333, *op.* 336, V, 424.
Hanseatic League, VII, 88, 89; VIII, 224, 260.
Harold, King of England, IX, 139, 154, 155.
Harold Fairhair, King of Norway, VIII, 30.
Harold Hard-Ruler, King of Norway, VIII, 84.
Haroun al Rashid, III, 504, 513, 517, 520, 522, 526.
Harris, Townsend, I, 438.
Harrison, William Henry, XIII, 155.
Hasdrubal, III, 294.
Hastings, Battle of, IX, 154, 155.
Hastings, Warren, II, 150, 162.
Hawaiian Islands, History of, I, 510.
Haydn, Joseph, VI. 339.
Helen of Troy, IV, 15.
Henry, Patrick, XII, 456, *op.* 456.
Henry I of England, IX, 190, 191, 201, 213.
Henry II of England, IX, 190, 226.
Henry IV of England, IX, 395, 400; X, 586.
Henry V of England, V, 174; IX, 394, 400, 410, *op.* 410.
Henry VII of England, IX, 432, 433, 441; X, 456, 591.
Henry III of England, IX, 432, 445, *op.* 450, 451, 456, 464, 502; X, 457.
Henry IV of France, V, 236, 237, *op.* 240.
Henry III of Germany, V, 10.
Henry IV of Germany, V, 2, 11.
Henry, the Fowler, VII, 30, *op.* 36.
Henry (Prince), the Navigator, V, 584, 585, 587.
Hereward the Wake, IX, 178.
Herman, VII, *op.* frontispiece, 2, 19.
Herodotus, IV, 126.
Hideyoshi, I, 265, 320, 332.
Hildebrand. See Gregory, VII.
Hoang-ti, I, 40, 41, 49.
Hofer, Andreas, VI, *op.* 344.
Hohenlinden, Battle of, VI, 334.
Holy Roman Empire, V, 2, 142, 162, *op.* 162; VI, 320; VII, 30, *op.* 48, 222.
Home Rule, Fight for, X, 200, 207, 510.
Horace, IV, 399, 412.
Horatius, IV, 269.
Hosein, II, 154, 201.
Howe, General, XIII, 6, 39.
Hudson, Henry, XI, 19, *op.* 24; XII, 197.
Hudson's Bay Company, XI, 184, 187, 194, 201, 217.
Huerta, Victoriano, XI, 518, *op.* 534.
Hundred Years War, The, V, 174, 175, 181, 186, *op.* 192, 193, 200; IX, 308, 410, *op.* 410.
Hungary, Revolt of, VI, 346, 347, 359, 367.
Huns, I, 44, 57; IV, 534, *op.* 540, 541. (See Tartars.)
Huss, John, VI, *op.* 270, 271.
Hydaspes, Battle of, II, 83.

Incas, XI, 282, 283, *op.* 288, 289, 296, 302, 311.
Indians of North America, XI, 10, 28, 32, 40, 41, 52, 71, 85, *op.* 152, 153; XII, 12, 27, 35, 40, 55, 59, 78, 157, 167, 189, 193, 198, 238, 296–339, 350, 358, 366, 381, 397, 538, 539, 560; XIII, 83, 116, 436–479.
Inquisition, Spanish, V, 452, *op.* 458.
Isabella of Castile, V, 452, 453, *op.* 458, 459, *op.* 482, 484; XI, *op.* frontispiece.
Iskander. See Scanderbeg.
Italy, Struggle of, for Independence, V, 112, 128, 133, 135.

Ivan III of Russia, vi, 38, 39.
Ivan the Terrible, vi, 38, 45, 76, 161, 173.
Ivry, Battle of, v, 237.

Jackson, "Stonewall," xiii, 287, 352, 353.
Jacobite Rebellions, x, 362, 382, *op.* 388, 389.
James I of England, x, 2, 3, 19.
James II of England, x, 76, 84, 91, *op.* 92, 454, 481, 494.
James I of Scotland, x, 313.
James IV of Scotland, ix, 436; x, 319.
James V of Scotland, x, 332.
Jamestown, Founding of, xii, 96.
Janizaries, vi, 491, 495, 519.
Java, Early History of, i, *op.* 562.
Jeanne d'Arc. See Joan of Arc.
Jefferson, Thomas, xii, 505, 534; xiii, 97, 106.
Jehan, Emperor of India, ii, 114, 115, 118.
Jenghiz Khan, i, 78, 92, 95, 97, 100; vi, 2.
Jeremiah, ii, 579, *op.* 582.
Jerusalem. Captured by the Babylonians, ii, 579, *op.* 582; by the Romans, 596.
Jesus Christ, i, 53; ii, 584, 585; iv, 392.
Jimmu Tenno, i, 279.
Joan of Arc, v, 174, 186, *op.* 192, 193.
Jonathan, ii, 552.
John VI of Portugal, xi, 385.
John Lackland, King of England, ix, 190, 237, 250, 262, 289.
John of Barneveldt, vii, 304.
Johnson, Samuel, x, *op.* 136.
Joliet, xii, 342.
Jones, John Paul, xii, 538, 568, 572, *op.* 588.
Joseph, son of Israel (Jacob), iii, 98, *op.* 100, 128.
Josephine, Empress, xi, 556.
Juarey, xi, 518.
Julian, Emperor, iv, 531.
Julius II, Pope, v, 98, *op.* 102, 103.
Jupiter Ammon, Oracle of, ii, 307.
Justinian, Emperor, iv, 548, *op.* 548, 564; v, 2.

Kaoti, i, 49.
Khartoum, Siege of, iii, 340.
Kidd, Captain, xii, 408.
Kilkenny, Statute of, x, 455.
King George's War, xi, 102.
King Phillip's War, xii, 296, 297, 304, 318.
King William's War, xi, 102.
Kitchener, Lord, iii, 214, 249.
Knighthood, Bestowal of, vii, 293; ix, 244.
Knox, John, x, 304, *op.* 334, 336.
Koscinsko, vi, 134, 148.
Kossovo, Battle of, vi, 414, 420.
Kossuth, vi, 346, 367.
Kremlin of Moscow, The, vi, 75.
Kublai Khan, i, 100, 101, 105, 108, 113, 119, 320, 321.

Lafayette, Marquis de, xii, 511; xiii, 2, 183.
Lake Erie, Battle of, xiii, 143, *op.* 148.
Lamaism, i, *op.* frontispiece.
Laotze, i, 12.
Laplanders, viii, *op.* 92, 102, *op.* 106.
La Salle, xii, 341.
Law, Chinese, i, 181; Moroccan, iii, 319; Arabian, 529; Spartan, iv, 53; Athenian, 57; Roman, 292, *op.* 548; of Charlemagne, v, 164; of the Icelanders, viii, 338; Ecclesiastical, ix, 231; Irish, x, 474.
Lee, Robert E., xiii, 287, 294, 352, 353, 406, 410, 424.
Leicester, Earl of, ix, 537.
Leir, King, ix, 9.
Leif Ericson, viii, 416; xii, 2, 3.
Leo IV, Pope, v, 6.
Leonardo da Vinci, v, 76, 82, 94, *op.* 102.
Leonidas, iv, 90.
Leopold V, Duke of Austria, ii, 611.
Leopold I, Emperor, vi, 286, 313.
Lepanto, Battle of, vi, 490.
Lepidus, iv, 375, 392.
Lesseps, Count Ferdinand de, iii, 229.
Lewis and Clarke, Expedition of, xiii, 115, 119, 122.
Lexington, Battle of, xii, 463.
Leyden, Siege of, vii, 316.
Libraries. In India, ii, *op.* 114; Chaldæa, ii, 462; Assyria, ii, 462.
Light Brigade, Charge of, x, 193, *op.* 194.
Liliuokalani, Queen, i, 510.
Lima and Oroya Railway, Building of, xi, 317.
Lincoln, Abraham, xiii, 260, 276, 294, 310, *op.* 346, 388, 406.
Lisbon, Earthquake at, v, 614, 618.
Literature, Chinese, i, 49, 62, *op.* 130; Japanese, 296, 460; Indian, ii, 2–11, 66; Egyptian, iii, 34; Grecian, iv, 2, 126; Roman, 398; Magyar, vi, 408; Turkish, 548; German, vii, 54, 180; Scandinavian, viii, 2, 268, 319, 342, 386; British, ix, 62; English, 336, 502; Irish, 399.
Livingstone, David, iii, 393.
Livingston, Robert, xiii, 106, 110.
Livy, iv, 400.
Llewelyn ap Sruffydd, x, 572, 581.
London, Capture of by Olaf the Saint, viii, 60.
Londonderry, Siege of, x, 481.
Louis IX of France (St. Louis), ii, 625; v, 172.
Louis XI of France, v, 200, 201.
Louis XII of France, v, 217, 223.
Louis XIII of France, v, 236, 241.
Louis XIV of France, v, 236, 270, *op.* 270, 534.
Louis XVI of France, v, 278, 279, 286, 294, 308, 309, *op.* 316.
Louis XVIII of France, v, 346, 353, 358, 390.
Louis Philippe, v, 390.
Louisa, Queen of Prussia, vii, 223, 235.
Louisiana Territory, Purchase of, xiii,

106, 107, 110, *op.* 114; Exploration of, 106, *op.* 114, 115, 119, 122.
Louisburg, Capture of, XI, 109.
L'Ouverture, Toussaint, XI, 538, 546.
Lovewell's Pond, Fight at, XII, 333.
Lucknow, The Relief of, II, 180, *op.* 180.
Lule-Burgas, Battle of, VI, 441.
Lundy's Lane, Battle of, XI, 158.
Luther, Martin, VII, 128, 129.
Lutzen, Battle of, VIII, 172.
Lycurgus, IV, 40, 41.

Macbeth, X, 235.
Mackenzie, Alexander, XI, 213.
Madero, Francisco, XI, 518, *op.* 534.
Mæcenas, IV, 400, 411.
Magdeburg, Sacking of, VII, 140.
Magellan, Ferdinand, V, 489.
Magna Charta, IX, 239.
Magnus the Good, King of Norway, VIII, 77.
Mahmoud II, Sultan, VI, 519.
Mahmud, Sultan, II, 82, 381.
Maine, blown up, XIII, 480, 483.
Maintenon, Madame de, V, 274.
Manchu Dynasty of China, I, 176, 234, 261.
Manila Bay, Battle of, XIII, 480.
Marat, V, 308, *op.* 326.
Marathon, Battle of, IV, 79.
Marco Polo. See Polo.
Marcus Aurelius, IV, 510, 511.
Marengo, Battle of, V, 113.
Margaret of Parma, VII, 305.
Margaret, wife of Henry VI of England, IX, 415.
Maria Theresa of Austria, VI, 320, 321, 327; VII, 128, 164.
Marie Antoinette, V, 279, 281, 283, 294, *op.* 316.
Marion, General, XIII, 19.
Marius, IV, 324, 352.
Marko Kralevich, VI, 415.
Marlborough, Duke of, V, 534; X, 76, 93, 103.
Marquette, Father, XII, 342.
Marsden, Samuel, I, 494.
Marston Moor, Battle of, X, 38.
Mary, Queen of England, IX, 476, 488, 497, *op.* 500.
Mary, Queen of Scots, IX, 502; X, *op.* frontispiece, 304, *op.* 334, 336, 351.
Maryland, Settlement of, XII, 136.
Massachusetts Colony, Founding of, XII, 152.
Maurice of Nassau, VII, 304.
Maximilian I of Austria, VI, *op.* 284.
Maximilian, Emperor of Mexico, XI, 518, 524, *op.* 524.
Mazarin, Cardinal, V, 254.
Mazzini, V, 128.
Medici, Lorenzo de, V, 55, 98; Catherine de, V, *op.* 240; Marie de, V, *op.* 240.
Mencius, I, 12, 34, 36, 37.
Mendez Pinto, I, 320.
Menes, King of Egypt, III, 2.
Mexican War, XI, 518, 519; XIII, 210–229.
Mexico, City of, captured by the Spaniards, XI, 494, 504, 512; by General Scott, XIII, 223.
Michael Angelo, V, 76, 98, *op.* 102, 106.
Miltiades, II, 344; IV, 79.
Milton, John, X, *op.* 74.
Minamoto, House of, I, 299.
Ming Dynasty of China, I, 130.
Missionaries. See Christianity, Spread of.
Mobile Bay, Battle of, XIII, *op.* frontispiece.
Mohammed, Sultan, II, 480.
Mohammed, III, 486, 493, *op.* 496.
Mohammedanism, II, 114; III, 486, 495, *op.* 496; prayers, II, 458; III, *op.* frontispiece, 341, 499; VI, *op.* 528; spread of, II, 201; III, 486, 496.
Molière, V, *op.* 270.
Moltke, Count von, VII, *op.* 236.
Monitor and Merrimac, Fight of the, XIII, 294, 315.
Monmouth, Duke of, X, 84.
Monroe, James, XIII, 106, 110.
Montcalm, XI, 115.
Montezuma II, XI, 478, 494, 495, 504, 512.
Mont Pelée, Eruption of, XI, 538, 563.
Montrose, Marquis of, X, 373.
Moore, Sir John, X, 173.
More, Sir Thomas, IX, 456.
Morgarten, Battle of, VII, 482, 511.
Moscow, Burning of, VI, 121.
Moscow, Retreat from, V, 346, 350, *op.* 352; VI, 126, *op.* 130.
Moses, II, 529; III, 136.
Mozart, VII, 196.
Music. Chinese, I, 163; Japanese, 395; Persian, II, 417; African, III, 356, 407, 428; Arabian, 513; Spartan, IV, 48; Roman, 431; Gypsy, VI, 403, 404; Turkish, 575; German, VII, 109, 190, 191, 196, 208; Welsh, X, 600, 601.
Mansen, Fridtjof, VIII, 538.

Napoleon Bonaparte, III, 214, *op.* 214, 215, *op.* 228; V, *op.* frontispiece, 112, 113, 308, 346, *op.* 346, 347, 350, *op.* 352, 353, 358, 364, 366, *op.* 384, 386, 390, 535; VI, *op.* frontispiece, 110, 117, 121, 126, *op.* 130, 134, 157, 320, 334, 336, 339, *op.* 344; VII, 222, 223, 229, 235, 420; X, 164, 165, *op.* 168, 173, *op.* 174, 175; XI, 426, 546; XIII, 106, 107, 110, 129.
Napoleon III, Emperor of France, V, 129, 390, 391; XI, 518.
Narses, IV, 551, 563, 564; V, 2.
Naseby, Battle of, X, 42.
Nebuchadnezzar, II, 475, 488, 489, 502, 579, *op.* 582.
Nelson, Lord, X, 164, 165, 168, *op.* 168.
Nero, Emperor, IV, *op.* frontispiece, 418, *op.* 430, 431, 467.
Nestorian Church, I, 66, 146.
New Amsterdam, Capture of, XII, 220.
New Netherlands, Founding of, XII, 196, 201.

New Orleans, Battle of, XIII, 126.
New Zealand, History of, I, 494.
Nicholas I of Russia, VI, 200.
Nightingale, Florence, X, 196.
Nobel, Alfred, VIII, 209.
Norsemen. See Vikings.
North, Lord, II, 165; XII, 446.
Northwest Fur Company, XI, 184, 187.

Octavius. See Augustus.
Odoacer, IV, 534, 548.
Odysseus, III, 267; IV, 23, 34.
Œdipus the King, IV, 3.
Oglethorpe, General James, XII, 96, 138.
Olaf Tryggvason, King of Norway, VIII, 30, 48, 128, 132, 351, 360, 416.
Olaf the Saint, King of Norway, VIII, 30, 60.
Olga, Queen of Russia, VI, 2, 23.
Olympian Games, IV, 62.
Opium War, I, 176, 196.
Otho I of Germany, VII, 30, *op.* 36.
Ovid, IV, 400, 410.

Paine, Thomas, V, 339; XII, 504.
Painting. See Art.
Panama Canal, XI, 375; XIII, 528, 535.
Papacy, V, 2, 9, *op.* 12, 28.
Paper, Manufacture of, I, 51.
Paris, Prince of Troy, IV, 15.
Paris, Siege of, by the Norsemen, V, 170; by the Prussians, 406, *op.* 406.
Park, Mungo, III, 372, 373, 375.
Parsis of India, II, 234.
Parthenon at Athens, IV, 124.
Patrick, St., X, 398, 404, 421.
Patriots' War, XI, 152, 163.
Paul, Saint, IV, 207, 469.
Peary, Robert E., VIII, 546, *op.* 546.
Peasants' Revolt, IX, 308, 351, 392.
Pedro II, Emperor of Brazil, XI, 378, 389.
Peloponnesian War, IV, 122, 155.
Penn, William, XII, 196, 235, *op.* 238.
Pennsylvania, Settlement of, XII, 196, 235.
Pericles, IV, 122, 123.
Perry, Commodore M. C., I, 426, 427.
Perry, Oliver Hazard, XIII, 143, *op.* 148.
Peter, Saint, IV, 469.
Peter the Great, VI, 86, 87, 97, 100, 110; VIII, 192, 285.
Peter the Hermit, II, 606, *op.* 610.
Petersburg, Siege of, XIII, *op.* 406.
Petrarch, Francesco, V, 33.
Pharaoh, II, 529; III, 88, 101, 123, 136. (See Rameses II.)
Pharsalia, Battle of, IV, 368.
Phidias, IV, 125.
Philip II of France, II, 611.
Philip II of Macedon, IV, 184, 185, 189.
Philip II of Spain, V, 488, 495, 498, 508, 617; VII, 304; IX, 476, 488, 497, 502, 558.
Philip IV of Spain, V, 519.
Philip the Fair of France, V, *op.* 36.
Philippa, Queen, V, 181.
Philippi, Battle of, IV, 392.
Philippine Insurrection, I, 536.
Philippine Islands, History of, I, 536.
Philosophy, Greek Schools of, IV, 207.
Phips, Sir William, XI, 88; XII, 268.
Pilgrims, VII, 361; XII, 152, *op.* 160, 161, 167, *op.* 174.
Pitt, William, II, 165; X, 137.
Pitt, William, the Younger, X, 164.
Pizarro, Francisco, XI, 282, 289, 296, 302.
Platæa, Siege of, IV, 155.
Plato, IV, 177.
Pliny the Younger, IV, 454, 484.
Plymouth Colony, Founding of, XII, 152, 161, *op.* 174.
Pocahontas, XII, 122, *op.* 122.
Poictiers, Battle of, V, 174.
Poland, Partition of, VI, 134, 148, 157, *op.* 158.
Poles, Search for the, VIII, 487–583.
Polo, Marco, I, 101.
Poltava, Battle of, VI, 86.
Pompeii, Destruction of, IV, 441, 451.
Pompey, II, 584, IV, 368.
Ponce de Leon, XII, 20, 21.
Pontiac, Conspiracy of, XII, 366, 381.
Port Arthur, Siege of, I, 452.
Portsmouth, Treaty of, I, 426.
Porus, King of India, II, 83.
Prester John, V, 587.
Prestonpans, Battle of, X, 382.
Printing, Invention of, I, 64, 75; VII, 123.
Privateers of 1812, XIII, 159.
Providence, Founding of, XII, 152, 185.
Punic Wars, III, 266, 278, 287; IV, 324, 333, 349.
Puritans, XII, 152, 175, 245.
Pushkin, VI, 117.
Putnam, Israel, XII, 358.
Pyramids of Egypt, III, 58, 59, 67, *op.* 68.
Pyramids, Battle of, III, *op.* 214, 215.

Quauhtemoc (Guatemozin), XI, 515, *op.* 516.
Quakers, XII, 235, 260.
Quebec, Capture of, XI, 102, 114, *op.* 122.
Queen Anne's War, XI, 102; XII, 325.

Railroads. "Cape to Cairo," III, 372; Trans-Siberian, VI, 160; Simplon Tunnel, VII, 601; Canadian Pacific, XI, 223; of Peru, 317; of the United States, XIII, 180; Panama, 528.
Raleigh, Sir Walter, IX, 518, *op.* 518, 536; XI, 348; XII, 96, 110.
Rameses II, III, *op.* 10, 88, 89, 154, 163, 177.
Raphael, V, *op.* 102, 103.
Red Cross, National, Work of, XIII, 552.
Red River Rebellion, XI, 212, 218.
Religions. Of China, I, 53, 153; of Korea, *op.* 264; of India, II, 114, 193; of Siam, 262; of Chaldæa, 464; of the Hebrews, 533; of Egypt, III, 4, *op.* 40; of Greece, IV, 128, 129; of Rome, 328; of the Scythians, VI, 15; of the Norsemen, VIII, 2; of the Ancient Britains, IX, *op.* 28; of the Aztecs, XI, 478; of the Puritans, XII, 245, 256.

Religious Orders, v, 9, 13; of the Turks, vi, 573, op. 574.
Rembrandt, vii, 414, op. 414, 416.
Remus, iv, 254.
Renaissance, Italian, v, 50, 76.
Ritz, Cardinal. See Sondi, Jean François Paul de.
Revenge, The, Fight of, ix, 563.
Rhodes, Capture of, vi, 504.
Richard III of England, x, 591.
Richard the Lion-hearted, ii, 611; ix, 190, 244.
Richelieu, Cardinal, v, 236, 241.
Riel, Louis, xi, 212, 219.
Rienzi, Coladi, v, 41.
Roads, Roman, iv, 331, 523.
Roberts, Lord, ii, 184, 274.
Robert, the Pious of France, v, op. 12.
Robespierre, v, 308, op. 326, 334.
Robin Hood, ix, 262, 282, 317.
Roderick, King, the Goth, v, 432.
Roland, v, 158.
Rolandson, Mary, xii, 304.
Rollo, the Viking, v, 169.
Rome, Burning of, iv, op. frontispiece, 462; captured by the Goths, 319, 534, 535.
Romulus, iv, 254.
Roosevelt, Theodore, vi, 200.
Roses, War of, ix, 394, 415, 424, 432, x, 591.
Rubens, Peter Paul, vii, 406, op. 406, 407, 410.
Rudolph of Hapsburg, vi, 252, 257, 265; vii, 30, 482.
Rupert, Prince, x, 24, 38.
Rurik, the Norseman, vi, 2.
Russo-Japanese War, i, 264, 426, 452; vi, 200, 226.
Russo-Turkish Wars, vi, 200, 211, 217, 518.
Rustum, ii, 285.

Sachs, Hans, vii, 109.
St. Augustine, Founding of, xii, 20, 104.
St. Petersburg, Building of, vi, 97.
Saladin, Emperor, ii, 604.
Salamis, Battle of, iv, 112.
San Martin José, xi, 428.
Santiago, Battle of, xiii, 480, 488.
Sardanapalus, ii, 462, 488.
Satsuma Rebellion, i, 426.
Saul, ii, 528, 546.
Savanarola, v, 55.
Scanderbeg, vi, 473.
Scipio, iii, 287.
Scott, Robert F., viii, 575, 581.
Scott, General Winfield, xiii, 132, 210, 223.
Sculpture. See Art.
Sebastian, King of Portugal, v, 614, 615.
Sedan, Battle of, v, 391.
Sejanus, iv, 419.
Semiramis, ii, 489, 495.
Sennacherib, ii, 462, 484.
Sepoy Mutiny, ii, 150, op. 180.
Serfs of Russia, Emancipation of, vi, 200, 208.
Sesostris. See Rameses II.
Seven Weeks' War, vi, 346; vii, 222, op. 236, 253.
Seven Years' War, vii, 128, 180.
Shannon and Chesapeake, Fight of, xiii, 139.
Sheba, Queen of, ii, 567.
Sherman, General, xiii, 352, 406.
Shiloh, Battle of, xiii, 294, 332.
Shintoism, i, 362.
Shun of Yu, i, 3.
Siberia, Conquest of, vi, 38, 160, 161, 173.
Sicilian Vespers, v, 28.
Sidney, Sir Philip, vii, 341.
Siegfried, vii, 54, 55; viii, 376.
Sigismund, Emperor, vi, 271.
Sigrid, the Haughty, Queen of Sweden, viii, 127.
Sigurd, King of Norway, viii, 87.
Silesian War. See Austrian Succession, War of.
Simon de Montfort, ix, 308, 309.
Simplon Tunnel, Building of, vii, 601.
Slavery in the United States, xiii, 210, 260, 261, 268, 276, 284, op. 290, 294, op. 346.
Smith, Captain John, xii, 116, op. 122.
Sobieski, John, vi, 135, 286, 313.
Socrates, iv, 177.
Sohrab, ii, 285.
Solomon, King, ii, 560.
Solomon's Temple, ii, 563.
Solon, ii, op. 302, 326; iv, 40, 55.
Solyman the Magnificent, vi, 490, 504, 509.
Sophocles, iv, 126.
Spanish-American War, i, 536; v, 518; xi, 538, 570; xiii, 479–495.
Spanish Succession, War of, v, 236, 534; x, 76, 93.
Spartacus, iv, 360.
Spinoza, vii, 378.
Sports and Pastimes, of the Cossacks, vi, 61; Russian, 237; Hungarian, op. 408; German, vii, 5, 101, 109, 263; Dutch, 440; Icelandic, viii, 344; Esquimo, 450; English (of the Middle Ages), ix, 244, 245, 262; Irish, x, 476; Welsh, 600; French Canadian, xi, 95; Paraguayan, 403; American, xii, 404, xiii, 39; American Indian, 437; Chinese, i, 108; Japanese, 284, 292, 391, 407, 465; Assyrian, ii, op. frontispiece, op. 474; Indian, op. 142, 170, 196; Persian, 415, 430, 451; Egyptian, iii, 20; Algerian, op. 322; Falconry, 322; Grecian, iv, 62, 73, op. 74, 128; Roman, 235, 360, 395, 460, op. 460, 462, 470, op. 490, 491; French, v, 218; Spanish, 527; Jousting, 577: Portugal, 629.
Stamford Bridge, Battle of, ix, 139.
Stamp Act, xii, 428, 429.
Standish, Miles, xii, 167, op. 174.
Stanley, Henry M., iii, 393; xiii, 332.
Steamboats, first used, xiii, 58, 104.
Steele, Richard, x, 103, 116.
Stephen of Blois, King of England, ix, 213, 223.

Stonehenge, IX, 3.
Strongbow, X, 398.
Stuyvesant, Peter, XII, 220.
Suez Canal, III, 214, 229.
Sulla, IV, 324.
Sung Dynasty of China, I, 64.
Svend Forked Beard, King of Denmark, VIII, 60, 132.
Syracuse, Capture of, by Romans, IV, 349.

Tadasuke, I, 369.
Tai-ping Rebellion, I, 176, 198, 201.
Taira, House of, I, 299.
Tai-tsung, I, 65.
Taj-Mahal, The, II, 118.
Tamerlane. See Timur.
Tang Dynasty of China, I, 62, 64.
Taoism, I, 12, 53.
Tarquin, King of Rome, IV, *op.* 268, 269.
Tartars, I, 45, 50, 66, 78, 79, 88, 100, 169, 176, 177, 187; VI, 2, 38, 39, 165, 187, 252, 253. (See Huns.)
Tecumseh, XIII, 153.
Telegraph, Invention of, XIII, 193.
Telephone, Influence of, XIII, 516.
Tell, William, VII, 487, 507.
Ten Thousand, Retreat of the, IV, 167.
Teutoburger Forest, Battle of, VII, 2, 20.
Texas, Revolt of, from Mexico, XI, 518; XIII, 210, 211.
Thales the Milesian, II, 316.
Theater, Chinese, I, 85.
Themistocles, IV, 112.
Thermopylæ, Battle of, IV, 90.
Thibet, History of, I, *op.* frontispiece.
Thirty Years' War, V, 241; VI, 286, 287, 297, 301; VII, 128, 140; VIII, 172.
Thothmes III of Egypt, III, 58
Thucydides, IV, 126.
Tiberius, Emperor, IV, 418, 419; VII, *op.* frontispiece, 21.
Tilly, VII, 140.
Timur, II, 364; VI, 460.
Titian, V, 106.
Titus, Emperor, II, 596; IV, 418.
"Tordenskjöld" (Peter Wessel), VIII, 291, 293.
Torquemada, V, *op.* 458.
Totemism, XIII, *op.* 504.
Tours, Battle of, V, 155.
Trafalgar, Battle of, X, 168, *op.* 168.
Trajan, Emperor, IV, 454, 510.
Trent Affair, XIII, 310.
Trenton, Battle of, XII, 520.
Troy, Siege of, IV, 15.
Tsin Dynasty of China, I, 40.
Tulip Mania, The, VII, 384.
Tyler, Wat, IX, 355.

Ulysses. See Odysseus.
"Underground Railway," XIII, 268.
Urban II, Pope, II, 607.

Valley Forge, XIII, 2, 3, *op.* 4.
Vandyck, Anton, VII, 410.
Van Twiller, Wouter, XII, 212.
Vatican Palace, V, *op.* 102.
Velasquez, V, 519; VII, *op.* 406.
Vendée, Revolt of the, V, 308, 317.
Vereshchagin, VI, *op.* 186.
Veronese, II, 368.
Verrazzano, XII, 11.
Versailles, Palace of, VII, *op.* 236, 248.
Vespasian, Emperor, IV, 418.
Vicksburg, Siege of, XIII, 352, 364, *op.* 366.
Victor Emmanuel II, V, 112, 129.
Victoria, Queen, II, 150, 184; X, 188, 189.
Vienna, Siege of, by Turks, VI, 313.
Vikings, Expeditions of, V, 169; VIII, 30; IX, 98, 99, 109, 119, 139; X, 228, 398, 442; XII, 2, 3.
Virgil, IV, 398, 412.
Vladimir, the Great, of Russia, VI, 2, 29.
oltaire, VII, 174, *op.* 178, 222.

Waldemar Atterdag, King of Denmark, VIII, 112, 224, 260, 269.
Walker, William, XI, 466.
Wallace, William, IX, 334; X, 276, 277.
Wallenstein, VI, 297, 301; VIII, 172.
Walpole, Horace, X, 134.
Walpole, Sir Robert, X, 122, 132.
Wang-ti, I, 60.
War of 1812, XI, 152, 155, 158; XIII, 126–179.
Warbeck, Perkin, IX, 433.
Washington, George, XII, 340, 346, 356, 462, 487, 520; XIII, 2, 3, *op.* 4, 12, 26, 32, 66, 73, 78.
Waterloo, Battle of, V, 346, 366, *op.* 384; X, *op.* 174, 175, 183, *op.* 186.
Webster, Daniel, XIII, 183.
Wellington, Duke of, V, 366, 535; X, 164, *op.* 174, 175.
West, Benjamin, XII, *op.* 238.
Wiclif, VI, 271; IX, 308, *op.* 350.
Wilhelmina, Queen of Holland, VII, 420, 458.
William III of England (Prince of Orange), VII, 350, 396; X, 76, *op.* 92, 454, 481, 494.
William I, of Germany, V, 391; VII, 222, *op.* 236, 252, 253.
William II, of Germany, VII, 252, 253, 269.
William Rufus, King of England, IX, 190, 191.
William the Conqueror, IX, 154, 155, 169, 175.
William the Silent, Prince of Orange, V, 496; VII, 304, 309, 317, 328.
Williams, Roger, XII, 152, 178, 185.
Winkelried, Arnold von, VII, 515.
Wireless Telegraphy, Use of, XIII, 542.
Witch Persecution in Salem, XII, 281.
Witt, De, VII, 350, 387.
Wolfe, General James, XI, 109, 114, *op.* 122.
Wolsey, Cardinal, IX, 446, *op.* 450, 451.
Writing, Chinese, I, 206, 298; Chaldæan, II, 462, 468; Egyptian, 7; Ancient Irish, X, 435; Aztec, XI, *op.* 482, 497.
Wu, Empress, I, 68, 239, 261.
Wyclif. See Wiclif.

GENERAL INDEX

Xenophon, IV, 167.
Xerxes, King of Persia, II, 284, 347; IV, 90, 112.

Yermak, the Outlaw, VI, 38, 160, 161, 173.
Yoritomo, I, 300.
Yorktown, Capture of, XIII, 2, 23.
Yoshitsune, I, 299.
Yuan Shih-kai, I, 234.

Zenobia, Queen, IV, 516.
Zisca, VI, 271.

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